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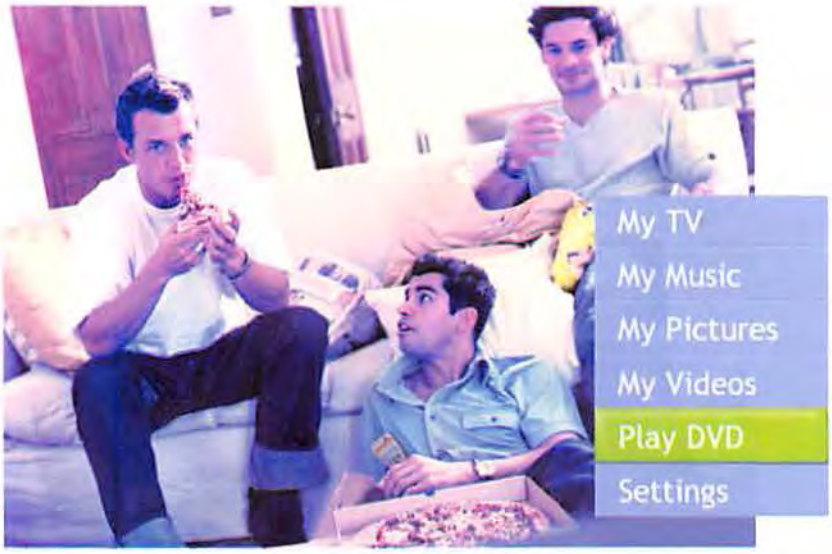

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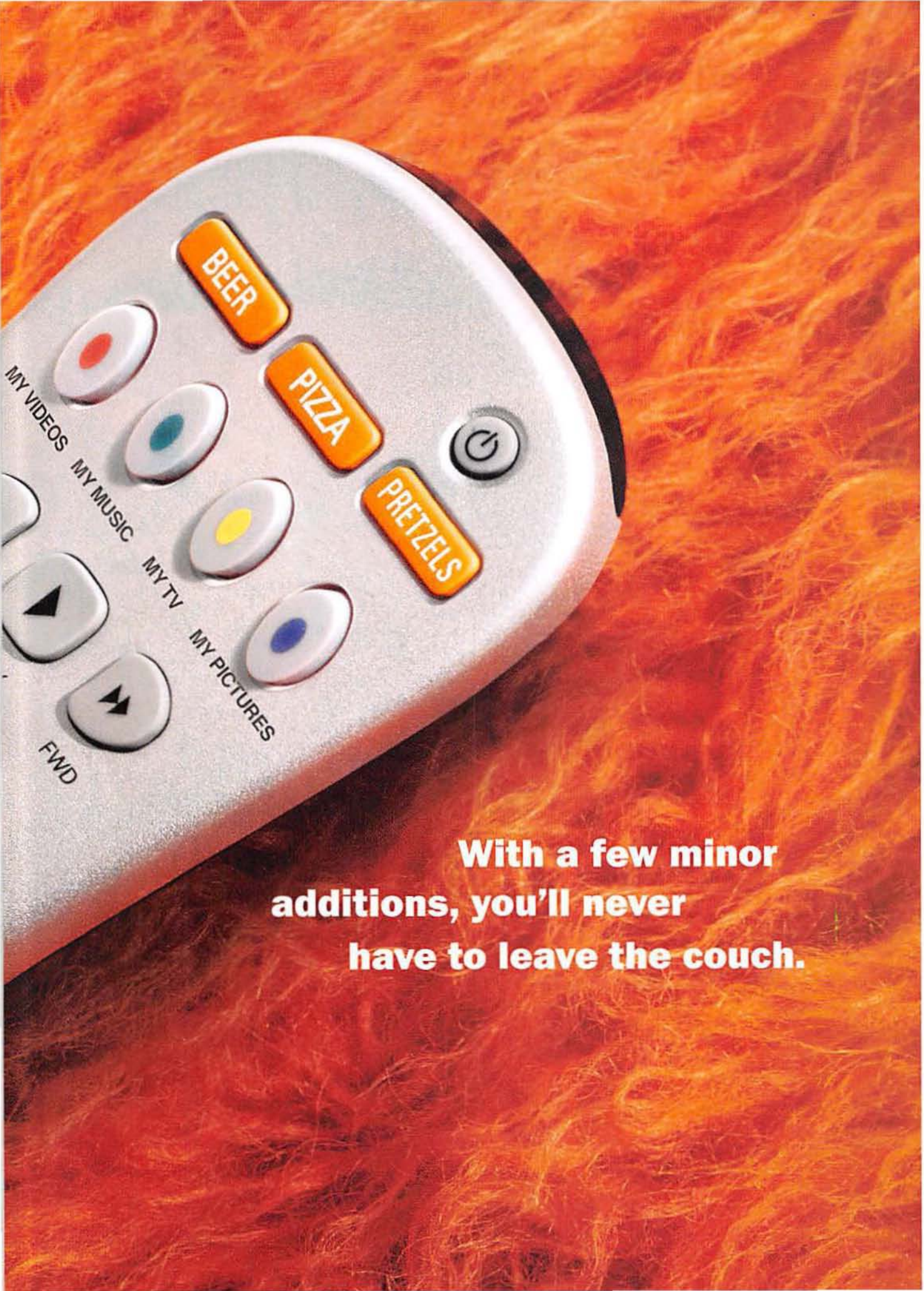
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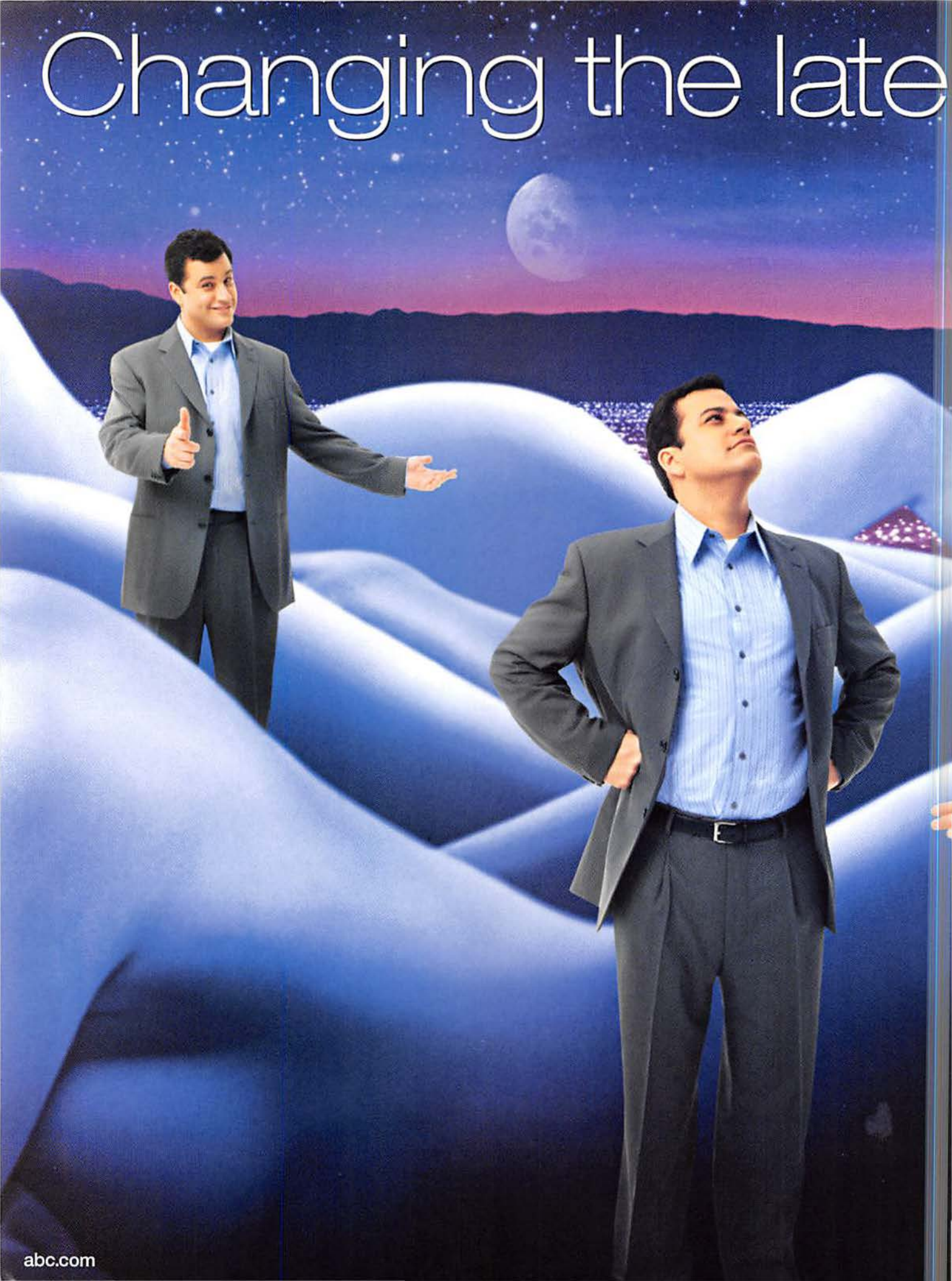
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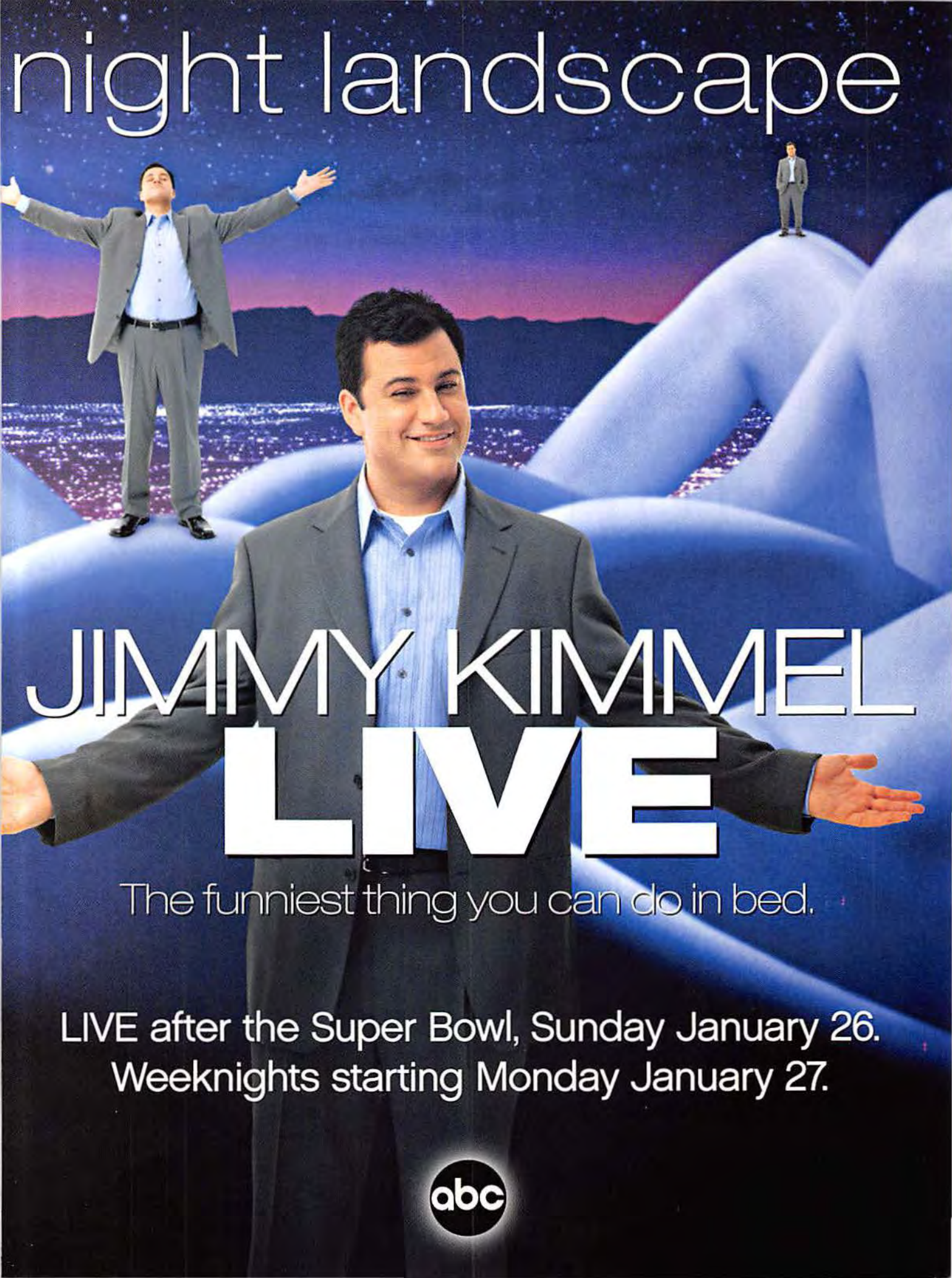
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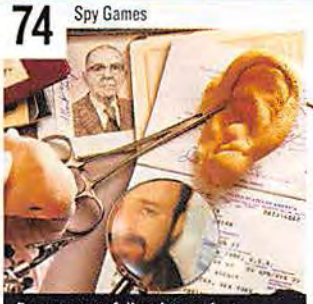
88 Bond Girls

We asked them to stand in height order, but the first and second girls switched positions. What divas!

64
Cover Girl: Lisa Dergan

Reminds us of high school gym class...and how we spent it looking at girls in magazines while lying down in the nurse's office.

74 Spy Games



Be a master of disguise...or just look like one.

78 The 20 Best Dive Bars

Uh, the bra is still on. On a "rocking out" scale, we give this sad display a three.

84
We're Buggin'!

"I don't know where he puts it," chuckled Pat's mom as he wolfed down a cheeseburger before vomiting in the bathroom.

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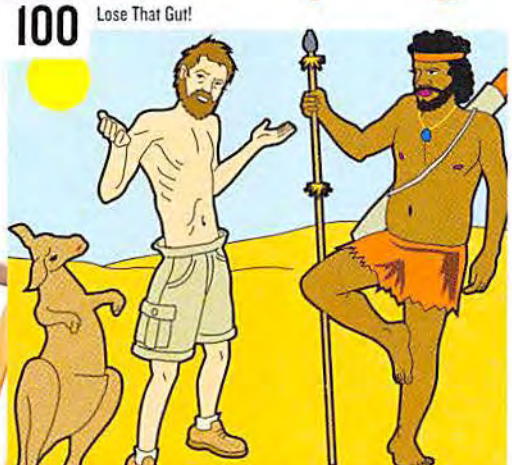
96 *Scrubs'* John C. McGinley

Somebody's being coy! Or incorrigible? Intern! Bring us our Webster's.

46
Hot Movie Stars

Oooh! Fancy Hollywood actress gets to sit in a chair. Well, we're happy crouching, thank you very much.

100 Lose That Gut!



"See, in my country, we have this thing called McDonald's. And we don't have nipples."

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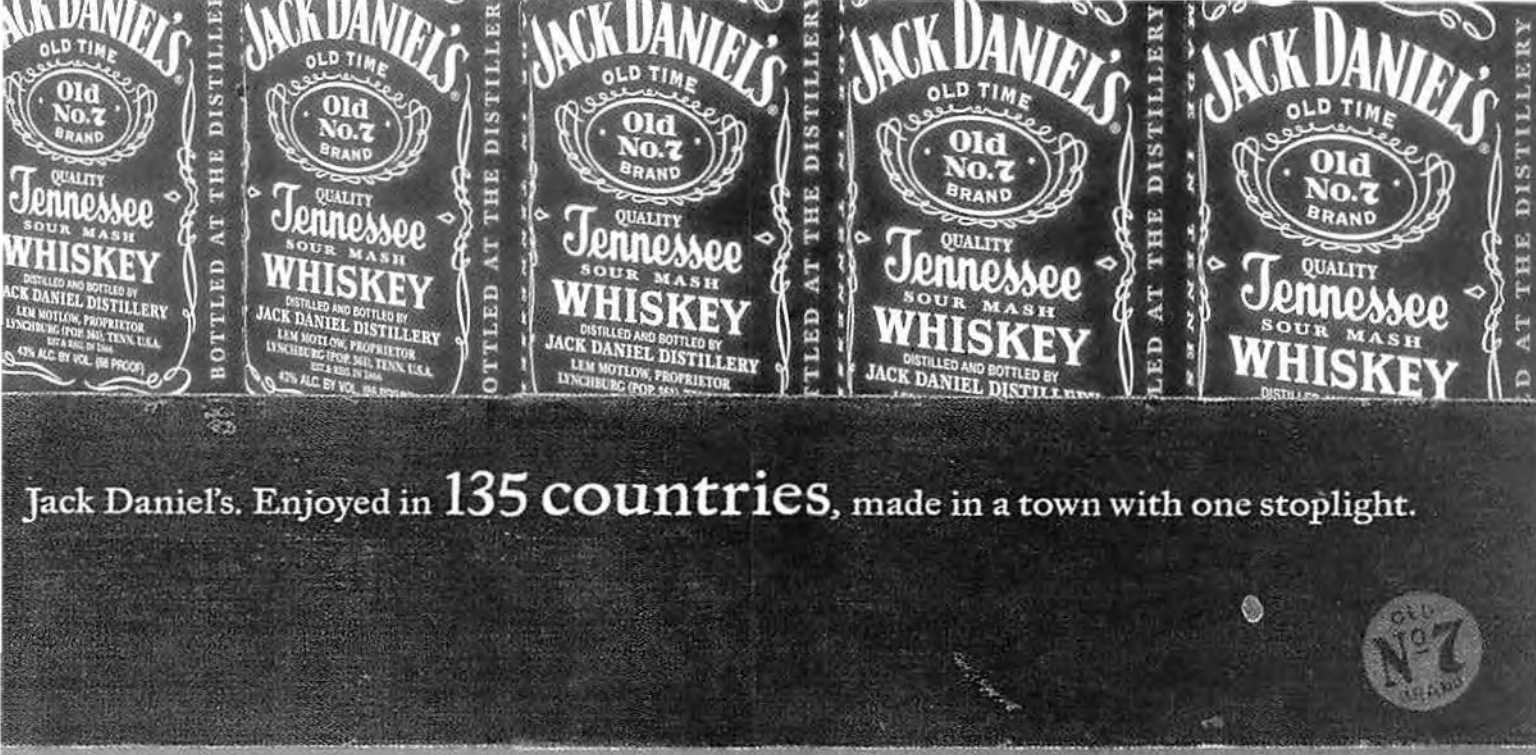

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20 Filter

"Now can I have some goddamn Tender Vittles?"

Well, aren't *you* a tall drink of water! Damn hangover makes everything look rehydrating.

Don't get freaked out. She was sitting on something originally, but we removed it from the picture.

51 Instant Cool

"Sir? Ratbear on line one. He sounds pissed!"

58 Greatest American Hero

Talk about uncomfortable. Ron just asked Margaret, "Where do babies come from?"

34 Hype!

He's faithful to us when he's on the road. What? Stop laughing!

120 The Flaming Lips' Look

If there were a cool tree like that right behind us, we'd be sitting on it!

Plus!

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104 Is She a Sexual Rebel?

62 Lord of the Bar

Now, where are you gonna find an olive big enough for that, you crazy bitch?

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Suicidal Squirrels

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60 A Guy and His Stuff

If this guy looks vaguely familiar, that's because he is!

61 Ask the Professor

Thumbs up to you, too, you heavily medicated vegetable!

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GREG'S World

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Editor Stands In Line

Behind Old Girlfriend While Buying Ointment

According to sources in his head, *Stuff* editor-in-chief Greg Gutfeld stood in line at the local drugstore in San Mateo, California—right behind the very first woman he ever kissed. And he chose to ignore her!

"It just wasn't a good time to say hello," he said later, inspecting his rash and applying the recently purchased ointment.

"The last time we were together, it was sixth grade," he said. "We were playing spin the bottle in a cabin closet. Of course, this was all before AIDS."

Seeing her again brought back a flood of bittersweet memories: "Back then, she was as big as a house. But I still remember those lips. They were right there on her face, just below her nose."

And that makes an easy segue to a story in this magazine—the one on page 120 about the greatest band in the universe this month, the Flaming Lips.

"We were onstage with them the other day, dressed up as stuffed animals," said Gutfeld. "And did we dance? Oh, I'll say! I've never done stuffed-animal work with a better band. Unless you count Flock of Seagulls. But I really wasn't working with them. I was just fucking them."

Stuff staffers sure had fun onstage in costume at the Flaming Lips concert. Except the blue creature. He crapped in his suit.

Ask Greg's Mom

I'm going out at least four nights a week and getting drunk. My friends say I have a problem. What do you think?

You need help.

Should I buy or lease a car?

I don't think leasing is good, from what I hear from my friends.

If I asked you on a date, what would be the perfect meal?

Most dates have sushi, which I'm not familiar with. A meal for a lady? I like a small filet mignon with mushrooms. A small potato. Creamed spinach.

My girlfriend keeps talking about buying a pet, but I'm worried this will lock me into a really serious relationship. How do I tell her why I'm against the idea without her dumping me?

Stupid question.

You're stupid.

My wife hates my porn collection. How can I convince her it is normal and—dare I say—healthy, as well?

What kind of porn is it?

Eating something that's fallen on the floor: For or against?

As a general rule, I don't think it's good to eat something off the floor.

GOT A QUESTION FOR GREG'S MOM? E-mail her at mom@stuffmagazine.com!

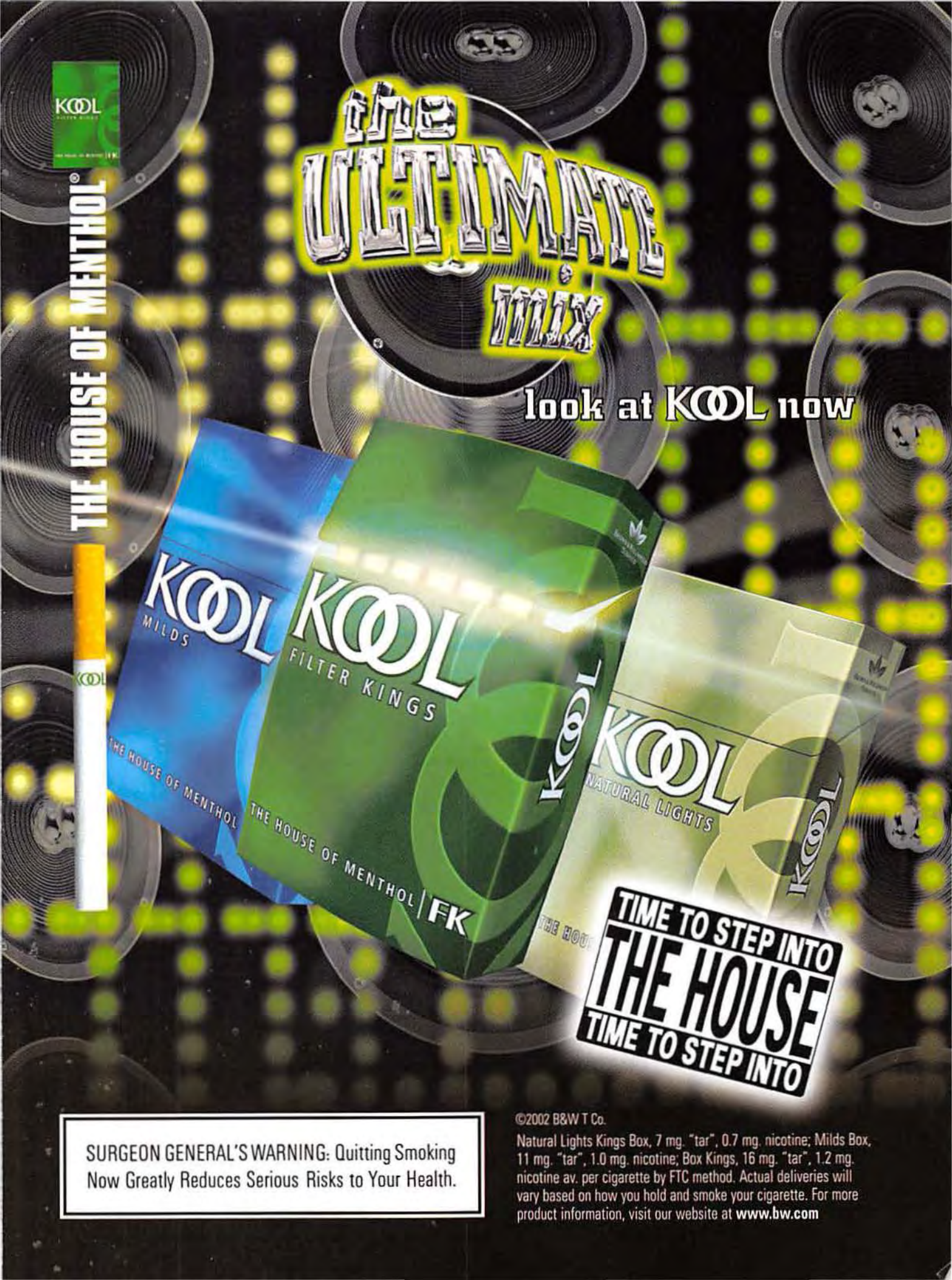
The Stuff Summary

This month: *ESPN* gets Hunter S. Thompson out of their reception area.

GREG'S NIGHT OUT!

1 Wasn't allowed into this club.
2 Saw her in a magazine.
3 Found it on the street.

Illustrations: Gary Brandham



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Stuff is published monthly by Dennis Stuff, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018
Tel (212) 302-2626; Fax (212) 302-2635 Canadian GST Registration #883136921
Stuff is distributed on American newsstands by Curtis Circulation Company.

Paid circulation over 1.1 million.

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Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:
"The new StuffMagazine.com updates weekly to bring you the best junk on the Web since Napster. That's the gist!"

Dear Stuff

Opening mail? Fun. Opening mailmen? Even funner!

Confidence is for losers

Way to go on the Kiele Sanchez piece (October). I've been reading *Stuff* for almost a year now, and in just about every interview the actress/model is all, "Men should be like this" and "Men should say that." It's great to see a gorgeous girl who hates the overconfident, intentionally-messy-hair guy and appreciates a man with a sense of humor and a winsome rattail.

—*Brendan Elliott, via e-mail*

We had a rattail once. It was so cute—and so much easier to care for than an entire rat. After a while, though, it grew depressed. So we gave it away to a family in the country. Sometimes rattails just need to be with other rattails.

Don't ask us

I have some questions about page 101 of the October issue. Is that sugarcane or bamboo? Either way, my koala, Sticky, and I would like some. He's running low on the cane, and I could always use the bamboo to correct him.

—*Larry Zitto, Richland, N.J.*

We'd check for you, Larry, but unfortunately we don't have any old issues. After we complete an issue, we send it off to the printer, do a little dance and then start right away on the next one with nary a thought of the past. We're the same way with pancakes.

We have a dictionary

In the November issue, Bill Schulz wrote about the girls of *The Real World: Las Vegas*. Great article. The only thing that I had a problem with was that he wrote that the Las Vegas season "is the first *Real World* without a gay cast member." Well, I have watched all of the seasons except for *The Real World: London* (four) and there are two other seasons that don't have gay cast members: *The Real World: Seattle* (seven) and *The Real World: Back to New York* (ten). So maybe he should watch them to get his facts straight.

—*Marcella, via e-mail*

What Bill was actually trying to say, Marcella, was that this season of *The Real World* is filled with a lot of *unhappy* people. Queer. (The English language really is queer—quite odd, you know—when you think about it, queer.) ▷▷▷

What's the green stuff?

Ah, Kiele. When are you ever...awww, come back! At least let us finish the damn sentence!

DUNGEON SIEGE AND SPEAKERS

WIN!

OK, so you didn't win this month. Stop crying about it. (You're making us uncomfortable). If it makes you feel any better, you have another chance to walk away with free prizes. Well, not really free—you do have to send us a letter, after all. The letter of the month winner is going to win a *Dungeon Siege* prize pack worth $235. *Dungeon Siege* combines elements of role-playing games with nonstop action, as you use your puny fingers to fight evil. And to help you fight said evil, we're gonna throw in some speakers. If there's one thing evil hates, it's a great sound system. Well, that and witty catchphrases from the good guys. Remember when we said we were going to kill you last? Yep, so do we. The end.

Send your letters to: Letters, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or e-mail 'em to: letters@stuffmagazine.com. We have computers now. Jealous? Good! For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

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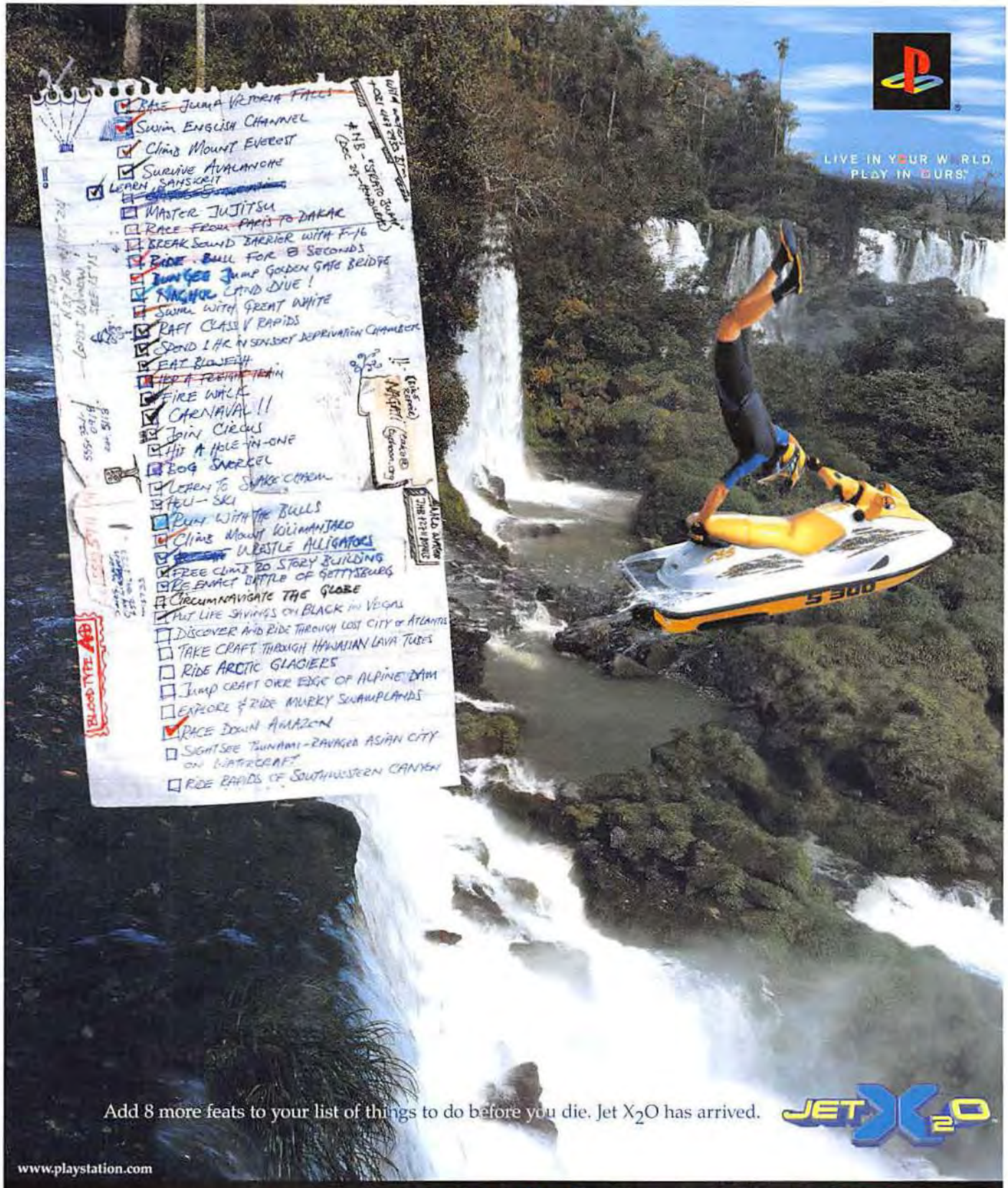

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LETTERS

Boo-poo

I just finished reading the "Dirty, Rotten Scoundrels" item (November) regarding airport security. You mentioned that officials at JFK Airport forced a lady to drink from three bottles of her own breast milk to prove it wasn't biohazardous material. I just have to say: Good thing she wasn't wearing a colostomy bag.

—Phillip Smith, via e-mail

You're right, Phil. It *is* a good thing her colon is intact. Several conditions, such as Crohn's disease, if not treated properly, can require major surgery, resulting in the loss of portions of the intestine. Looking out for another's well-being is what separates us from the terrorists. Thanks for writing.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

In your article about vodka (October), Rob Connors wrote, "That's not a typo, good readers. Skyy vodka really is spelled with three y's. The third one is silent." He didn't even have enough coherence to notice that the bottle in the picture had its name on it. Even more amuzing [sic] is how he was trying to explain why Skyy was spelt [sic] with three y's, when he'd just typed it with two! Bad, Rob—no more vodka for you!

—Brian Chawner, Bristol, Conn.

That was pretty bad. But it was *our* fault. Rob was doing such a good job that he was making us all look bad—so we tinkered with his copy. But he corrected our mistakes. That's when we beat him until his eyes swelled shut. Then he couldn't correct shit!

YOU'VE WON! A 24 DVD box set. Don't want it? You should've thought about that before you wrote to us.

Toil and troublesome

Your Kids' Korner with the pentacle (Editor's Letter, November) is wrong and offensive to the pagan community. We do not eat puppies. In fact, we love nature. Please be more courteous about the pagan community from now on.

—Jason Roberts, via e-mail

Sorry, Jason. We meant no offense. Some of our best friends are pagans. At least we assume so, because they're always boring us with their pagan stories at parties. "So, I was eating this puppy..." is how they always start. Yawn! ▷▷▷

Before we get a deluge of letters, let us put your fears to rest. Yes, those are real dogs. And yes, they died very painfully.

STUFF ANSWERS ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY'S LETTERS

From the October 18, 2002, issue

E.W., you've come through yet again. Ever since I first viewed Will Kemp shaking his thing on the Gap's recent "For Every Generation" TV commercial, my own personal burning question has been, Who *is* this guy? Thank you for the ID (Scout), and thank you, God, for the real thing. Damn! Hubba-hubba.

—Trish Doherty, Oakland

We're glad Scout could help. We always ask him stuff. (Great call on the sneakers, Scout. We did just need more ankle support.) But sometimes he gives bad advice. (Scout, you were wrong—we *did* need to see a doctor.) Either way, we agree: God rules!

Stuff Cares

Getting to know our letter writers.

"Here I am going on about myself. How've *you* been?"

Since 1992, Mommysafe, in conjunction with licensed psychologists, Christian ministries and plain old moms like me, has compiled a list of CDs, movies and books we find "dangerous" to young adults across America.

Our efforts have bankrupted evil artists worldwide. These pornographers peddle material dealing with: sex, devil worship, drugs, antiauthority, civil disobedience, communism and much worse! These "domestic terrorists" have hijacked common decency and are using music as a missile to destroy the morals of our homeland. We are calling on you, the media, to help us and Jesus make America the way it used to be. Thank you, and God bless your soul.

—Cecilia Hubbard, presidentess, Mommysafe, Woodcliff Lake, N.J.

The presidentess was busy, but we talked with Mommysafe's Minister Mike to find out more about this naughty list.

STUFF: How are you? This is Dan Bergstein from *Stuff* magazine. We received your letter and had a few questions about Mommysafe. First of all, who are some of the people on your naughty list?

MIKE: Hollywood Superstars. It's a band that put together this horrible music, which is really at the top of our list. 2 Live Crew was one of the first entries back in '92. Again, we really just want people to know about them. We have a little saying here: "Judged by God, monitored by Mommysafe."

Funny saying. Any other bands?

Meshuggah (a Swedish rock band), Marilyn Manson and Em-in-eem.

I think it's Eminem.

Emin-eem? Eminem? That's an interesting spelling of M&M.

Well, I don't think you have to worry about 2 Live Crew anymore.

Yes, and we feel that we played a major part in bringing Luther and his Crew down. So I think America should thank us.

OK, thanks. Are you familiar with *Stuff* magazine?

No, I am not.

We sometimes use profane words.

I would look down upon anyone who cursed, but these things do happen.

Jesus was a man, so I bet he would like our magazine.

I think Jesus, as a man, would be interested in men's magazines. Again, I'm not completely familiar with your magazine. But I'm sure he'd be a fan of that.

What do you think men between the ages of 18 and 35 want in terms of entertainment and/or relationships?

A good source to learn about relationships and a great source of entertainment would be the Bible. For any age group.

I should have seen that one coming. What's worse: sex or violence?

I think sex is violence. I put them in the same category. When there's no love in sex, I consider that violence.

We have, from time to time, featured a scantily clad woman on the cover in order to sell magazines.

I think the human form and figure is a beautiful thing. On that, uh, well, I have no problem with that.

Do you ever try to convert people to Christianity?

Yes.

I'm half Jewish. Is that bad?

No. I love the Jews. I love all that they are. Jesus was a Jew.

Good. I didn't want to get on that naughty list.

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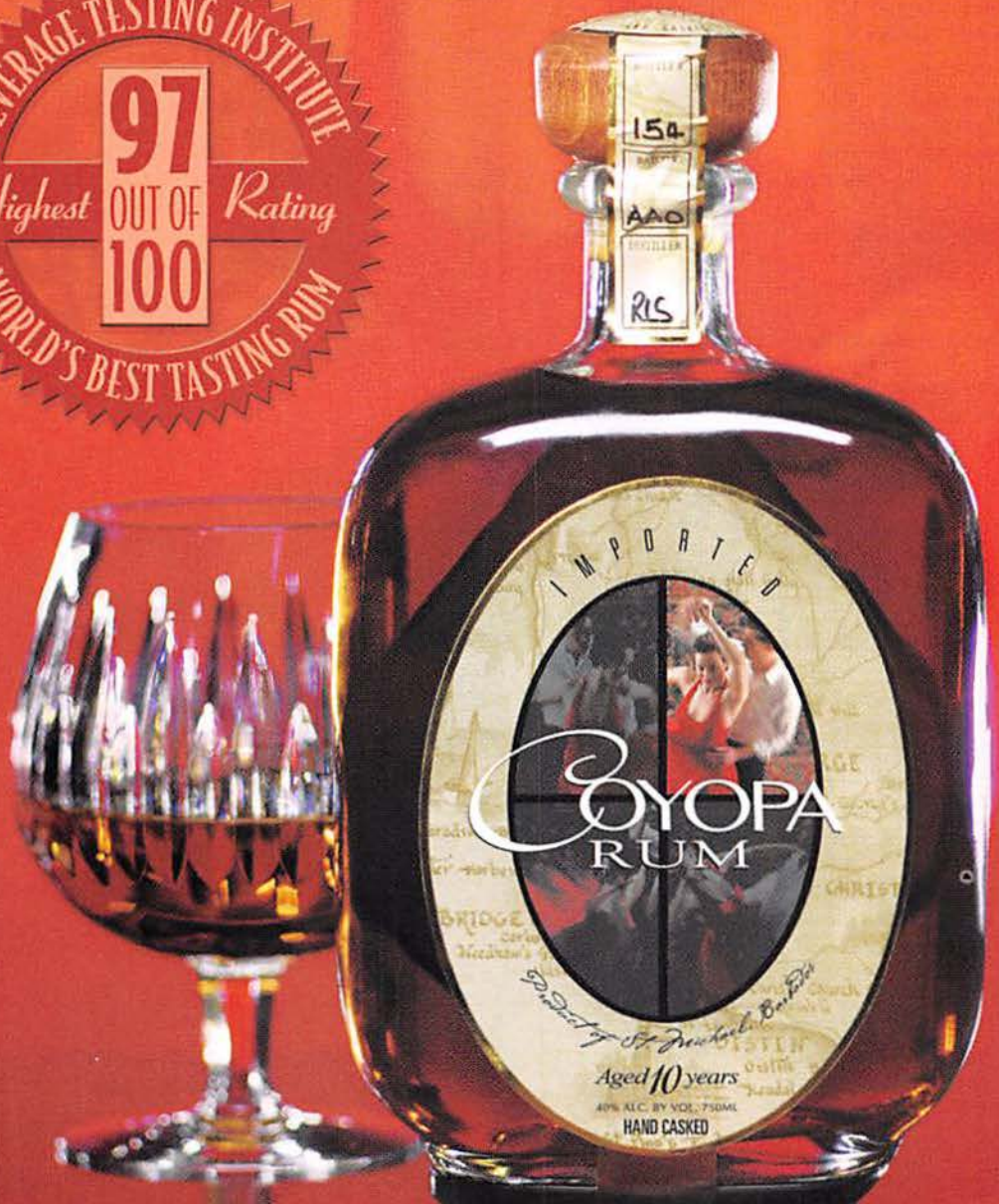

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LETTERS

Seeing thingies

On page 68 of your October issue, the "Bar Shots" girl looks like she has a piercing below the belt. Then I realized that it was just the reflection of her belly-button piercing! Was that trick photography? It worked!

—Anonymous, via e-mail

Take a closer look. That's not a bartender at all. It's just light that has been exposed to chemicals on small strips of celluloid, or "film." We used this film to make copies of the light image. We apologize for the confusion.

Helping hand

I am a 21-year-old sailor in the Middle East, and I was wondering if you could help me out. See, I believe that if Natalie Portman were able to meet me, she'd dig me. So if you guys could just give her my e-mail or hook me up with her number, I promise I'll go bitch-slap Osama right now! Thanks.

—Bart, via e-mail

We sent Natalie your info, but she said, "Stop e-mailing me. I'm not Natalie Portman. Leave me alone. Ass." Good luck, and don't forget to let us know how things work out.

Uh, Elvis called. He wants his...well, uh... he just called, is all.

Oops! Time for his pill

Could you please enlighten me on what a nice watch is? I purchased a gold Breitling recently and was told I don't know what a nice watch is. Letting us know of a nice selection would be greatly appreciated.

—K.P., Boise, Idaho

Sure thing, K.P. Let's see....A nice watch is one that understands and supports you. A nice watch doesn't laugh when you're upset, and will not leave when you're lonely. A nice watch is also a calculator.

True Lie

A true tale from your twisted lives.

YOU'VE WON! A Bora Bora toiletries package worth $150! Smell better. Please?

I'm a chef at a sushi bar. One recent night as I arrived at work, I discovered the head sushi chef—let's call him Steve—was drunk. He had an old friend in town who he hadn't seen in 100 years, blah, blah, blah. I settled in for what would be a long night, and he started to cut tuna. So he was blabbing away, and all of a sudden he stopped and said, "Oh, that's bad," as blood poured out of his thumb. He dashed over to the sink and ran water over it. He'd sliced off the tip of his thumb.

The manager said, "Well, you've got two options...." Steve butted in, "I'm *not* going to the hospital!" The manager said, "Then we can heat up a spatula and burn that shut right now." Steve, being drunk, said, "Yeah, let's do it!" So the manager heated a spatula on our gas stove for, like, five minutes. Steve got ready. The manager grabbed him by the wrist, counted to three (how classic is that?) and slapped that spatula right on his thumb for a full five seconds. Steve ran off and plunged his hand in the ice-maker, and I was left standing there with the other chef not believing what I'd just seen. But it worked—the bleeding stopped, and we went back to work. We never did find that pink, fleshy chunk of Steve's thumb. You know what? It looked a lot like tuna.

—R.M., via e-mail

CORRECTIONS

✔ In August's article "Things That Start with the Letter *S*," we mistakenly included the word sychiatrist. Turns out the damn word starts with a *p*!

✔ Intern Chuck Lau recently joked, "Hey, what the *Chuck*! Right, guys?" *Stuff* regrets the hire.

✔ In our November issue, we misspelled *misspelled* and failed to note the irony.

✔ There is no such thing as night phantoms, as we wrote in October's "How Night Phantoms Stole My Innocence." It was just a curious mouse.

✔ We apologize for ever comparing ourselves to our older brother. We must learn to be our own person.

✔ December's "200 Hottest Hot Spots for 2003" contained the line, "My wife is a whoring bitch-liar." According to the writer, it should have read, "My wife is a whoring bitch-whore." We regret the mistake.

✔ Perfectly symmetrical sideburns will not prevent gonorrhea, as we reported in June's "Safe Sex, Smart Sex" feature. That was just a coincidence.

Wanna know an interesting fact about sideburns? Neither do we!

WINDOWSXP MEDIA-CENTER EDITION

Soon everything will be done on computers—even computations. That's why the people at Microsoft are going to help you out with the $2,500 Microsoft WindowsXP Media Center Edition. Now you can enjoy TV, CD, DVD and lots of other things that rhyme, all in one place and using only one remote from anywhere in your room. Even from the couch! So send in your best True Lie. If we pick yours, you'll be one step closer to losing all contact with actual human beings.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or via e-mail to: letters@stuffmagazine.com. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Photography (Bartender): Brian Inabuka. Hair and Makeup: Esther Gonzalez.

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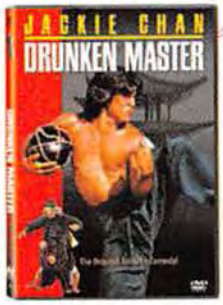

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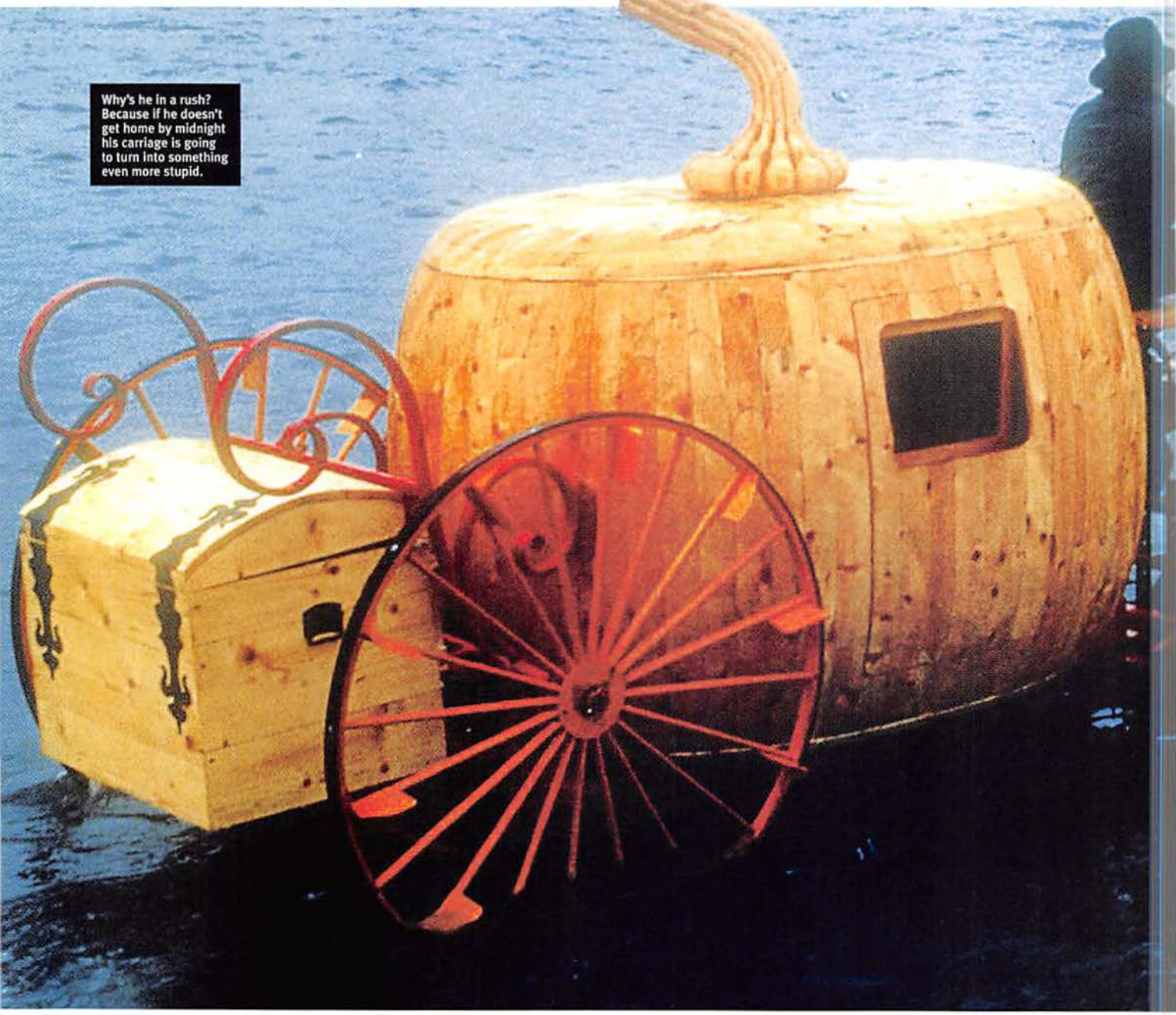
FILTER

THE ONLY STUFF THAT MATTERS

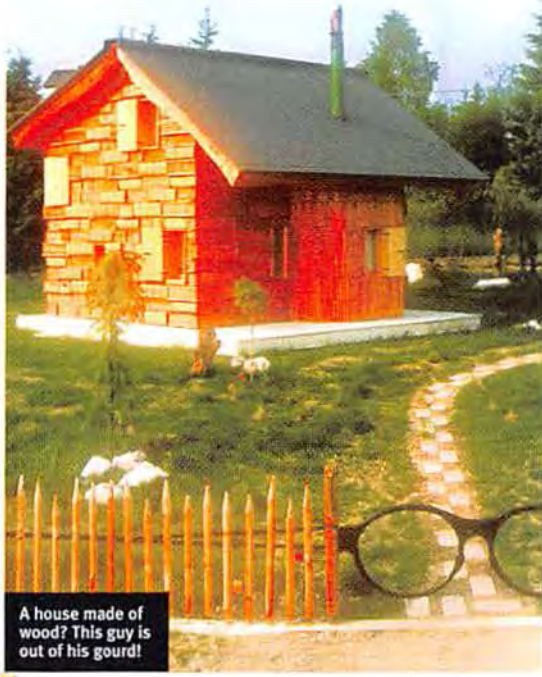


Why's he in a rush? Because if he doesn't get home by midnight his carriage is going to turn into something even more stupid.

It's Lumber,

This sculptor is a head-turning, wood-burning, stomach-churning freak!

The horn sounds like a squirrel screaming—because it is.



A house made of wood? This guy is out of his gourd!

"He's the mustachioed maestro of maple!" exclaimed Alan Alliteration. Hey, Alan? Get the hell out of here!

Giacomo, Randy's Italian pineapple cousin, says: "A real Ferrari F-50 costs $620,000. And the spicy meatball of it all is: That's $335,000 more than Livio's one-of-a-kind wooden version (pictured above) is worth! Speaking of cars, sometimes I'll spend an entire day wearing my tracksuit while sitting on a lawn chair and watching the traffic go by. Hey!"

Jack

"WITH WOOD," SAYS Livio De Marchi, "I can transform all my dreams into reality." And if these boats are any indication, then the troubled Venetian must have some pretty sick dreams. De Marchi's crazy collection of wooden water vessels—made to resemble everything from a woman's shoe to a 1964 VW Bug—has been his life's work ever since he decided to carve a large hat-shaped canoe for his son way back in 1985. But our favorite of Livio's lot (our boss said we could only pick one!) is a fairy tale–esque horse-drawn pumpkin-shaped carriage titled *A Dream of Venice*. This bad boy not only comfortably accommodates four perplexed passengers, but the wooden horses are also able to rear up whenever Livio pulls on the reins. The craftsman, who's been described by someone other than himself as "the world's greatest living surrealist," also owns a regular-looking boat that was made in—boo-ya alert!—America. "It has two small beds and a small galley," boasts his wife, Mieko. "It is just right for us to relax." (We can't believe he's married either!)

"All right. This one is almost ready. Someone get the rolls and the mustard."

She really let herself go after that Yugo called off the wedding. C'mon, *Fat Car*, there are plenty of fish in the sea!

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:
"Erwin Wurm loves working in the medium of lard. He recently used his skin as the canvas in *Me, Me Fat*, with a series of self-portraits from 1993 to 2002 that showed him getting bigger by the year. Way to use your personal failings as a strength, Erwin!"

△ Junk in the trunk

Austrian artist Erwin Wurm has combined the Western world's love of fast cars and loose stools to make this corpulent coach, fashioned from polyurethane and styrofoam. Above, we see the obese auto in Switzerland, where art patrons took a break from their ravenous consumption of cheese and chocolate to applaud Wurm's *Fat Car II*. Apparently, the original *Fat Car* has been in semiretirement ever since a particularly bad bout of bulimia. You're holding yourself to an unrealistic body image, *FC*!

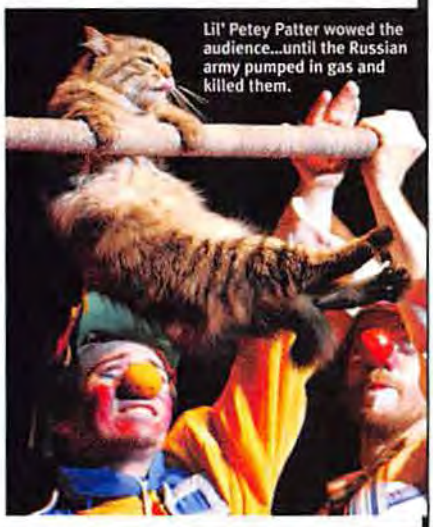
He's Quite the Flamer

And two other tastily true tales that'll whet your appetite for an entrée of deep-fried Filter.

OH, DON'T WORRY—this isn't another monk setting himself on fire in protest of his homeland's many injustices. It's far funnier. Former James Bond stuntman Brian Reid has attempted to keep in shape by feeling the burn while dousing himself with gasoline (or "petrol," as this loony Limey no doubt calls it) and jumping 30 feet into a four-foot-deep pool of the wet stuff. Much to the disappointment of the gawking crowd at Scotland's Bathgate Festival, Reid survived. But not without the help of a special tracksuit, worn underneath his Benedictine-like outfit, that protected him from the 700-degree heat. "It was great to be the first person to do it in my country," coughed the 35-year-old stupid-face. It's great to be the first person in *our* country to make fun of you for doing it, Brian.

▷ Meow, Moscow

Yury Kuklachev of Moscow's Kuklachev Cat Theatre doesn't care if his pussy performers make the audience sneeze—as long as they're not allergic to laughter. (Not to worry, Yury. That's a medical impossibility.) The feline fanatic has been training his cat-athletes for 31 years to walk tightropes, do handstands, push dogs on skateboards and perform all manner of tomcat-foolery. Such flights of cat fancy are all the rage in the land of ugly women and rampant alcoholism. "There is no animal a Russian can't train," boasts Valery Tsoraev, the cat trainer at Clyde Beatty–Cole Brothers Circus. "No one else is patient enough." Oh, please, Val. It took us less than an hour to teach our tabby, Meow Tse Tung, a cool new trick. Just apply peanut butter to one's groin and the little fellow teaches himself.



Lil' Petey Patter wowed the audience...until the Russian army pumped in gas and killed them.

"Nope, Griff, I can't find your cat anywhere on this floor."

USELESS FACTS

I say, old boy, what are your thoughts on a right proper rogering of your dog hole? I'll take your wagging tail as a sign that you're for such a union.

Errol Flynn reportedly placed cocaine on the tip of his penis to heighten sexual pleasure.

Iman, the supermodel wife of David Bowie, has only one eyebrow.

"One of the most visually impressive games of the year!"
– *Dan Adams, IGN*

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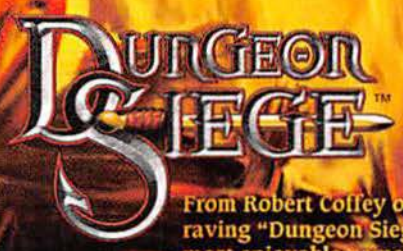

From Robert Coffey of *Computer Gaming World* raving "Dungeon Siege is easily one of the best, most enjoyable games of the year... one of the unquestionable must-haves," to numerous Editors' Choice Awards, Dungeon Siege blows critics and players away. So put on your breastplate and sharpen your sword, and get one of the hottest PC games of the year.

microsoft.com/games/dungeonsiege

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"Need a penny? Take a penny," whispered a disembodied voice from the ceiling. "Uh-oh—wrong penny!" And that's when the poison gas came rolling in.

CENTS & SENSIBILITY

Pennies *Are* His Thoughts

Mike Moore would rather keep his pennies than hear your thoughts on just about anything. Unless it's your thoughts about his pennies.

LOOKING FOR SOME spare change? Well, penny-hotel owner Mike Moore has plenty! (We hear he's also got a surly disposition, so no skipping out on your room fee.) You see, these worthless coins are Mike's life. Hence the establishment's name: Mike and Annie's McKittrick Hotel Penny Bar & Café. Oh, and have you met his lovely wife, Annie? (Hence the establishment's name for the second damn time!) Anyway, three years ago Mike and his better half moved from Northern California to the southeastern town of McKittrick to start a business and pursue his cent-saving goal. "I put on every penny myself, one at a time," smiles the sassy 60-year-old. "I do it whenever I get in the mood." Nearly everything from the pool table to the bathroom doors are covered in a classy copper sheen. Moore reckons he's got about 800,000 honest Abes staring back at him, the oldest one an 1883 penny. "Once I get the walls covered and reach a million," claims the coin-craving kook, "then I'll stop, probably." *I'll stop, probably.* We used to say the same thing about our jars full of scabs. And 20 years later? Still picking 'em!

Mike's get to sit next to a wall covered with nickels.

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:
"Though Affleck denies it, several recent reports have indicated that not only does Ben wear a wig, but also that it came off when he was play-wrestling at a party! As for my new 'do? It's totally real. I just wanted to experiment with a different stalk style, all right?"

MIX 'N' MATCH

Celebrity Toupees

1. Tony Curtis
2. William Shatner
3. Ben Affleck
4. Ted Danson
5. Marv Albert
6. Charles Grodin

Answers: 1. F; 2. E; 3. A; 4. B; 5. C; 6. D.

USELESS FACTS

During the filming of *Psycho*, director Alfred Hitchcock would have tea every day at 4 P.M. with the skeletal prop that was Mrs. Bates.

Cannaby the Hydroponic Weed says:
"Here's a fact: The word *noon* originally meant 3 P.M. Know what? It still does to me, dude. Na-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Dirty, Rotten Scoundrels

Our monthly ranking of the truly rank.

"Tug my udder. Do it!"

COWS

Farmers have been injecting foam into Bessie's breasts in order to make them appear prettier in cow beauty contests. Happily, vets have developed an ultrasound that detects unnatural udders. "We think we could clean up the Miss America contest with the same technology," winked Robert O'Brien, DVM, one of the experts behind this development. Man, animal docs are about as funny as a heart attack. Actually, heart attacks can be *kind* of funny. Especially if a cow gets one from all that foam in her system!

We live on the corner of Herpes and Loneliness.

SNL

Many a nasty nugget has come to light in the book *Live from New York: An Uncensored History of Saturday Night Live*. The dirt includes Loraine Newman snorting heroin, Dan Aykroyd sleeping with Lorne Michaels' wife, Dana Carvey weeping in his dressing room and a naked Chris Farley taking a dump out of a 17th-story window. What was less of a press-stopper? Apparently everyone still hates Chevy Chase. Well, not *everyone*....Wait. We just double-checked, and it really is everyone. Sorry.

Will someday be turned into a full set of luggage.

TOM JONES

This crooning crony is married, but he's not (at press time) dead. Indeed, Jones has announced that his wife, Linda, will allow extramarital affairs, but she won't allow love. "That's what would mess her up—if I left her for somebody else," the singer recently told the London *Sun*. And is the policy reciprocal? "My wife cheating on me? Well, it would never happen." Of course it'll never happen as long as you have her tied up like that, Tom. Hey, and it looks like you haven't fed her in weeks!

Is it any wonder our children are losers?

SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS

Citing Bob's propensity for holding hands with his pink starfish friend, Patrick, gay fans have claimed the Nickelodeon cartoon as one of their own. "He's not very masculine," says 37-year-old clothing designer Alex Fung, "and he's soft." Bob creator Stephen Hillenburg refutes these allegations and will only go so far as to say that perhaps the two are "somewhat asexual." Maybe *you* should stop forcing Spongey to cater to society's norms, Stephen. Don't be afraid to chase that rainbow, you sassy little sea urchin!

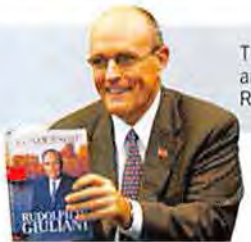
Illustrations (Scoundrels) Olivia Bland, Gary Blandham and Simon Brown

How cool is this guy? He calls his sunglasses "shades." No shit.

QUEER GEAR

KEEPING IT WHEEL

TO THOSE SKEPTICAL assholes who don't believe us when we tell them that the future is now, we give you—and you can't give it back—the Wheelman. It took 20 years for designer Grant Taylor and engineer Muzza Grant to come up with a device that combines the physics involved in skiing, surfing and skating and parlays it into the weird-looking wonder we see before us. The Australian oddity—which includes a frame, two axle-less wheels, footrests and a motor—is priced from $1,200 to $1,700 and is available on Wheelman.com.au. X-tremists should note that this bad boy reaches speeds of 22 mph by way of its handheld accelerator, and it's durable enough to allow drivers to take on tough terrain, like mountain-bike trails. Think of it as a rollerblading skateboard. Now think of a rollerblading monkey. Crazy, right? Well, catch you later!



The infamous police attacks on Abner Louima and Amadou Diallo are completely omitted from Rudolph Giuliani's new book, *Leadership*.

A 24-year-old South Korean man died in October after playing computer games nonstop for 86 hours.

A CONTRACEPTIVE PERSPECTIVE

Ling on NuvaRing

The hot one from *The View* (Lisa Ling) stopped by to speak about birth control (NuvaRing), as per her spokeswoman duties (ka-ching!). BY BILL SCHULZ

Go ahead, call her Lucy Liu. We did. That's why the bruises.

Perry the Pessimistic Pea Pod says:
"As a journalist in Afghanistan, Lisa bypassed their wrapped-up-women laws by traveling in disguise—as a dude. In other news: I think I may have hepatitis."

STUFF: Is NuvaRing supposed to go on a guy's wiener? I thought that's what condoms do.
LISA: *No*—you insert it into the vagina.

Giggle! Will they make one that's ribbed for *his* pleasure?
He gets enough pleasure as it is.

Now, Lisa, are you not only a NuvaRing spokesperson but also a client?
A client? I am, in fact, a user. What I like is that it provides a month of protection as opposed to the Pill, which you have to take every day—or the patch, which [you replace every] week. This is something you literally insert and take out after a month.

NuvaRing was recently approved by the FDA. Holy acronym! What do those letters stand for?
The Food and Drug Administration.

Many of our female readers don't have the time or health insurance to actually go and get a prescription for NuvaRing. Will it be available on the black market?
In all likelihood...not.

If you ever have to go hand-to-hand, take out Jones first. Without the body, the head will die, people. *The head will die.*

Have the bigwigs over at Organon taken to calling you NuvaLing?
No. That's cute, though. I've been called many things, but never NuvaLing.

Uh-huh. Barbara Walters strikes me as a bit of a minx. Does she like younger men?
She actually does not like younger men. She prefers men her age or slightly older.

Did NuvaRing help with your recent stint in *The Vagina Monologues*?
Actually, yes. I've always been uncomfortable discussing sex. So it was liberating. And I did the triple-orgasm scene. It was titillating.

That show missed a lot of euphemisms that pertain to that special place. Like Hairysburg, Penisylvania.
Oh, I've been there, actually. You think that should be in the show?

Oh, yeah. How about the baby shooter?
The baby shooter? I'm unfamiliar with that.

What are your boyfriend's thoughts on the device?
He's got no complaints. I think all guys should be aware of the different [contraceptives] available to women.

Bet your grandfather was. Didn't he have, like, three concubines in Taiwan—
Wow, where did you find that? He had seven kids with his first wife, who was my grandmother, 10 kids with his second wife and three with his third. He had a series of brothels in the red-light district in Taiwan. He was a serious pimp. Literally. I mean, on a fundamental level, it's kind of unsanitary.

Did this have any impact on how you—pun alert!—*view* men?
Just that they're pigs. [*Laughs*]

My boss was on *The View* once. Star Jones gave him an entrée of attitude with a side order of sass. Is there any way these two might be able to break bread and forgive one another?
Uh, put her on the cover of *Stuff*? You should have *The View* girls on the cover of *Stuff*! That would be revolutionary! You would target different levels of men.

I'll speak with the higher-ups. The Romantic Ideas page of the NuvaRing Web site suggests having a picnic in the park with wine. Is NuvaRing aware of New York's strict open-container laws?
[*Laughs*] Do it until you get caught. I'm not an excessive drinker, though. Like a lot of Asian girls, I get really red. It's kind of cute, actually.

So, how's the filming of the *Charlie's Angels* sequel coming along?
[*Rolls eyes*] That's so predictable. Try harder.

EXCLUSIVE!

For the first time ever, a visibly uncomfortable *Stuff* interviewee poses with the back-page doll.

USELESS FACTS

Unable to get an alcoholic drink, actor John Barrymore (Drew Barrymore's grandfather) once downed a bottle of his wife's perfume.

Raccoons, slugs and ants all like to drink alcohol.

 If you want to help open the treasure chest, turn to page 12. If you want to look in the cave, turn to page 57.

MARDI GRAS AND A MANSION ON US. WILD WOMEN ON YOU.

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Stuff Picks

If it's above, it made our wee willy wiggle. If it's below, it failed to make us giggle.

Goose Recliner
Cabela's hunting outfitters (www.cabelas.com) sent us this goose decoy, which comfortably hides even the most ample outdoorsmanly ass. And it really works, too. Our curious intern, Chuck, came over to pet the faux fowl. That's when we threw the lid open and shot him in the neck. He's not a bird, but dang if he don't screech like one.

B'More's D'Water
Reader Ron Dryer sent us this bottled water, which hopes to attract America's untapped urban market. (Psst—*urban* is executive-speak for "black.") Anyway, you read our minds, B'More. We're as thizznirsty as a motherfucker. Or is it thirstnizzy? (We're such dorks!)

Strong Kids, Safe Kids
Available on Amazon.com, this 1984 video guide for preventing child abuse utilizes the talents of Henry Winkler, John Ritter, the Smurfs and Pac Man, plus a creepy dude in overalls who sings one-to-grow-on songs, including a tune about the proper names for parts of the anatomy such as the anus. Thanks to the straightforward lyrics, we now know that Uncle Jim had no right being near that particular body part.

EH...

Gasworks' Gummy Butts
Finally! A gummy product geared toward the homosexual community. Unfortunately, customers will be chasing this rainbow of fruity fruit flavors to the tune of 106 calories per serving. And exactly *how* do you expect us to fit into our Lycra stretch pants after eating these asses, Mr. Gummy Butts Man? Hmph.

Boo Ghost Wee Bear
"This Halloween Bear is better suited for a rally than trick-or-treating," writes Philly resident Anastasia Roditis. A rally for what, Anastasia? Ghost rights? Our readers are insane in the brain!

Living Romantically Every Day
Among the author's suggestions: Warm up your spouse's car before he or she leaves for work, and create "a relationship mission statement." Here's ours: "Stop blocking the damn TV, woman." Ha-ha-ha-ha—ouch! Stop hitting us, Ma!

Not for nothing, but we would put the poodles on the mantel.

WIN!

Our British deputy art director, Ian, says, "Hey, mates—found an odd item that would bloody well mix in with this lot? Spot on!" If your object makes it into Stuff Picks, we'll pay you back with a $200 Nike CD player. Just send it on over to: Crap Editor, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Photography: Damien Dorck.

USELESS FACTS

Selective breeding has all but eliminated the scent from some roses.

John Wilkes Booth's brother once saved the life of Abraham Lincoln's son.

THE MOST ACCLAIMED GAME OF THE YEAR

- 5/5 - Official PlayStation Magazine
- 9/10 Editor's Choice Award - Official XBOX Magazine
- 4.75/5 - Nintendo Power
- 9/10 Game of the Month - PSM
- 9.2/10 Editor's Choice Award - IGN
- 10/10 - Gamers.com
- 98/100 Platinum Award - Gamers.com
- 8.7/10 - GameSpot
- 4/5 - PLAY Magazine
- Silver Award - Editor's Choice -Electronic Gaming Monthly

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Andrew stood at the door, smiling, with his suitcase. They'd kept his room just as he'd left it. 'Course, the folks in his bed were much older now.

GUINNESS RECORD-HOLDER OF THE MONTH

The World's Biggest Noddy Collection

WHAT THE HELL is a Noddy? Ask any four-year-old. Better yet, ask a couple of sexagenarians named Betty and Johnny Hopton. The fairer Hopton has been hoarding items related to this beloved children's-book character ever since author Enid Blyton first introduced Noddy to British boys and girls back in 1949.

Ever wonder what Pinocchio would look like with a blue hat? Here you go!

"I loved Noddy so much, I started to collect everything I could find," gushes Betty. The spring-necked resident of Toyland and his bearded buddy, Big Ears, have fueled a multimillion-dollar merchandising empire that includes many translations of its animated series (including a stateside version that has walloped *Sesame Street* in the Nielsen ratings). Betty's been with Noddy the whole way, eventually recruiting her hubby to join her in filling a Wales-based museum that holds everything from an enormous Noddy train set to a naughty Noddy toilet seat. "We're terribly proud," says Johnny, a retired astrophysics lecturer, of the 1,500-item collection. Hey, you have every reason to be, John. Now if you'll just untie us and take this Noddy ball-gag out of our mouth, we'll be on our way.

CAR-MUNICATION

"This Is OnStar, May I Help You?"

OnStar is a hands-free wireless service that connects lost drivers to an operator for help. This month: Editor Seth Kelly and his on-the-road goldfish dilemma.

SETH: I've got a very young son. He's about four years old, and his goldfish just died.
OPERATOR: [*Pause*] And you don't know how to tell him?

Right. Should I go to the pet store and buy him another one that looks like it, or should I sit him down and give him the talk about how some things just pass on?
When I was four I had a hamster and he died and my parents told me and I was really upset. If I was in the situation, I'd buy him one that looked like him.

You don't think I'm doing the wrong thing if I replace little Trevor with another goldfish?
Not really, but I know you don't want to just lie to him.

Right. It's about trust.
Give me one second. My supervisor has a girl the same age—I'm sure the same thing's happened to her before. It will only take a moment. I promise you I won't leave you on hold long. I can see her from where I am right now.

OK.
[*One minute later*] Hello? Mr. Kelly? OK. We think the best thing for you to do would probably be to just tell him what happened. Here at OnStar, we're big on honesty.

It sounds like your supervisor kind of changed the way you were going on that one.
No, actually she didn't. That's what my parents actually did. They went and bought me another one before they told me it was dead. The only reason they told me is because I could tell that it didn't look the same. So that was even worse because it was like they weren't going to tell.

People forget. Kids are smart.
Right. That's one thing they forget. Especially if it's something that we're attached to, then we're going to automatically know there's a difference.

Like Santa Claus.
What'd you say? Santa Claus? So I think we might as well tell him what happened and just sit down and explain it to him. Just say that, you know, he went to a better place and everything and that he would probably want you to get another one and take care of it.

You've been a big help.
Thank you for using OnStar, sir.

To get into the fraternity, Mikey had to swallow three live goldfish *and* a six-year-old boy.

USELESS FACTS

The cigarette lighter was invented before the match.

Baby giraffes drop six feet to the ground when they're born.

AVENGE HER PAST.
DISCOVER HER FUTURE.

Dark Angel is the story of Max, a genetically enhanced soldier, who cunningly fights to reclaim her manipulated past and avoid capture through the underground landscape of post-apocalyptic Seattle.

- Original story progresses beyond the television series and features voice-overs by Jessica Alba and Michael Weatherly.
- RAGE System: Unleash over 50 fighting moves by unlocking the soldier within Max.
- Stealth Mode: Utilize unique evasive moves, plus enhanced vision.

JAMES CAMERON'S
DARK ANGEL™
WINTER 2002

DARKANGEL.SIERRA.COM

SIERRA
PlayStation 2
XBOX
VIVENDI UNIVERSAL Games
CAMERON/ECLEE
RADICAL
TEEN T CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
VIOLENCE

1

MOST WANTED

Put your brand on these techno fillies from our gadget corral. Watch out—they kick!

BY SETH KELLY PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

2

3

4

5

6

7

1 Bose 201 Speakers $218/pair
Proprietary Direct/Reflecting acoustic technology angles sonic waves off the walls to evenly distribute music. Think of the sound waves as butter, and the walls as toast. Then think of the floor as a big waffle. Try to fill every square with syrup!

2 Samsung SPH-i330 $550
Store your appointments on this 3G Sprint cell phone with Palm functionality, or just surf the Net. Hell, let the thing sit at home if you want. We're not your father, according to the courts.

3 Logitech MX 700 $80
You can't control cruel twists of fate and (eventually) your own bladder. Rest assured, however, that the MX 700 cordless optical mouse will make any PC's cursor your bitch. Unless the MX runs out of juice. Then pop it back on the recharging cradle and—bang!—the cursor's your bitch again.

4 Wilson Solution $75
Rip open the tacky Aqua-Grip surface of this composite leather ball and you'll find the Cushion Core technology responsible for the soft feel. You'll also find that you just ruined a $75 basketball. Haul ass!

5 AltiTech $140
Besides altimeter functionality, High Gear's AltiTech also tracks weather, time and temperature. It's like a mini Matt Lauer, but with more personality.

6 Mad Catz Blaster $40
Give in to those voices in your head—you know, the ones urging you to play violent Xbox games. Choose between three modes of fire to reduce your quarry to virtual goo. Then you'd better see someone about those voices, sport.

7 Go Video DVR5100 $250
Go Video forced a Progressive Scan DVD player and a four-head VHS deck into cohabitation. To protect the kids, they added a child lock to "toddler-proof" the unit's front panel. No toddlers? Borrow some. Their tiny hands are perfect for cleaning behind the toilet.

8 Pushpins $1.15 per 100
Color-coordinate items on your corkboard, or just toss a pack into your bag or briefcase for a painful, fat-free snack on the go. Mmm. Crunchy!

9 Xbox Live $50
Bring fellow weenies into your home via a broadband connection for Xbox Live network play. The headset is great for talking trash. Suggested topic: Your opponent's poor quality of play!

10 Night Owl Marine $350
Perform maritime search-and-rescue missions or just reduce your electricity bill by showering in the dark with this waterproof night-vision monocular. Got two eyes? Poke one out.

11 RCA Lyra Jukebox $300
Besides imparting this MP3 player with a 20-GB hard drive, RCA threw in a car-adapter kit. No car? Throw the damn kit away. No trash can? You're screwed!

12 Adidas TP Stripe $170
Slip your dogs into these new weatherproof golf shoes and immediately learn the benefits of the FitFoam cushioning and the new 10-spike traction pattern—unless, of course, your dogs can't speak. Try sniffing paint thinner. They'll talk. My, how they'll talk.

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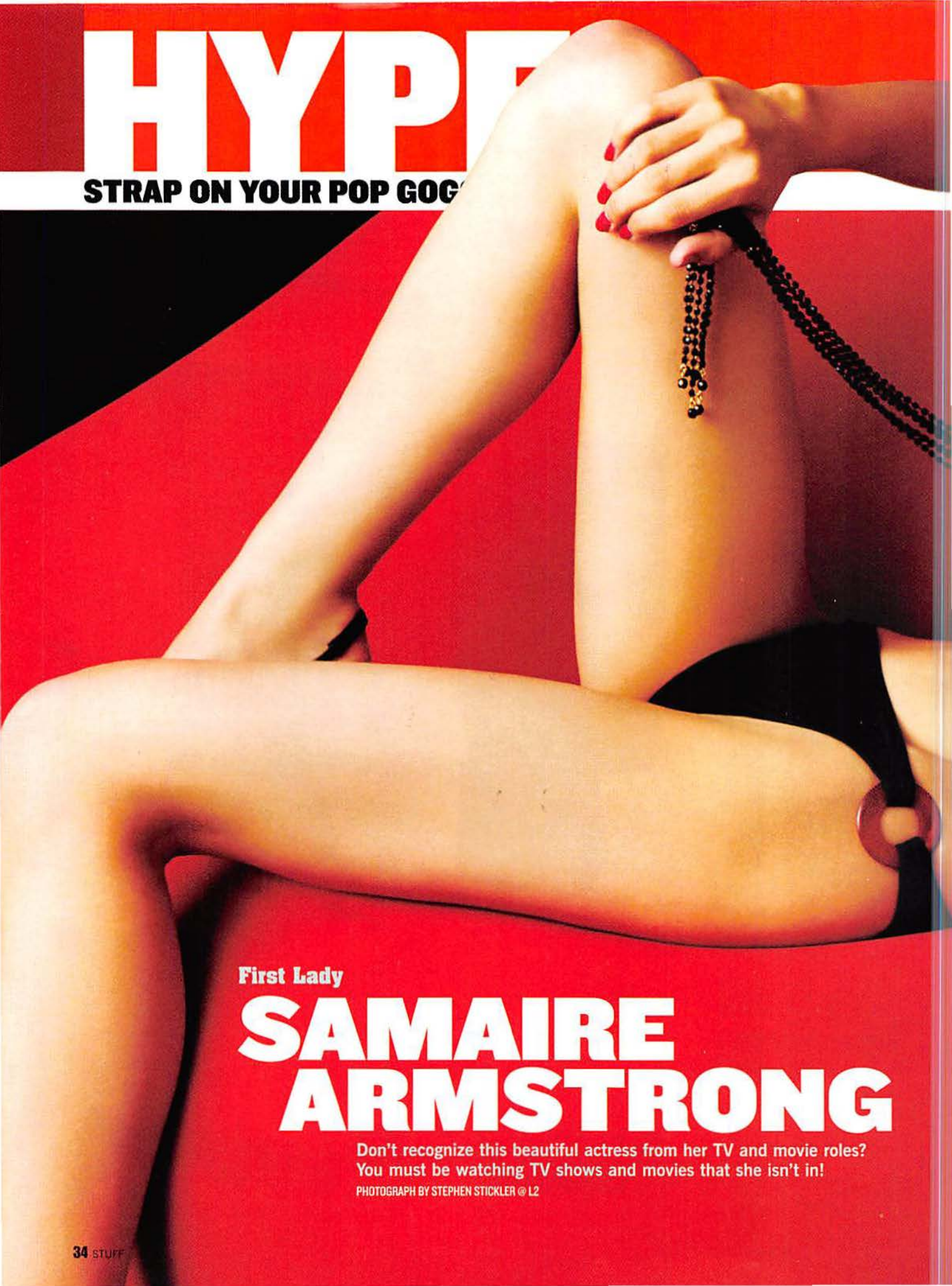


HYPE

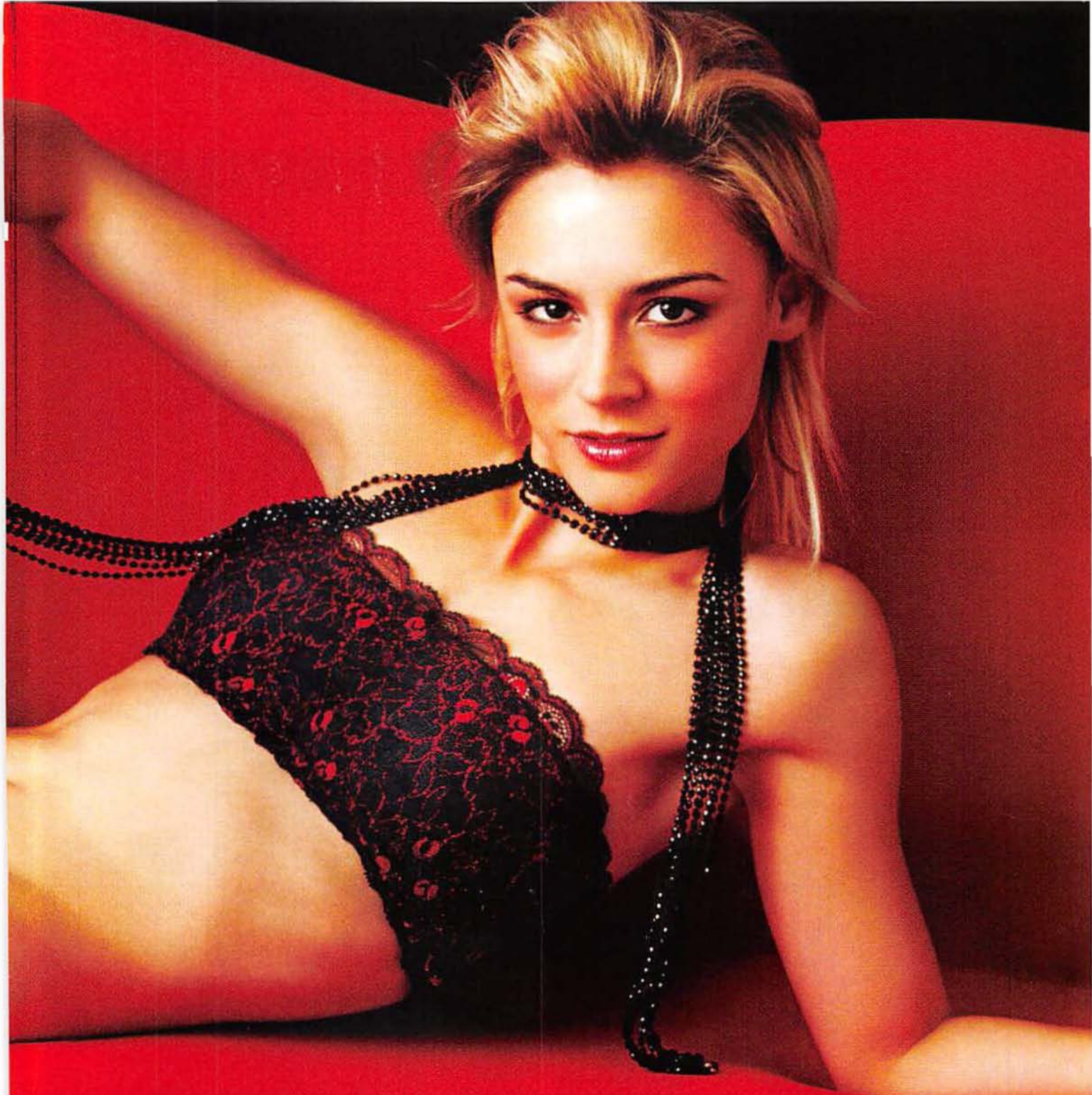
STRAP ON YOUR POP GOG

First Lady

SAMAIRE ARMSTRONG

Don't recognize this beautiful actress from her TV and movie roles? You must be watching TV shows and movies that she isn't in!

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN STICKLER @ L2



STUFF: So, what is up?
SAMAIRE: What's up? Life is good! My lease is up. I'm out of my place, and I got a new car.

So you're stuck as designated driver?
Actually, I don't drink because I get superdrunk. The last time I was in Las Vegas, I was being the dry girl. Then I was like, "You know what? Screw this," and I ordered a mudslide. It knocked me over. We had a photo shoot with my friends—just crazy, at the pool in bikinis.

Do you usually lose control like that?
Definitely. That's the problem. I save my craziness for a New Year's or a Fourth of July and everyone is in anticipation because they know what's about to happen. The end of the night is the worst. I always end up by the toilet.

What does a guy need to do to win you over, besides hold back your hair?
Get me to laugh. Do you want to just date some pretty person with nothing inside?

Would you date a disfigured comedian?
Like in *Mask*? One of those guys? I don't think...I can't...I don't know. I don't know.

What does the family think of your racy films, like *Not Another Teen Movie*?
I prepare them. It was like, "Guys, it's really raunchy. I don't know if Grandma wants to watch it." At one point, when the older woman is kissing Mia Kirshner, my dad looked over at me and was like, "This is really gross." I kind of felt bad for him, but he liked it.

You were on *Judging Amy*. Did Tyne Daly let anyone else near the catering truck?
Oh, no! Actually, I didn't work with her. I did watch one of her scenes. She's a great lady.

You never spied her standing outside of the truck clutching a turkey leg and growling at whoever came near her?
No! I never saw her eating once.

Then this interview is over. —*Mike Olson*
See Samaire in Darkwolf, *in theaters this month.*

Styling: Shelly Caudill. Hair: Robert Stenken @ Celestine. Makeup: Sabrina Paul @ Rex Agency. Prop Styling: Ed Murphy @ Snapshoot. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

The Roots are keepin' it real...real grumpy! What up, sourpusses?

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

THE ROOTS
PHRENOLOGY
MCA ★★★★★

If there were any justice in this world, Philadelphia rap band the Roots would be as famous as the MCs they've worked with over the years. But life's not fair, so stop bitching, college boy. This means the Roots will remain overlooked despite backing the likes of Jay-Z and Busta Rhymes, and even though drummer Ahmir "?uestlove" Thompson has hit the skins (that's an industry term) for singers such as Erykah Badu. On this, their fifth album, the Roots continue to use real instruments and inject strains of jazz, rock and spoken word to produce an old-soul vibe. (We inject a mixture of butter and herbs under the skin of our turkey to produce juiciness, but that's a story for another album review.) The songs run the gamut from "Sacrifice," a suave R&B-rap track that makes even the whitest of white guys think they're smooth (trust us), to "Break You Off," which conjures memories of classic Stevie Wonder. None of this guarantees the Roots fame, but maybe they're better off unrecognized. That way they can go grocery shopping without being bothered. Well, if they're wearing shoes and shirts, of course. —*Paul Semel*

So. Do you like being a musical artist? Hello? Just gonna stare, huh? Whatever, man. This party sucks.

SOUND ADVICE

		THE BUZZ	DID YOU KNOW?	WE SAY
	LOOSE FUR LOOSE FUR DRAG CITY ★★★★	The supergroup is made up of Wilco's Jeff Tweedy, Sonic Youth recruit Jim O'Rourke and some other guy. Trust us. We read the whole press release.	Glenn Kotche was the drummer on Wilco's latest, and O'Rourke engineered it. Do music engineers get to wear those cute overalls? We hope so.	A mix of the acoustic and the atmospheric, Loose Fur's best moments come in combos, like the textural and tribal "Laminated Cat." We did that once. Now Sir Purr will never grow old.
	JOHNNY MARR + THE HEALERS BOOMSLANG IMUSIC ★★★	Having been a guitarist in the Smiths, Johnny Marr is the alpha male in his new band. Which explains why he keeps marking his territory.	Ringo Starr's son, Zak Starkey, does the drumming. But don't go thinking nepotism is the cause. No one respects Ringo Starr.	On bluesy songs like "InBetweens" and "Need It," Johnny Marr wails like a true guitar god. How godly is he? Dionysus keeps kissing his ass for backstage passes.
	P.J. OLSSON BEAUTIFULLY INSANE COLUMBIA ★★★	Olsson's neo-folky acoustic guitar still has a lot of pop and polish. Which reminds us: Go buy some pop and polish. Plus soy milk. (We're addicted!)	P.J.'s "Ready for a Fall" made it onto an episode of *Dawson's Creek*. So did our older brother, Terry. Mr. Big Shot is a real-life Hollywood extra!	We want to make fun of it, but with catchy tunes like "Three Light Years & a Day" we have to cut him some slack. And cut his steak. Otherwise he'll never take sensible bites.
	WEEKEND PLAYERS PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS MULTIPLY/WARNER ★★★	This British duo brings you songs to which you can shake your booty. That's grammatically correct, by the way. Grammar do make writin' fun!	WP's music maker, Andy Cato (paired here with singer Rachel Foster), is also one half of the dance band Groove Armada. The Armada half.	It's perfect for getting your gal to shake her moneymaker, or for the end of the party when you're feeling a little crazy. Eating too much celery with cream cheese will do that to you.
	RICHARD ASHCROFT HUMAN CONDITIONS VIRGIN ★★	On his second solo effort, the former Verve front man mixes mellow soul with orchestra-heavy ballads. What a mix it is: one part good, two parts bad.	*Conditions* finds Ashcroft kickin' it with Brian Wilson. Well, not so much kickin' it as spending a lot of uncomfortable time together.	It has its moments, but the mellow tunes make us drowsy. And not the good we-just-ate-a-delicious-meal-and-saw-an-episode-of-*Presidio-Med* drowsy. *Bored* drowsy.
	DASH-BOARD CONFES-SIONAL DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL: MTV UNPLUGGED 2.0 VAGRANT ★★	In the footsteps of Nirvana and Bryan Adams, emo-core darling Chris Ender Carrabba turns his *Unplugged* appearance into an album. A mediocre album.	Buy it and you get a DVD of the show sans commercials for Clearasil or the next episode of *The Real World*. (This week the housemates get into a fight!)	Cutting the power doesn't help his already acoustic tunes. Well, we don't think so. The audience sings along so loudly that you can't even hear him. Oh, also, we were very drunk.
	WICKED QUEEN ROYAL JUDGMENT DAY RCA ★★	Did Lita Ford and Kid Rock join up to create some sort of unholy spawn? 'Cause it kind of sounds like they did. You know, in the form of Wicked Queen.	Born Leslie Matta, Wicked is a former Miss Boston and Miss Very Pretty Face 2001. That last one is just a little ceremony we hold in our basement.	Her generic act has Wicked rocking like a bad air guitarist. But we wouldn't kick her out of bed. Unless she was eating crackers. Nothing's worse than sleeping on crumbs. —*P.S.*

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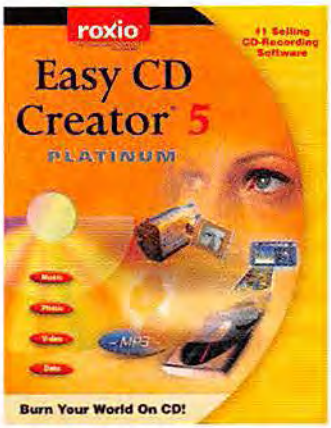

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OK. We tell your mom you're sleeping at Scott's house, Scott's mom that he's sleeping at Jon's and...

ADD IT UP

Sigur Rós

Most critics use words like *soundscape* and *extraterrestrial* to describe Sigur Rós' unique sound. We prefer to use words like *soundsy* and *ear-hole*. Point is, Sigur Rós hails from Iceland. And the follow-up to their critically acclaimed *Ágaetis Byrjún* is a midnight plod across the frozen fields of their native land. The new album, called *( )*, is a moody mesh of overlapping keyboard, bass, guitar (often played with a bow) and front man Jón Pór Birgisson's aching falsetto. If the lyrics don't make sense to you, it's because you don't speak Hopelandic, a gibberish language of Birgisson's own invention. The album's eight stark tracks have no names (just like our victims!), and the CD booklet is text-free. Instead, listeners are expected to scrawl their own interpretations of the vocals and post them on Sigur-Ros.com. When you're done with that, head on over to e-Recipe.com. Their Mississippi Mud Cake is *sinful*. (Our diet starts tomorrow!) —*Matt Schneiderman*

PINK FLOYD
DARK SIDE OF THE MOON
(CAPITOL) 1973

Dark Side's songs form a template for the haunting pieces Sigur Rós performs. While *Dark Side* syncs up with *The Wizard of Oz* for eerie results, *( )* can be played simultaneously with *Like Mike* for similarly mind-blowing effects. It looks like Lil' Bow Wow is singing!

BRIAN ENO
ANOTHER GREEN WORLD
(EG) 1975

Like this famous producer, Sigur Rós creates an atmospheric, um, atmosphere to represent moods and emotions. Eno got the idea to create this sound while bedridden after a car accident. Just goes to show you: People should have more car accidents.

BJÖRK
HOMOGENIC
(ELEKTRA) 1997

Björk is the only other Icelandic musician we know, so she had to make the list. But that's where the similarities end. Well, unless Sigur Rós starts singing in English and wearing ugly costumes. May we recommend something with a giant foam cowboy hat, suspenders and a cape?

MOGWAI
YOUNG TEAM
(JETSET) 1997

Unlike Sigur Rós, Mogwai relies on the spaced-out grindings of their guitars, not tricked-out instruments and strained vocals. But both albums are experiments in sound punctuated by explosions of noise, creating sonic portraits that can't be described by mere words. So we'll shut up.

RADIOHEAD
KID A
(CAPITOL) 2000

Sigur Rós owes its popularity in part to Radiohead, who invited the band to perform on their European tour. This nod prompted frenzied music critics to snap up copies of *Ágaetis Byrjún* and wet themselves. To be honest, some wet themselves *before* they bought it, but we're not here to point fingers.

POKÉMON

In New York last year, some Sigur Rós fans fainted at a concert, apparently triggered by the music. This is similar to the time several Japanese children lapsed into seizures from the blinking lights of an episode of *Pokémon*. Can you blame them? Bulbasaur and Squirtle are off the hook!

SIGUR RÓS
( )
(MCA) 2002

Yes, that is a bow, and yes, we are thirsty.

NEW COLUMN!

THIS GIRL'S LIFE

Pop Culture Diary Vol. 34

BY RACHEL W., AGE 16

This is the real work of a subscriber's daughter. They start so young....

ROYAL OAK, a suburb of Detroit, might be the best place to go if you want to know what's "cool." There you'll find the Baldwin and Main Art theaters, plus a store that sells really obscene T-shirts.

The Baldwin Theater was showcasing John Lennon's artwork. My mom and I wandered in and saw line drawings that my art teacher would probably describe as "crude but evocative." If they weren't drawn by a celebrity, they would be gracing some mother's refrigerator.

At the Main Art Theater we saw *Spirited Away*, a Japanese anime movie that I recommend. My little brother, Brian, and his friend Mary spent the entire time throwing **jawbreakers** at the screen.

The only other time I watch anime is in Seminar—a class we have at my high school. We have block scheduling, which leaves us with an extra hour that has to be filled by Seminar or an assembly. I skip the pep rallies and hide in the library where I play Minesweeper on the computers, even though you aren't supposed to.

It's a good hideout—a place to get away from the rest of the noisy world that's screaming the **Harrison High fight song** in your ear.

We had to crop out the elephant she was riding, since it did not pertain to the story.

SMALL TALK

NEW COLUMN

Flash!

Celebrity news and gossip—delivered in a breathless fashion!

BUY THE BOOK

Leave it to the Onion's A.V. Club (www.theonionavclub.com) to talk with celebrities and to write these conversations down. Now their best ones are in a book. ***The Tenacity of the Cockroach: Conversations with Entertainment's Most Enduring Outsiders*** (Three Rivers Press, $16) includes chats with Bob Barker, Alice Cooper, Conan O'Brien, Mr. T and **the guy who played Lenny on *Laverne & Shirley***. We know what you're thinking. You're thinking, *But is it available for purchase at a bookstore near me?* Oh, yeah—you'd better believe it!

IN THE NEWS...

The town of Paulsboro, New Jersey, will rename Tyler Street after director **Kevin Smith**. It will be called Kevin Smith Way. We can't make this stuff up, folks! A fourth *Jurassic Park* movie is in the development stages! According to **Sam Neill**, "Another *Jurassic Park* is in the development stages." Bruce Willis will star in a fourth *Die Hard*. At press time, we weren't sure **why**. Audrey Hepburn, the beauty who starred in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, is going to be on a **postage stamp**! Jennifer Tilly has signed on to play a **fortune-teller** opposite Eddie Murphy in *Haunted Mansion*. We don't usually prejudge movies, but this one has **box-office gold** written all over it! According to the Edge, U2 may have a new album ready by the summer with a sound Bono described as "the Who." What a **moron**! Even though his **wiener** is probably not long enough, Val Kilmer has signed on to play porn star John Holmes in *Wonderland*. We're getting an erection just thinking about it! Patrick Stewart keeps talking about the upcoming ***X-Men 2***! Some $55,000 worth of props were stolen from ***The Cat in the Hat*** movie set, including an eight-foot-long pair of sunglasses, a four-foot-long door key and a 200-pound golf ball. Was the thief **retarded**? Our money says yes! Casting is under way for two naked ladies for *American Pie 3*. The call is apparently looking for "a dirty cop" and "a prissy European fräulein" with a **willingness** to show their boobies! TNN's early 2003 schedule will include ***Ren & Stimpy***! This time it will be geared for adult viewers and, according to one source, will feature "two of the best **pooing** sequences ever animated."

Music is in his heart. And in his shower. (He has one of those shower radios.)

The guy who created *Ren & Stimpy* still loves to talk about *Ren & Stimpy*.

They always wait at the door for the pizza guy. That's how much they love pizza!

Q&A

Sum 41

They come from Canada with a dose of new-age pop-punk. And real maple syrup. (They got it in Vermont!)

When Sum 41 toured with Blink-182 last year, they expected heavy partying. They also expected adjoining rooms—that way they could open the doors and it would be like one huge room! But they learned that the boys in Blink were dull. So front man Derick Whibley, drummer Steve Jocz and the rest of the *TRL* troublemakers forged their own path. Sum 41's new album, *Does This Look Infected?*, has more than a dozen shots of mayhem that are perfect for headbanging...or any other kind of banging. Even the kind with mallets.

STUFF: This album is more metallic than your other stuff. Discuss.
STEVE: We couldn't do the heavy thing last time because we couldn't play very well. Now we can play better.

You called your recent club tour Sum on Your Face. I find that offensive.
S: Yeah, but since it was a tour of really small clubs, we weren't Summing on too many faces—just a select, privileged few.
DERICK: This chick in Paris asked me to Sum on her face. It was the first time I'd ever been asked.

It happens a lot more when you're dating a porn star. Have you guys ever wandered down that path?
D: No, but there's an ex-porn star who has been stalking Steve. She flew from Texas to Paris and brought this big bottle of Kristal champagne. Only she drank it herself and got really wasted, then stumbled in while he was in the bathroom and tried to give him a blow job. When he turned her down, she freaked out and started screaming in front of all these media people.

Do you actually turn down girls who want to sleep with you?
S: Absolutely. We're picky. The first time you're on the road, you're like, "Who cares if they're ugly? I just want to get laid." But you start developing standards. It's like being a hunter. You want the prize buck.

That's so romantic. Ever been mistaken for the boys in Blink-182?
D: So many times. Once, this superhot stripper came up to me and said, "Oh, I love that video where you're imitating the Backstreet Boys." She was talking about a Blink video, but she was smoking hot, so I went along with it. If *my* band can't get me laid, I might as well use someone else's.

May I recommend Foreigner?
—Jon Wiederhorn

A clown *and* a trampoline? It was the best birthday party ever!

DID YOU KNOW?

- The 5'5" Derick was reportedly teased by taller girls when he was a kid. Wow! Girls are pretty creative!
- Untreated, gonorrhea can lead to a swollen penis and testicles, arthritis and skin problems. Pepto-Bismol will not cure gonorrhea. That's *diarrhea*.

WEB OF EVIL

Tim Allen

We linked the star of *Santa Clause 2* to some truly evil happenings.

More like the *Fanta* Clause. What? It's his favorite soft drink. On the real, though.

HATE GROUPS Apart from its 56 "patriot" groups, Allen's native Michigan is also home to 13 hate groups—it hosts the home bases for such charming fellows as Neo-Nazis and the KKK. This frighteningly high number matches only California...where Tim has filmed countless television shows and movies. Note the trend. C'mon! Note it!

O.J. SIMPSON While Allen was celebrating his 41st birthday, Orenthal was busy *not* butchering wife Nicole and passerby Ron Goldman. Did the Juice and Allen get together after the murders to wear little party hats and eat birthday cake? Probably not. But you have to admit that's a pretty funny mental image. Especially if it's some sort of novelty cake.

JACK THE RIPPER Left-handed people are evil. Just look at this list of infamous southpaws: Besides the Ripper, there's also Fidel Castro, Billy the Kid, Napoleon, the Boston Strangler and Oprah Winfrey. Oh, and there's Tim Allen. It's enough to make us happy that left-handed people are more likely to be injured using power saws and meat slicers!

ANTIETAM Exactly 129 years to the day before *Home Improvement* debuted, Union soldiers battled Confederates in Maryland. The result was the bloodiest day in American history, with 3,654 dead and 17,292 wounded. If you look closely, will you see the message ANTIETAM, SPILL YOUR BLOOD hidden in *Home Improvement*'s opening credits? Probably not.

AUTO-RACING DEATHS Apparently, the sport that has claimed 15 lives over the past decade (and that's just in sanctioned events) is also a favorite of Allen's. In 1994, Timmy skipped his stepfather's ordination as an Episcopalian deacon but went to see the Detroit Grand Prix the very next day. We're sure he'll catch the next ordination, though.

FAILED CAREERS As Allen was making millions on *Home Improvement*, he was also cursing his costars. His TV wife, Patricia Richardson, hasn't worked in two years. Former *Tool Time* girl Debbe Dunning has, but it was in *Leprechaun 4: In Space*. And Richard Karn, who played the lovable Al, is the new host of *Family Feud*. Survey says: Evil!

U.S. UNEMPLOYMENT With its weak-ass dollar, Vancouver is stealing our movie industry. As of a few years ago, 20 TV series and 50 movies were filmed there. But who cares that Canadians were hired to work on *MacGyver*, *X-Files*...and *Santa Clause 2*? Not Tim. Maybe he's busy enjoying Vancouver's lax stance on marijuana use and prostitution.

CELEBRITY CLICHÉ

Appreciative Recovering Alcoholic

The Culprit: David Hasselhoff
Résumé: *Knight Rider*, *Baywatch* and his album *Looking for Freedom*

"I wake up most mornings and feel the breeze and say, 'Wow!'"

"If you need me, I'll be vomiting next to the minibar."

STUFF REVIEWS A BOOK BY ITS COVER

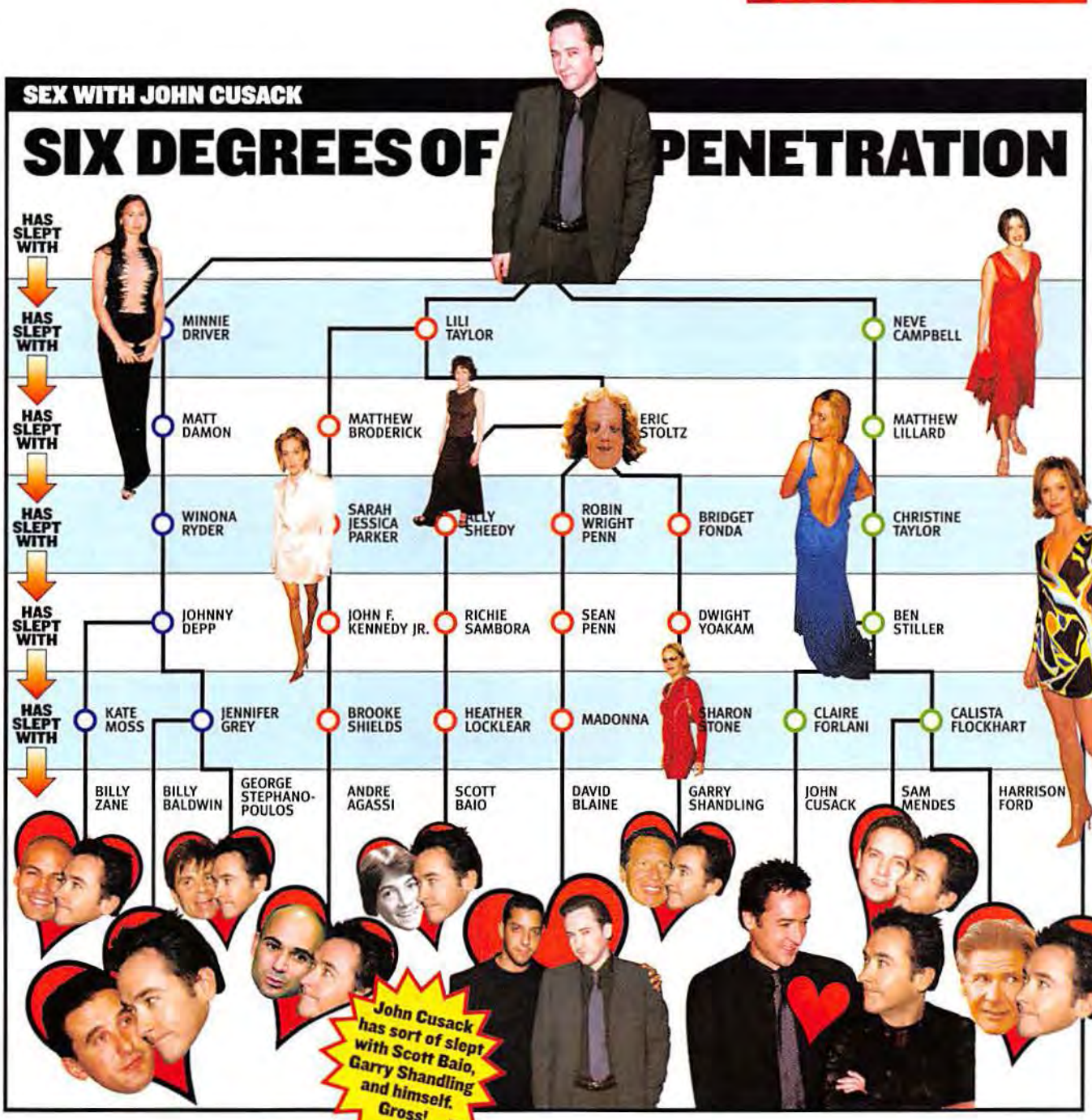
Girl with a Pearl Earring

By Tracy Chevalier

It's not easy being ugly. Just ask the girl with a pearl earring in the book *Girl with a Pearl Earring*. With her weird complexion, the poor thing's only hope for sexual release is that a boy will be distracted by her large earring long enough for her to grab his privates. Which is exactly what she's doing down there in the lower left corner. Earring Girl is also the town's only plumber, but she is too busy molesting innocent men to unclog drains and such. As a result, the entire town becomes flooded and pirate ships move in. That's where the "plot" gets a bit too convoluted for our taste. Our advice? Wait for the movie. —*Dan Bergstein*

SEX WITH JOHN CUSACK

SIX DEGREES OF PENETRATION



POSSIBLY DEAD

Harvey Korman

Born on February 15, 1927, in Chicago, Harvey Korman could very well be dead by the time you read this. Over the years, the sketch comedian won four Emmys as a second banana on *The Carol Burnett Show*, but he was never able to make a name for himself on his own. Now Korman is finally out of Burnett's shadow, provided that she did not also just die.

PORN BLOOPER OF THE MONTH

FORBIDDEN TALES

$39, DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

Sultry, busty Tera Patrick plays a sultry, busty storyteller in this fantastical fable, in which past and future collide and anything is possible. Well, except for decent sound editing. This is painfully apparent even in the opening sequence. As Tera spins her yarn—gesturing mechanically with a single hand—she ungrammatically says, "So she sent word out for Julian, promising him not only the highest honor in her court, but she vowed a night of passion with him" as her lips move in totally implausible ways, even for a porn star. A blurb on the box says, "Some tales should never be told." Their words—not ours!

Know what we love about armor? It's kinky! Know what we hate? The way you always spit at us.

Can they cram more words and numbers on the screen? We can still almost tell what's going on.

GAME OF THE MONTH

STEEL BATTALION XBOX CAPCOM

Your life would be very different if you grew up with a walking robotic tank. For example, you wouldn't have wasted so much time begging your parents to buy you a walking robotic tank. Plus, you wouldn't have such an uncontrollable urge to learn more about *Steel Battalion*, which you should start feeling right...about...*now!*

Battalion is so complex, it comes with its own controller. Besides jacking up the retail price, this joypad does everything—from starting engines to washing the windshield and, if all goes wrong, ejecting you from the cockpit. It's tough to master, so you're constantly battling to get your tank-on-legs to cooperate, which helps add to the mayhem. And there's lots of it—bombs raining down, rivals shooting at you and hungry children crying. (That's what earplugs are for.)

This is probably the prettiest war we've been in. (Venezuela doesn't count—it was more an away-day with guns.) Bombs send out shock waves while flaming rockets throw heat-hazes as they rip toward you. Even enemy walking tanks look spectacular as they torch you to a charred husk. If the future really looks this cool, bring it on! If not, there's really no point in living. —*Simon Munk*

A walking tank? No, just a digital representation of a walking tank.

WEIRD FOREIGN GAME!

ROOMMANIA #203

PS2 SEGA

As Neji Taihei's ghost roommate in this Japanese game, it's your job to help your absentminded friend get by. And, of course, you do this by throwing invisible balls. Toss one at the fridge and he'll grab something to eat. Throw one at his crotch and he'll start feeling "tingly." As an extra perk, you even get to mess with Neji's stuff when he's out! What? He's not going to miss one Fresca. —*S.M.*

Add a sloppy goatee, two boxes of Cheez-Its and a mom who says, "I wish you were never born" and you've got our senior year of high school.

THE PLAY LIST

DEAD OR ALIVE XTREME BEACH VOLLEYBALL XBOX TECMO

If we lived on a tropical island, we would fashion dead crabs into centerpieces for imaginary dinner parties. But Zack has different plans. He invites gorgeous beach-volleyball players over to practice lifeguard drills, shop for suntan lotion and enter beauty contests. Remember to put Vaseline on your teeth. It makes shopping fun!

LARA CROFT TOMB RAIDER: THE ANGEL OF DARKNESS PC, PS2 EIDOS

An evil alchemist has framed Lara Croft for murder. (Don't know what an alchemist is? Pretend we used the word *chemist*.) So Lara's back to her usual: jumping around, solving puzzles and shooting things. All told, this exciting new adventure is surprisingly nasty and dark. How surprised were we? We peed our pants. Thrice!

CONTRA: SHATTERED SOLDIER PS2 KONAMI

We haven't seen vomiting monsters since our glue-sniffing days in college. (That's when we went to the monster pie-eating contest.) But now they're back in *Contra*. This shooter features the same mayhem of the original, but now it has three guns for maximum weapon-usage. Is *weapon-usage* a real term? It is now, frunklehead.

DR. MUTO GAMECUBE, PS2, XBOX MIDWAY

If you could turn into any animal, what would you choose? A lion? Wrong! In this game, Dr. Muto opts for mice, spiders and gorillas so he can solve puzzles using their distinctive abilities. Sometimes our sexually frustrated wife says we have the traits of a mouse. And she's right—we're always leaving droppings in the pantry.

COMBAT FLIGHT SIMULATOR 3 PC MICROSOFT

In this combat flying game, you and your friends can play all the parts of a bomber fleet. Well, except for that guy who gets to name the bombs. (We would call ours Mr. Boomers.) So jump in the cockpit and overdose on realistic WWII fighter-pilot action. The only thing we'd rather OD on is hugs! Long, tight, sweaty hugs.

DEFENDER PS2, PC MIDWAY

Remember those kids who would beat you up and spit in your thermos back in the '80s? They played *Defender*. That's how cool it was. But now it's your turn. The new version of this classic features all the people-rescuing, alien-shooting and fast-flying action of the original, only this time it's in 3D and *you're* the bully. What's the cat going to do? Defend itself? —*S.M.*

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NHL® HITZ • SEGA PHANTASY STAR™ ONLINE EPISODE I & II

RESIDENT EVIL® ZERO • DIE HARD™ VENDETTA
MADDEN NFL 2003 • MEDAL OF HONOR FRONTLINE™
TIME SPLITTERS™ 2 • TONY HAWK'S PRO SKATER™ 4
GODZILLA® DESTROY ALL MONSTERS – MELEE
NBA LIVE 2003 • NEED FOR SPEED™: HOT PURSUIT 2
NASCAR THUNDER™ 2003 • SKIES OF ARCADIA LEGENDS™
SWINGERZ GOLF™ • KNOCKOUT KINGS™ 2003 • ETC.

PRODUCTS RANGE FROM EVERYONE TO MATURE
E-M
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

MORE THAN 180 GAMES. WHAT A RUSH.

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"Face!" Good, Matt. Now tell me what this fruit is. "Apple!" No, it's a pear.

DVDs OF THE MONTH

THE BOURNE IDENTITY

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS HOME VIDEO, $27

There's nothing like a race against time. For instance, we're writing this review as fast as possible so we can make it home in time for *Access Hollywood*. (That Pat O'Brien is a treasure!) But, though our brows be covered with sweat, we've got nothing on Jason Bourne (Matt Damon). You see, Jay was just plucked from the ocean with a nasty case of amnesia. Now he's being chased across Europe with a beautiful girl in tow, searching for his identity before he's killed. The DVD is loaded with extras, including deleted scenes, a never-before-seen alternative ending and a Moby music video. (He rhythmically devours an entire ham!)

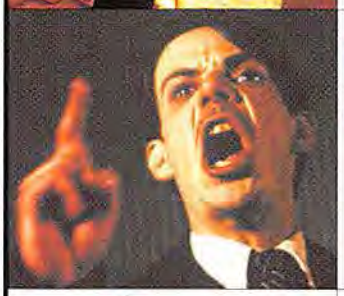
THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS HOME VIDEO, $20

The tag line to this classic says, "With Burt and Dolly, this much fun couldn't be legal." Well, we called up our cousin and he assures us it actually is. (He always used to watch *L.A. Law*.) Featuring Burt Reynolds as Sheriff Ed and Dolly Parton as Miss Mona, the (presumably) disease-free madam, this film will have you singing along to tunes like "I Will Always Love You" (before Whitney got her resin-covered hands on it). It might not be like trolling through highway rest stops looking for a trick, but you can't have it all.

We sure are glad that bitch Barbara Mandrell didn't get the part.

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	BROKEN NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION SAYS
	GANGS OF NEW YORK DECEMBER 20 LEONARDO DiCAPRIO, CAMERON DIAZ, DANIEL DAY-LEWIS, LIAM NEESON DIR: MARTIN SCORSESE	The son of a murdered gang leader (DiCaprio) vows to kill his father's murderer (Lewis). We took the same vow but got distracted. Hey, it wasn't our fault. It was cosmic-bowling night. They had a DJ!	
	TWO WEEKS NOTICE DECEMBER 20 SANDRA BULLOCK, HUGH GRANT, ALICIA WITT DIR: MARC LAWRENCE	In this romantic comedy, a neurotic lawyer (Bullock) represents a charming and carefree British guy (Grant) who has lots of money. Is love on the menu? We don't know. We're just meeting a friend here.	
	CATCH ME IF YOU CAN DECEMBER 25 LEONARDO DiCAPRIO, TOM HANKS, JENNIFER GARNER, MARTIN SHEEN, CHRISTOPHER WALKEN DIR: STEVEN SPIELBERG	A master of disguise (DiCaprio) becomes the youngest man ever on the FBI's Most Wanted List. Tom Hanks costars as a guy who goes apeshit if he doesn't get perennial Oscar consideration.	
	**MAX** DECEMBER 27 JOHN CUSACK, NOAH TAYLOR, LEELEE SOBIESKI DIR: MENNO MEYJES	In 1918, a young Adolf Hitler (Taylor) learns art from a Jewish teacher (Cusack). But his art sucks, so Adolf's interests turn to the future of Germany. Not to ruin it for you, but he becomes a real asshole.	
	25TH HOUR JANUARY 10 EDWARD NORTON, ROSARIO DAWSON, PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN, BRITTANY MURPHY DIR: SPIKE LEE	Monty Brogan (Norton) has one night of freedom left before he goes to jail, so he has to choose between partying with friends or spending a lazy night on the couch watching *Dharma & Greg*. That's a tough call!	
	CONFESSIONS OF A DANGEROUS MIND JANUARY 10 SAM ROCKWELL, DREW BARRYMORE, GEORGE CLOONEY, JULIA ROBERTS, KRISTA ALLEN DIR: GEORGE CLOONEY	Clooney directs this fictionalized story about *Gong Show* host Chuck Barris (Rockwell), including the days he supposedly spent as a CIA assassin. We know what you're thinking: Yes, *the* Sam Rockwell.	

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BOSE®
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Baby, It's Hot Inside

Inside the theater, that is. They really should have that thermostat fixed. Meantime, check out this season's sexiest movie stars.

Rosario **Dawson**

25TH HOUR
Opens January 10
Rosario plays the girlfriend of a convicted drug dealer who has one day on bail before he goes to the pen for seven years. He could spend it with his lady, but he wants to hang out with the guys instead. Oh, no he didn't, girlfriend! (Psst, girlfriend, we think he actually *did*.)

Michael **Michele**

Dark Blue
Opens February 21
Michele plays an LAPD officer caught up in Kurt Russell's bad-cop routine. Which is a lot more pleasant than getting caught up in his zipper. Trust us on that one.

Jennifer Lopez

MAID IN MANHATTAN

Opens December 13

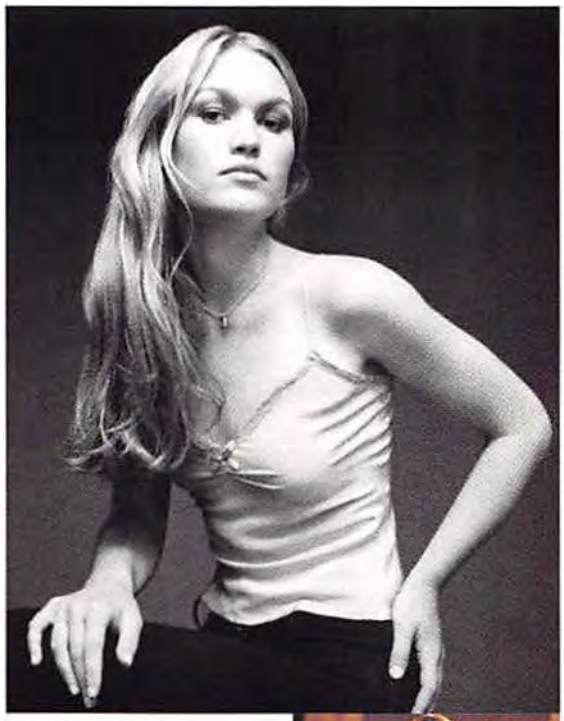
J.Lo portrays a hottie of a hotel maid who is mistaken for a New York City socialite by Ralph Fiennes. (He's always mistaking something!) Once he finds out that Lopez is not wealthy, he scoffs and turns up his nose. Will Ralph shed his snobbish ways? We're guessing yes. Poor or not, that Jennifer Lopez is pretty damn hot.

Cameron Diaz

GANGS OF NEW YORK

Opens December 20

Diaz is a petty street thief (presumably a sexy one) who has stolen the heart of an Irish gang leader in this Martin Scorsese epic. We were in a gang once, too. Well, technically it was a club. OK, maybe not so much a club as a bunch of dolls we'd have make-believe tea parties with. Man, we were nuts back then!



Julia Stiles

A GUY THING

Opens January 17

Once the heroine of teen Shakespeare adaptations, Stiles puts her poetry in motion in this romantic comedy. The premise: An engaged Jason Lee wakes up next to Julia, assumes he's slept with her and freaks out. Dude, if we freaked out every time we woke up next to a girl, we'd... um, never freak out, we guess. Sigh.

Alicia Witt

TWO WEEKS NOTICE

Opens December 20

What happens when a hot attorney (Witt) replaces a neurotic attorney who decides to stop baby-sitting a millionaire businessman? The world is destroyed by Zorcon's evil robot. Well, that's what would happen if we made this movie. —*Jonathan Stern*

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INSTANT COOL

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING

LIQUID ASSET

O'NEILL PSYCHO WET SUIT $350

O'Neill's newest wet suit allows surfers to frolic in the most frigid waters—and, more important, allows us to laze around the house pretending to be a sausage. Superstretch neoprene makes this one of the most flexible fully sealed suits on the market (i.e., the *wet suit* market). Fluid Seam Weld technology keeps fresh water from seeping through the suit's stitching and, when you think about it, even prevents pregnancy, unless you're extremely aggressive in bed. The hidden key-size pocket? We've got no clue what that's for. Meantime, we keep it filled with Skittles! **www.oneill.com**

PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI

RATBEAR SAYS: "Going to a loud concert but you have no earplugs? Cut off your ears!"

CSI/SPECO ER-380 BULLHORN $142
Insult large men from 1,200 feet away. Or if speech isn't your thing, this 20-watt bullhorn also comes equipped with a siren. Try turning it on and running behind cars in traffic. If anyone pulls over, give them a homemade "ticket" and bid them good day. Then club 'em! **www.lentinicommunications.com**

PICK OF THE LITTER STUFF APPROVED

STUFFI

NOISEMAKERS

Make tranquility your bitch. Your *noisy* bitch!

BY SETH KELLY PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX CAO

GIBSON LC-2 SONOMA $3,200
Amp up the Sonoma via the built-in Schertler Bluestick mic, which gives a truer reproduction of natural sound than normal pickups. To further sweeten the sound, Gibson treats each instrument with a special lacquer. It's plenty sweet if you're a beaver, though—cedar *and* walnut? It's a damn wood salad! **www.gibson.com**

2003 DUCATI 620 SPORT $7,195
Ducati coupled its steel-trellis frame with a 618cc engine (they're so cute together!) to produce its latest sport bike. A Marzocchi suspension handles bumps with aplomb, while the dual front disc brakes are powerful enough for both slowing *and* stopping. Are they powerful enough to stop you from killing again? Maybe! **www.ducati.com**

SKILSAW 5700 $80
Afraid of the dark? The SiteLite lighting system mounted on Skil's latest carbide circular saw serves as a little headlight that, according to Skil, "makes following a cut line easier in difficult lighting situations." And it does! Word to the wise: Try to get the longest cuts out of the way during the previews. Moviegoers can be so testy! **www.skil.com**

STUFFIa: LOUD CLOTHING

Feeling saucy? Wear these shirts someplace quiet. Like an abandoned mine.

This shirt is loud! (Custo Barcelona, $99)

So is this one. (Slinky Vagabond, $70)

Can't say this one is quiet, either. (Custo Barcelona, $99)

GAVE PEACE A CHANCE.

All else has failed. The lines between good and evil have been drawn: There's you and there's everybody else. Your weapon is a 40-foot-tall walking death machine. Your mission is destruction. Tanks, helicopters, buildings, the planet itself. Welcome to war in the 31st century, where peace is one of those things you read about.

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TEEN T CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Violence
Blood

DAVI:STUDIOS

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XBOX

STUFF2

POCKET PICKS

At last, electronic technology catches up with pocket technology. The results? Small!

BY SHELBY EVANS
PHOTOGRAPH BY PLAMEN PETKOV

1 SAI POCKET WATCH $150
A boon for the wristless, SAi puts the human-imposed measure of time at your hip. Its stainless-steel casing makes it superior to an hourglass, especially if you jump a lot. It's water-resistant to 166 feet, although we can't imagine why. We could come up with a sarcastic explanation, but then you'd never learn to do it for yourself. www.swissarmy.com

2 CANON S230 ELPH $499
Behold the world's tiniest three-megapixel digital camera. You can record tiny three-minute movies—or, you know, just take pictures. High-precision auto focus and auto exposure mean your photos will be magnificently sharp. This comes in handy when photographing knives, which we do more often than we care to admit. www.usa.canon.com

3 SAMSUNG SPH A500 $300
SPH brings you Internet and voice-activation, all packaged in a sleek design reminiscent of a certain bivalve that shall remain nameless. Those who feel an inanimate device should be *personal* (you know who you are) can download a favorite song as the ring tone. If it isn't really your favorite, it won't work. So choose carefully. www.samsung.com

4 PALM TUNGSTEN T $499
Showcase your mastery of the periodic table by informing fellow diners that tungsten's chemical symbol is W. When they request seating at another table, record a note in .wav format to e-mail to yourself with built-in Bluetooth and your wireless phone. Ask for the check and escort Tungy to the door. Walk quickly—the check is on the way! www.palm.com

STUFF2a: KANGAROOS

Why pay extra for jeans with pockets when these pelts come with 'em standard?

"And this is me visiting Ohio..."

"What is that, some kind of rifle? Wish I had my glasses..."

Percey waited and waited. Maybe Mandy meant a *different* grassy field.

STUFF3

MARTINI MAKERS

Five new gin-riffic ways to get warmed up over the holidays. Because fire hurt you. Fire bad!

BY ROB CONNORS
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAMIEN DONCK

TANQUERAY NO. TEN $27
Expert says: The juniper is soft, and a certain lemon flavor makes this stripped-down gin all the more attractive.
We say: We love the NO. TEN on the bottle. It reminds us of our fingers and toes. They all have tiny number 10's tattooed on them.
www.tanqueray.com

BEEFEATER $18
Expert says: The juniper and pine flavors have a nice balance, along with an earthy flavor that softens them. Chill it and you'll get something crisp.
We say: Crispy as a bucket of the Colonel's finest Kentucky fried? No, fair reader, nothing else is *that* crispy.
www.beefeater.com

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE $25
Expert says: Bombay has an almond taste, and I can taste a bit of lemon peel. I also detect some juniper, but it doesn't crowd the taste.
We say: Without crowds, there'd be no angry mobs or even vigilante justice. To hell with you, juniper!
www.bombaysapphire.com

SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY $13
Expert says: This smells and tastes like juniper and pine. Though only 80 proof, it's a gin that will warm you up.
We say: We warm up by getting cozy with fellow bus patrons. It's a great way to meet new friends...sometimes.
www.pernod-ricard-usa.com

SCHLICHTE $20
Expert says: Fruity and has a touch of coffee flavor, as well as a hint of caramel. It's a peculiar gin, with fantastic flavor, and it would not make sense to mix it.
We say: We don't care what the expert says. We'll never stop mixing our gin...with more gin! *Yow!* Rock 'n' roll!
www.ourniche.com

STUFF3a: MARTINI SHAKERS

For extra fun, mix martinis by jumping. Watch your head!

$144, Cocktail Shakers.com
Also holds urine!

$1,444, Cocktail Shakers.com
French model has hair.

$50, Bar Accents.com
Lost its legs in 'Nam.

MORE LIKE *PHAT*URN

Marty Padgett goes all the way to the Lone-Star State to discover that Saturn is no longer in retrograde. It's out on work-release. We hate astrologists, by the by.

WHEN THE FOLKS at Saturn called on me to witness the fruit of their labors, the new ION, I accepted the free coach ticket to visit their event in Austin, Texas, with a chuckle. (A weird coinkydink? Chuckles are what I call my pool boys here at Condo Acres!) To explain my prejudice, a little perspective: When golf courses began buying the 100-horsepower Saturn SCs of yore and using them as foul-weather golf carts, GM finally took the hint and got serious about designing the ION.

I rolled out of the factory and trolled down I-35 in search of a real pair of Texas spurs for me to use with my poodle, Cyril. For a Saturn, the ride was pretty hot. I marveled at the amount of zip the engineers managed to pack under the ION's blister-pack hood. That sense of reckless speed probably came from GM's best small engine, the 140-hp Ecotec 2.2-liter four-cylinder. But it could have been my own manic depression. Who's to tell?

Saturn reengineered the front struts and rear torsion suspension for a much smoother ride. The fully electric power steering (there's no pump or fluid—it's practically neutered!) makes you think you have enough of what field sobriety testers like to call "motor control" to take a corner at illegal digits. A stiff frame allowed me to sail over potholes and possums with ease. (You just have to hit them at speed.)

I left Austin with a new respect for the plucky ION and for Antonia, the cleaning lady at the Holiday Inn. My only quibble lies with the ION's gauges. Plopped on top of the center console over the A/C, it looks like they're trying to chill their Christian parts into icy sterility. It's as if we were both sentenced by the same judge!

2003 SATURN ION

PRICE $15,000 with manly levels of optional equipment
THE GOODS 140-hp engine, five-speed auto or manual, enough plastic to encase all of 'N Sync for interstellar entombment.
SPEED Zero to 60 mph in less than 10 seconds; cross-country in three days, with enough Starbucks points.
TOP SPEED A respectable 105 mph with a tailwind and a prayer.
THE X FACTOR Stingy with your money and your gas—but Saturn lets you dress it up for hotter maneuvers, like selling Girl Scout cookies.

This car is out of this world! In other news, we just got fired for writing the world's shittiest caption.

THE AIR BAG

Our rest stop of car gadgetry—minus the scary bathrooms!

Great for mocking those without cars. Example: "You can't have this. You don't have a car. Kill yourself."

Fort rocks

Salt away more than 1,600 CDs worth of MP3 files from your Mac or PC on the MusicVault's massive 80-GB hard drive ($850). Then use a Palm PDA to navigate the entire collection like a damn musical Magellan. (He was a navigator, so you know.) **www.mptronix.com**

Show some restraints

Made for off-road and midget car racers, these Simpson arm restraints keep limbs from flapping willy-nilly. The $35 price tag doesn't include everything. You'll still need to buy a midget. **www.simpsonracing.com**

Forceful audio

Lincoln is putting George Lucas' THX stamp on the top audio-system option ($2,995) in its new LS sedan. They also added a bunch of speakers and a CD player. George has already ordered two. (He can totally afford it.) **www.lincolnvehicles.com**

HOT Stuff!

HOT SHOT OF THE MONTH!

THE MINI COOPER S— Ricardo Montalban had Tattoo, Judy Garland had her singing midgets, and you? You get the new Mini Cooper S. It's got four wheels and makes a vroom sound when you step on the gas. Take it to visit midgets—it'll be so ironic!

HOT CONTESTS!

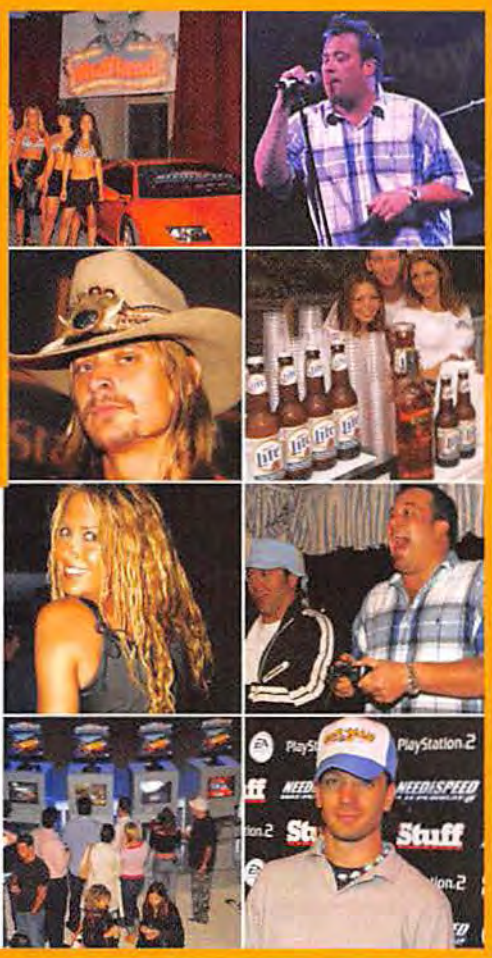
WIN A TRIP TO MARDI GRAS 2003 with your hosts: Heineken, Amstel Light and *Stuff* Magazine! You and two friends will crash at the wildest crib at Mardi Gras, featuring the hottest DJs, the even hotter *Stuff* girls, celebrity visits and live music. It's the only place to be for Mardi Gras 2003, and there's only one way to get there. So enter today at Heineken.com or AmstelLight.com.

HOT PARTIES!

Tanqueray No TEN

THE PRE-VMA PARTY

MORE THAN A FEW MUSICIANS showed up to the Video Music Awards hungover, thanks to *Stuff*. We teamed up with Pink, Missy Elliott, video director David Meyers and Tanqueray to throw a party that everyone was talking about. Kirsten Dunst and Sheryl Crow boogied with some gal pals while a solo Justin Timberlake, who was scheduled to perform the next night, showed off some of his signature dance moves. Party-goers who stuck it out got a late-night treat when Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott stepped into the DJ booth for an impromptu set featuring some of her biggest hits. And we didn't even pay her!



Stuffland

OVER LABOR DAY WEEKEND, *Stuff* threw not one, but *two* of the craziest parties in the Hamptons. Saturday was Race Day, celebrating the launch of the hot new EA Sports video game Need for Speed II, with an exclusive live performance by Uncle Kracker. Sunday was Game Day, featuring interactive games, contests, carnival food, rides and even 'N Sync's J.C. Chasez in a celebrity dunking booth! Miller Lite kept everyone from getting thirsty, and as usual, you couldn't swing a stick without hitting a celebrity. (Sorry about that, celebrities!)

Ronald Reagan

His folksy charm made him an almost-movie star. His witty remarks made him a memorable leader. But it was his hatred for the "Commie bastards" that made him our favorite prez. BY STEVEN CHEAN

Reminds us of our college days when we wrote captions for Reagan pictures.

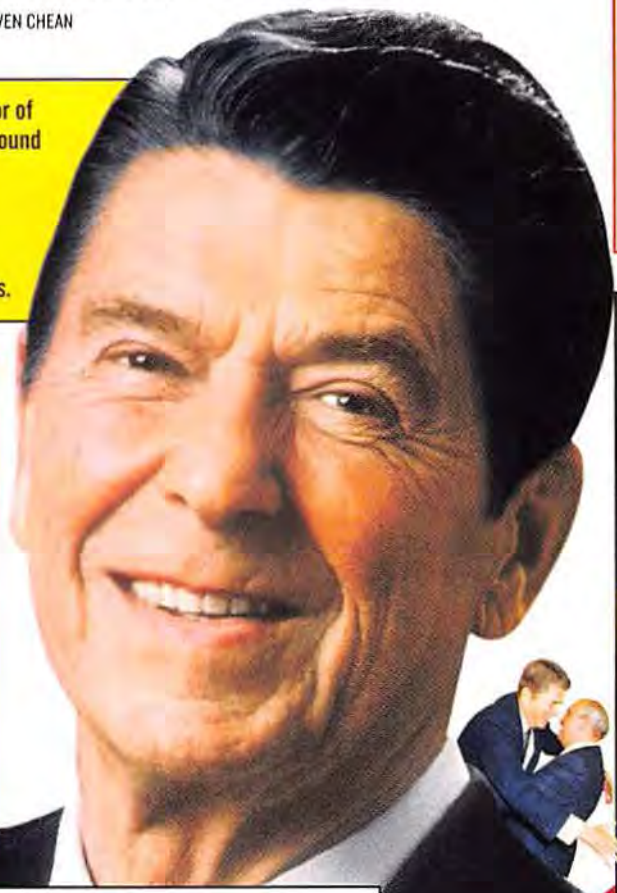
"THANK YOU, I'LL BE HERE ALL WEEK!"

On March 30, 1981, mere moments after taking a bullet from Jodie Foster-obsessed wingnut John Hinckley, Ron worked the hospital like Shecky Greene at the midnight show:

- "Honey, I forgot to duck." *—to wife Nancy Reagan*
- "Does Nancy know about us?" *—to the nurse wheeling his gurney*
- "I hope all of you are Republicans." *—to his surgeons just prior to going under the knife*

PEACE, LOVE AND TEAR GAS

While serving as the governor of California in 1969, Reagan found a gentle way to deal with protesting hippies at U.C. Berkeley: He called in the National Guard to school their soiled asses with bayonets and tear gas.



RON O' WAR

1983 Calling the USSR "the focus of evil in the modern world," Teflon Ron raised defense spending from $214 billion to a buff $258 billion.

1984 "I am pleased to tell you I just signed legislation which outlaws Russia. The bombing begins in five minutes," quipped Ron during a mic test before a broadcast. We were hoping he was serious.

1985 "Boy, I saw *Rambo* last night. I know what to do next time," said Reagan, just after Lebanese hijackers released their hostages.

"All right, you're hired. From now on, report directly to my pocket square."

FIGHTING BOGIES SINCE 1942

Humphrey Bogart took the lead role originally slated for Ronnie in *Casablanca*, but Reagan's career continued to *boom*!

1942 Bogart plays Rick in *Casablanca*. Ronnie portrays a heroic fruit-picker in *Juke Girl* and plays himself in *Sports Parade: Shoot Yourself Some Golf*.

1951 Bogart becomes synonymous with Hollywood, starring in the classic *The African Queen*. Ronnie saves the day, rescuing a plucky little chimp accused of robbery in *Bedtime for Bonzo*.

1957 Bogart dies. Ronnie stars as Commander Casey Abbott in *Hellcats of the Navy*. Ronnie wins!

POM-POM ALERT!

1928 Reagan was head cheerleader for the basketball team at Eureka College in Peoria, Illinois.

RON BLESS AMERICA

	BEFORE REAGAN	AFTER REAGAN
INTEREST RATES	18.9%	8.2%
INFLATION	13%	6.2%
UNEMPLOYMENT	7.6%	5.5%
FABRIC OF CHOICE	4-PLY DACRON POLYESTER	100% COTTON
POPULAR MUSIC	THE BEE GEES	THE PIXIES
BELOVED TV SHOW	*THE DUKES OF HAZZARD*	*THE SIMPSONS*
MALE LIFE EXPECTANCY	70 YEARS	71.8 YEARS

No one told him, but that license plate was fake. And that was a girl's hat.

DECORATE USING PIECES OF THE BERLIN WALL

"Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!"

This door isn't closing anytime soon. No, sirree!

"Comrade, open a window if you're gonna 'nuke' in here."

"Room on that Wall for one more?" Thatcher purred.

MOVIE QUIZ

Which of the following movies did Ronald Reagan appear in?

Faces of Death II
The Voice of the Turtle
Jap Zero
Tugboat Annie Sails Again

ANSWER: He was in all four.

Illustration: Gary Brandham

Make sure you have NVIDIA in your PC.

If you're Sam Fisher, a shadowy operative of the NSA in the highly-anticipated game, *Tom Clancy's Splinter Cell*, you'll need stealth disguises, cutting-edge espionage gadgetry...and the latest NVIDIA® GeForce™ graphics processor. Why? Because the stunning effects and intense action will bring you and your PC to its knees unless you arm yourself with the heavy fire power and industry-leading reliability of NVIDIA. So go ahead, dive into this covert world of high-tech warfare—but make sure you're properly equipped so you can play this game the way it's meant to be played.

The way it's NVIDIA. meant to be played

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NVIDIA-powered PCs and graphics cards and *Tom Clancy's Splinter Cell* are available at your local Best Buy or at www.nvidia.com/bestbuy.

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www.nvidia.com | www.splintercell.com

Anthony LaPaglia

You've seen him in *Analyze That* and on CBS' *Without a Trace*. Now see him on the upper-left corner of this page. BY BILL SCHULZ

What is the oddest gift you've received from a fellow actor?
An actor I'm not going to name gave me a sterling-silver key chain[1], which was very nice except it had his initials on it: R.L. You can figure it out from there. What I think happened was he was given it as a gift and he regifted it, but he didn't really look at it. He's quite a well-known actor.

Do you do anything more manly than pretend to be other people in movies and on TV?
I used to play [soccer] professionally, but now I just play for Hollywood United. There are quite a few Englishmen on the team, such as Vinnie Jones. We had a game on Tuesday and Jones went onto the field, tackled a guy, got the red card[2] and was off seven seconds later. That's the fastest I've seen anybody get off the field. Advice for aspiring players? You gotta eat meat. You gotta eat right and get eight hours of sleep every night. Pass that along.

Vegemite: a great condiment, or tastes like excrement?
I actually have some Vegemite[3] in the pantry. I think it's axle grease in a nice package. My wife, Gia, is Australian, and she loves it. But I didn't like it as a kid, and I still don't like it.

Bidets: great for your pooper, or not that super?
[*Laughs*] I'd have to say I'm not a bidet[4] guy. I've gone to bathrooms in Europe and I think I've mistaken them for drinking fountains at certain points in my life.

Are you a Foster's, Victoria Bitter or wine-in-a-box kind of guy? Aussies invented that last one, you know.
Of course. Anything to do with consuming alcohol was invented by an Australian. I actually don't drink anymore. The night I lost interest was about 14 years ago when I got drunk at a little bar in L.A. called Selini's. I got into a fight and was thrown out. At that point I was staying around the corner. I was walking home and got mugged for my leather jacket[5]. I thought, *Fuck that!* So I tried to fight them, and they beat the crap out of me. They took the leather jacket and, suddenly, fatigue hit me. I thought, *I just have to lie down for a second and I'll be fine*. So I did, and I passed out on somebody's front lawn. At about 5:30 in the morning, the people got up for work and thought there was a dead body[6] on their lawn. So they called the LAPD. I got home from the whole episode and looked in the mirror[7] and thought, *This is not good*. I think in your twenties, taking drugs and drinking and fighting is acceptable. Once you get over the age of 35, it starts to become unattractive. Over 40, it becomes pathetic and sad. Over the age of 40, you're in trouble.

What's the naughtiest thing you've done in your car?
I have a brand-new Porsche 911 Turbo[8]. It's a midlife-crisis present. I finished work one night at about four in the morning, and I thought I'd give it a good shot on the freeway. I got up to about 130 [mph]. A 35-minute trip took about 15 minutes.

On the message board of a fan site, Jerilyn Caruso apologizes for towing your car in Porta Bella....
[*Laughs*] What is this site[9]? This woman had my car towed within 10 minutes of me being in the store. I was like, "I came in here to buy something and you had my car towed?" I made her drive me down to the impound.

Do you forgive her?
Of course I do. But if I had a chance, I would tow her car[10].

Whaddaya Know?

Do you envy butter knives for their sharpness? Sup on the fruit cup of knowledge that is Heinz Krankelschnit, Professor of Wild-Boar-Hunting Strategy at Hock U. in Suey City, North Carolina.

What would happen if I never stopped having an orgasm?

—Steve Jerden, Boise, Idaho

You would *come* to an early grave! Ha-ha-ha, I am so funny, *ja*? Continuous orgasm is impossible for *Mensch und Frau* alike, which is *gut*, since the body cannot endure the stress of *der* everlasting toe-curler. Blood vessels in your trouser *Schlange* would suffer so much damage that all the horses in Mark Martin's Viagra stock car could not drag it back to attention. (I love NASCAR!) Next, *der* nerves and muscles of your entire body would reach a point of fatigue, followed by shrieking pain, followed by sweet, sweet numbness. Soon you would collapse, suffer convulsions—*und* eventually croak. *Und* only *then* would you have a cigarette!

"I always say, 'Where there's smoke, there's fire.'" (No shit, Bob! Just put the dang thing out!)

Does a bear still defecate while it's hibernating?

—Bill Hartman, Little Rock, Ark.

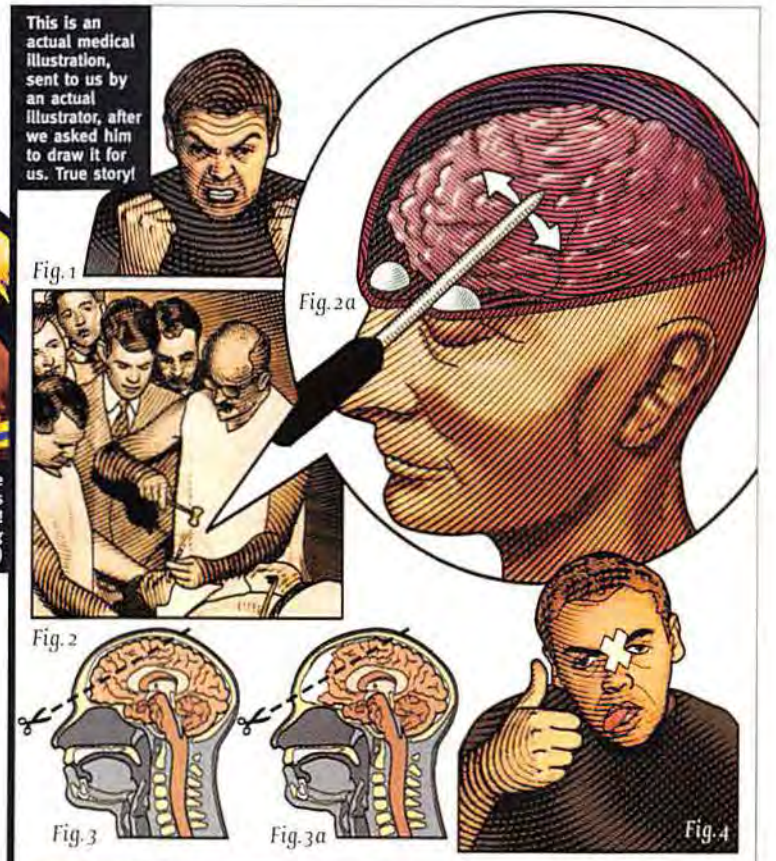
Nein! The American black bear slumbers for 100 days at a time without eating, drinking or moving, much less making *Schiesse*. If bears did poop, we would think they were federal airport-security personnel, *ja*? A bear's body can cannibalize its own muscle and fat tissue for water *und* precious calories. Also, bears can break down toxic urea—*der* main ingredient in urine—and use the nitrogen it contains to build new, life-sustaining proteins! Now if they could put that stuff in *mein* pilsner! A Urea Lite, *bitte*!

He sad 'cause we gonna shoot him. Awww. [Bang!]

If I could jump straight up into the air and perpendicular to the surface of the earth, would I land in a different spot due to planetary rotation?

—Suresh Alexander, San Francisco

At the equator of *mein* shiny planet, everything standing in the general vicinity has a rotational velocity of 1,600 kilometers per hour—or approximately 17 miles per hour, but not really. *Und* so, follow along: You jump straight up into the air *und* gain vertical speed. But your horizontal speed stays the same. So you land in the same place. Even if you propelled yourself a couple of kilometers (again, I spit on your foofy American system of measures!), the only things that could affect your lateral movement would be wind, low-flying geese *und* the bouncy bounce of a landing. My advice: Dig a grave first. Try to land in it—or at least close enough for the squeegee crews to push you over the sides.



This is an actual medical illustration, sent to us by an actual illustrator, after we asked him to draw it for us. True story!

Do doctors still perform lobotomies, and why?

—Joel Dibble, LaGrange, Georgia

Ach nein, und for *gut* reason. *Herr* Dr. Walter Freeman led the charge on voluntary permanent brain damage in the 1940s. He based his technique on the research of a Portuguese neuropsychologist, *Doktor* Antonio Moniz, who had found that severing *der* fibers connecting the frontal cortex to the thalamus near the center of the brain sometimes calmed violent psychotics. Moniz said that the procedure should be used only as a last resort, right after Walt Disney World or St. Moritz. Ha-ha-ha, that is a *choke*. Dr. Freeman, however, developed his own method. He merely jammed an ice pick beneath the eyebrow *mit eine* hammer and slashed away at *der* frontal lobe, which is how I do it in the basement. By 1950, a study showed there to be no positive results from the procedure and, sadly, thus ended the entire practice. But America already had 18,000 lobotomized citizens. *Und* they all use absentee ballots—*und* they all vote for Democrats! *Himmel*! What a coincidence!

[*Boing, boing!*] That was the sound Jim's friend made when screwing Jim's wife while Jim pogo-sticked the afternoon away.

WE HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS!

Do you try to stave off highbrow dinner conversation by staring really hard at your mashed potatoes? Stop looking to whipped tubers for answers—we're almost twice as intelligent. Send your questions to *Stuff*'s Bureau of Information, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. If the questions have any merit whatsoever, we'll dress them up in caps and gowns and then stage a little graduation! The dumb ones will park cars.

Photography (Pot): Warren Salowe; Illustration: Gary Brandman

Alcohol, Pranks and Women!

All printed on easy-to-tear paper.

THE PRANK BLOW IT

The pregame

Time once again to better your friends the only way you can: with silly bar tricks! Grab an empty bottle and a small piece of paper napkin. Make sure the bottle is empty, and the neck of the bottle must be dry. Can't find a dry bottle? Try drinking—one's bound to turn up.

The execution

Hold the bottle horizontally and place the tiny piece of paper inside the neck. Bet your friend a drink that he won't be able to blow the piece of paper into the bottle. He will take the bet because there's no other way to shut you up.

The happy ending

According to Bernoulli's principle, moving air has less pressure than still air, thus the piece of paper will be blown back at your mark's face. Now sip that free drink and thank Mr. Bernoulli. Go on, don't be shy. Oh, stop crying. What is it with you and dead guys?

HOOCH OF THE MONTH

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Crawling on the bar? Way to make us take our business elsewhere, Miss Unsanitary McSpreadGerms.

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BAR SHOTS

Go ahead, act like an idiot. She's not going home with you.

STUFF: What's the best part about working in a bar?

TARA: I just like to be in that scene. Instead of being out spending money, I'm making money and still having a good time.

What's different about bars in Philadelphia?

I live in Delaware and drive 40 minutes to get to work. It's more of a club feel here in Philly. There's not that much happening in Delaware. I grew up there, and sometimes it feels like you're in the middle of nowhere. Not that I'm a country girl. I'm not at all.

What's the hardest drink to make?

Um, Long Island iced tea is a pain in the ass. You have to put in seven different ingredients. It's OK if I only have to make one or two at a time, but not when I have constant orders.

Do you have a cure for a hangover?

Before you go to bed that night, drink, like, two or three bottles of water. But I don't even do that—I just wake up with a hangover anyway.

Which brings us to toilets. Why is it OK for a girl to go into the men's room, but not the other way around?

Girls get more leniency when they're out. I think guys would want a girl to come into their bathrooms.

Oh, we do. It's nice. Not awkward at all. You don't think girls want guys to come into their bathrooms?

No way—have you seen the girls' bathroom? Girls demolish the bathroom. I swear, there's a mess everywhere. I think girls just take advantage of the bathroom.

And us. They also take advantage of us. Anyway, can I buy you another drink? —*Dan Bergstein*

Your Photo Here

Go ahead—shoot. Find an attractive bartender and take some shots of her at the bar. (Make sure you get her name and contact info.) You might see your pics in our magazine, complete with a photo credit. We'll even toss in a cool $250. Actually, the money is lukewarm because we're sitting on it in order to reach the keyboard. Send entries to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or via e-mail to: letters@stuffmagazine.com. Check out StuffMagazine.com for more details and to see past bartenders.

Photography: (Tara) Diane Walters; Illustrations: Gary Boudreau

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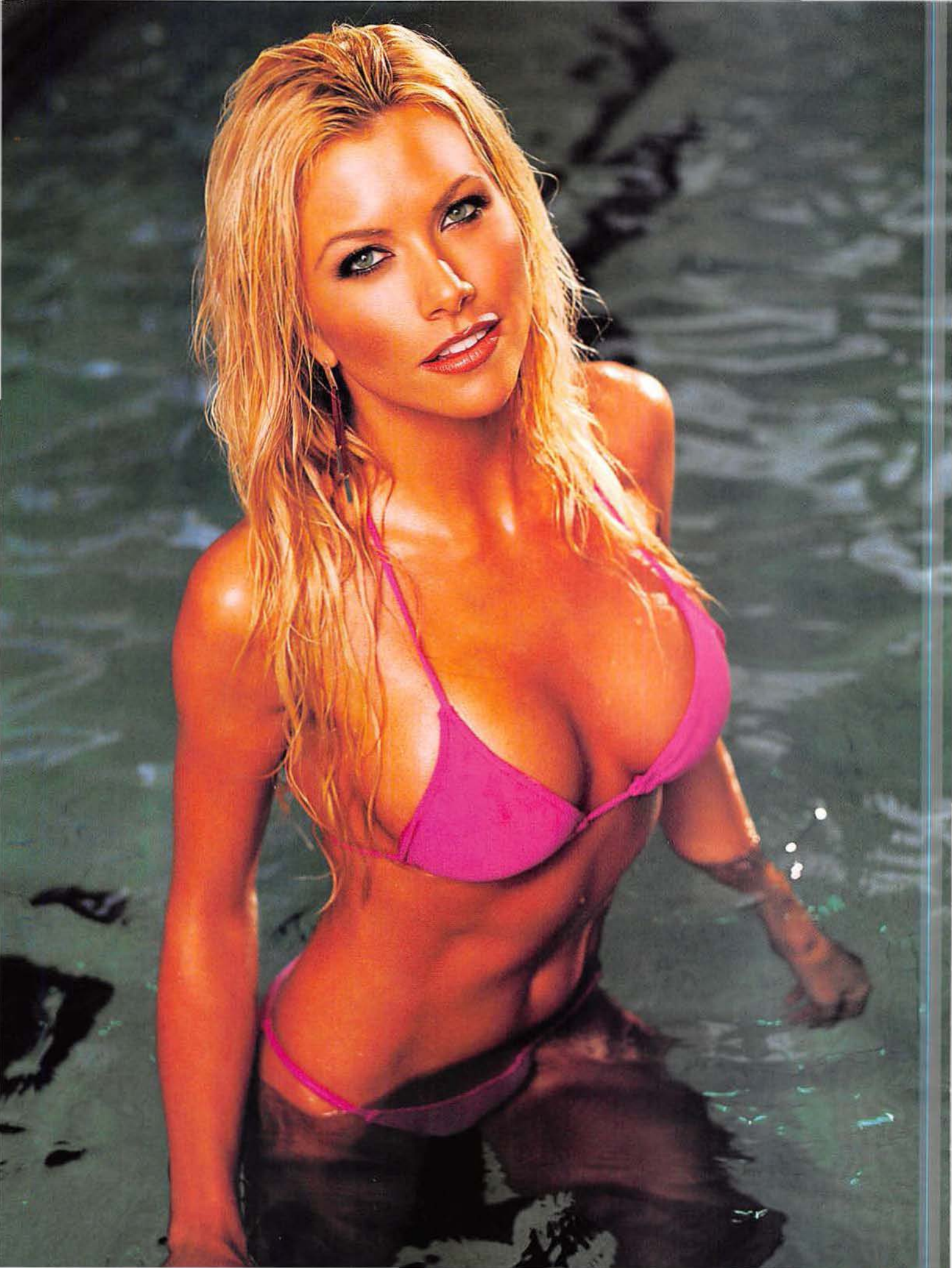
First And Oh!

During the NFL playoffs, FOX Sports Net's Lisa Dergan could go...all...the...way!

BY MIKE OLSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN STICKLER @ L2 AGENCY



WATCHING PROFESSIONAL SPORTS doesn't have to be boring. For example, the next time the big game is on TV, pretend you're doing something fun. Or just be on the lookout for any show Lisa Dergan is on. Lisa—or Dergie as she's called by good friends and interviewers pretending they're on a friendly basis with her—went from a successful modeling career (including a campaign for Guess?) to the pages of *Playboy*. Soon Dergie was cohosting the brain-bending game show *Smush* with that little scamp Ken Ober, popping up on an episode of *Frasier* and even appearing on the big screen as a Druid maiden in *The Arena*, a self-proclaimed "spectacle of combat, orgy and death." But now Lisa is where she belongs, giving updates on the hugely popular *NFL Show*, covering the PGA tour for FOX Sports and even writing a golf column for FoxSports.com. If all this isn't enough, now you can find her in your local liquor store (or at least a cardboard likeness of her) as the new St. Pauli Girl. Yep. Lisa's riding quite a wave. And, like it or not, we're hopping on!

STUFF: You know, when I first saw your pictures, you looked so beautiful that I actually got a little angry. Is that a weird reaction?
LISA: Wow. That's not fair. Why?

Maybe it was knowing that there are people that attractive in the world.
Well, there's beauty everywhere you look. It's what you do with it that matters. I'm very down-to-earth and approachable, which people don't expect when they see me. I'm just a normal girl.

And you always seem to be really chipper, too.
Isn't it scary? It's a happy pill I'm on.

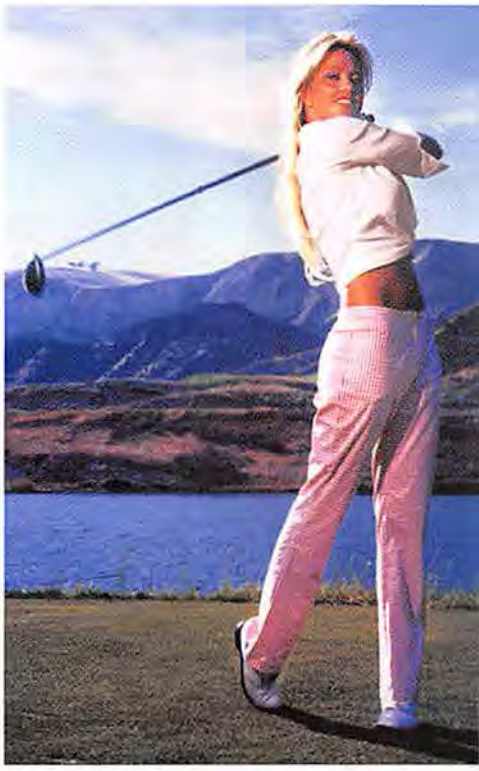
You're sure it's not the fact that you don't eat breakfast and just drink coffee instead? Shame on you, Lisa!
I know. Maybe that's why people think I'm so happy. It's just a coffee high. Everybody says to start your day off with a great breakfast, but when I do that I want to crawl back to bed. When I'm running around, coffee is all I crave.

As an interior-design major in college, do you support my decision to paint my bedroom Arizona Tan?
It's not the color, it's the technique. I like texture—just a little bit, so it's subtle. I don't like it when it looks forced. You picked a nice color, though.

What's one design rule that all guys should know?
I would say pick up after yourselves or have a great maid. Clutter is out. Less is more.

Speaking of clutter: Back in the day, you designed a bunch of Chili's restaurants. You must love license plates and vintage tin signs.
It's not my look, but that's what I was hired to do. That was in college. They were looking for someone with my degree, and I was so tenacious that I convinced them to let me show them what I could do. So they flew me to Texas to start off with one restaurant. I knocked them over. I think I did 22 restaurants before I'd had enough.

How did you go from laying out theme restaurants to becoming such a big fixture on the pro golf scene?



People knew I was a golfer as soon as it was talked about in *Playboy*, and that's what brought all the endorsements my way. It put my name on the map. I started playing in a lot of tournaments that were televised, and I would be the only woman.

When you're playing in a celebrity tournament, do you have to hang out with annoying people like Matt Lauer and Alice Cooper all day?
It's a lot of sports guys. And they're quite good. ▷▷▷

Lisa Dergan
"Sports is entertainment, and people need to remember that."

Are they? I'm always amazed that spectators don't get brained by an errant shot.
Would you believe I've never seen an injury? Somebody nailed a bird chipping up to the green. That's about the worst I've seen.

Most golfers don't expect to see a gorgeous woman on the course. Do jaws just drop?
Yes, but isn't it funny? Why do I have to have that reaction every time I'm out on the golf course? It's strange that people think that someone who's more attractive than the norm doesn't fit in an environment like that. As a kid growing up, the whole focus of my house was grades, school, personality. Nothing about looks was ever emphasized.

How has it been working on *The NFL Show* with Tony Siragusa, Michael Irvin and Tommy Davidson?
They are so much fun. There is so much energy on the show. They say it's like the rec room, not the church. And it's true, because sports is entertainment, and people need to remember that. Those guys are fun.

Even Tommy Davidson? He seems kind of annoying.
Oh, no. He's hysterical.

Is he always trying to sell P'Zones to you guys?
No. [*Laughs*]

And now you're the 2003 St. Pauli Girl. How's that treating you?
It's great because they love all the traits I have: down-to-earth, golfer, sportscaster. I'm not representing a beer company that doesn't get me.

You endorse a beer, yet you maintain a low-carb diet. How does that work?
Everything in moderation.

So you're not a real partier?
Now, I'm a San Diego State graduate, and we take pride in our partying. But everything is OK in moderation.

Let's put it this way: When was the last time you tossed your cookies from drinking too much?
That's gross! Can we move on?

Sure! Let's talk about golf as a metaphor for sex.
Golf as a metaphor for sex? Let's think about this.

For instance, you can give mulligans on the golf course, but should you give them in the bedroom?
Golf is a metaphor for everything in life. Here's something great. Everybody ▷▷▷

Styling: Evel Sanchez. Hair: Frank Payne @ Luxe. Makeup: Sabrina Paul for Rox Agency. Special thanks to the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

aspires to be a better golfer, right? So who doesn't aspire to be a better lover?

That's pretty good. Well, golf also has strict rules. Replace your divots and stuff like that. Are there similar rules for the bedroom?
I think if you're comfortable with who you are and know who you're with, you make up the rules as you go.

Awww. You're "with" director Michael Bay. How'd you guys get together?
You've got a lot of dish on me. We met through mutual friends. And we used to always see each other at Starbucks early in the morning. He'd be running off to shoot his movie and I'd be running off to a job. Then later down the road we started dating.

Honestly, did you enjoy his movies, such as *Armageddon* and *Pearl Harbor*?
Yes. Michael is, to me, the Steven Spielberg of our generation. He is so incredibly talented.

Would you have the guts to tell him if you thought one of his movies sucked?
Oh, yeah. And you know what? Michael would appreciate my honesty. He'd respect that. I was just on his set last week, and I always tell him, "I like this; I didn't like that." He really respects the opinions of others when he's shooting.

Now that you're working for St. Pauli Girl, can you send some free stuff to us here in the office?
I'll send you the six-foot cardboard cutout. It will lift your spirits. Michael already has dibs on one. It's a full-length head-to-toe. This year they made longnecks, so they wanted to emphasize the fact that my legs are long.

Oh. I didn't realize that your legs were so long.
Is that another thing that's going to make you mad?

Actually, yes.

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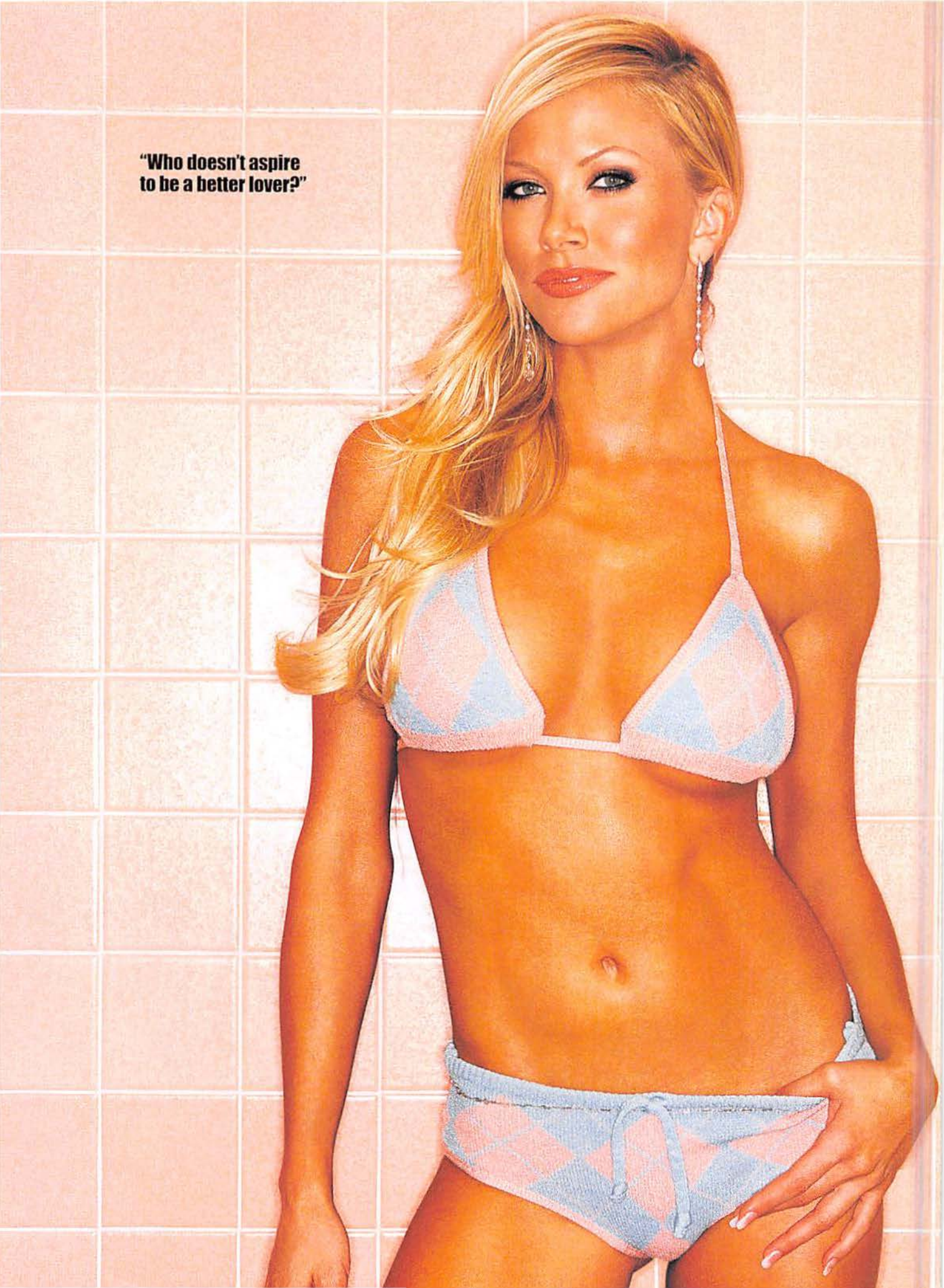
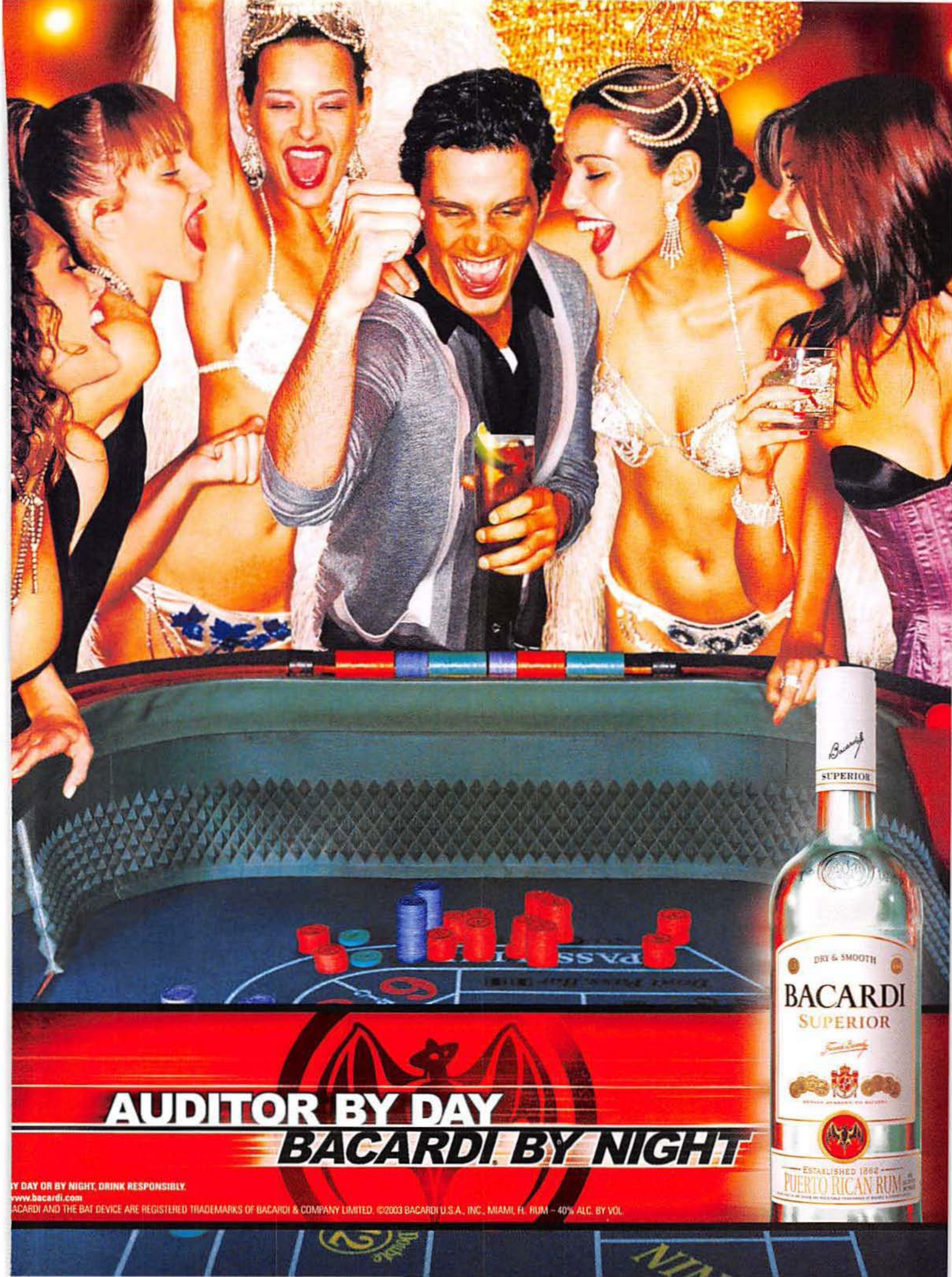

"Who doesn't aspire
to be a better lover?"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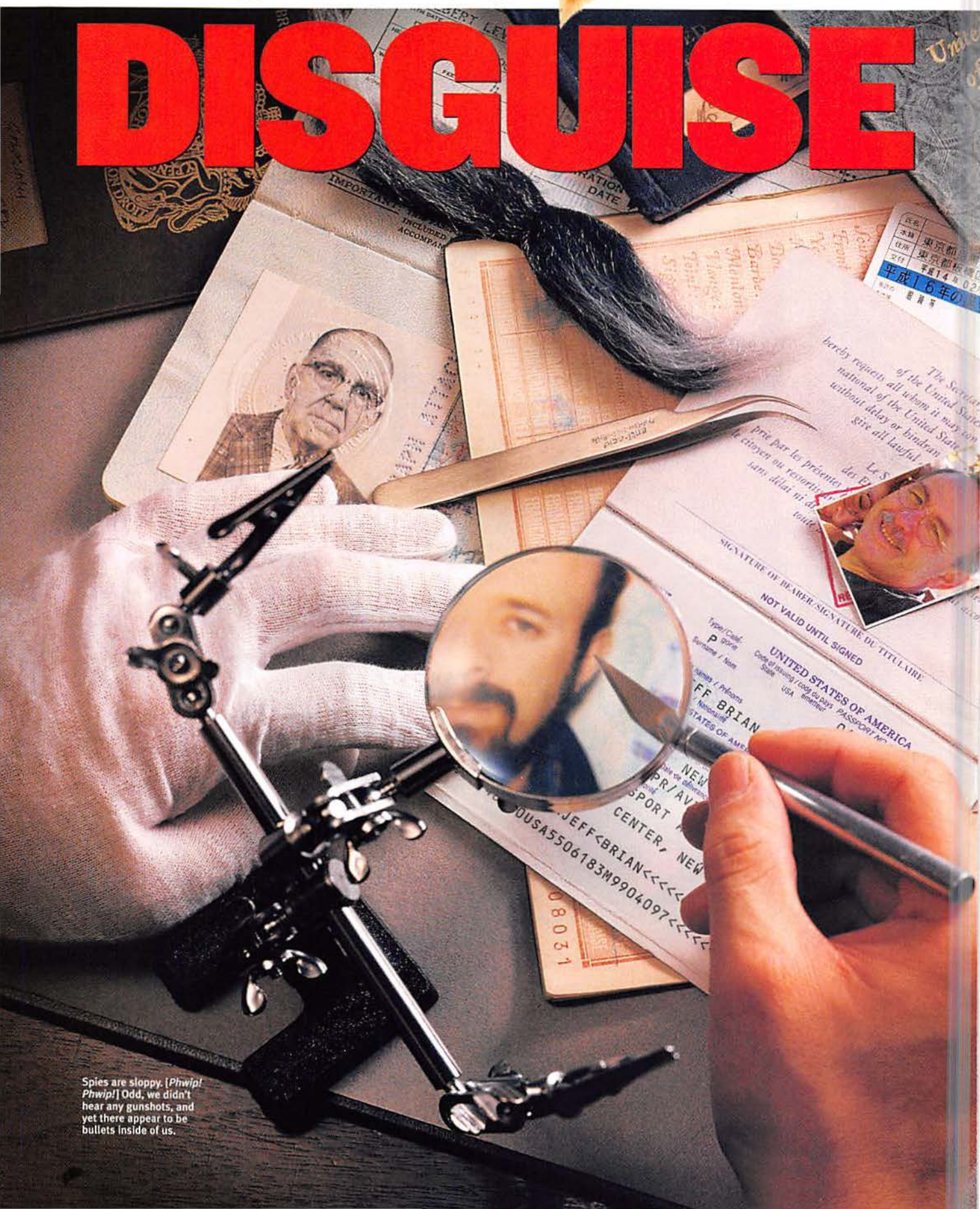
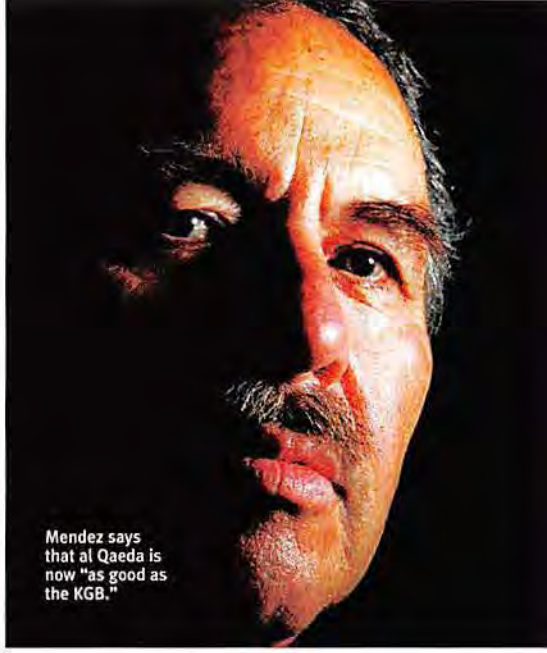
MASTER OF DISGUISE



Spies are sloppy. [*Phwip! Phwip!*] Odd, we didn't hear any gunshots, and yet there appear to be bullets inside of us.

Recognize this man? Of course not. For 25 years, CIA veteran Tony Mendez used his skills to dupe everyone from Castro to the Ayatollah. But he couldn't escape our probing questions about Saddam, Osama, the Mafia and, yes, even the French.

BY PAUL MAURO



Mendez says that al Qaeda is now "as good as the KGB."

DISGUISE IS CENTRAL to any spy's ability to function; after all, how can you meet with a source, get the info and exchange the microfilm if you've got the Russians on your ass? Without the disguises, most CIA agents would be handling mall security. During his 25-year career, Tony Mendez worked disguise magic in Cuba, Bangladesh, Nigeria—in short, every Third World backwater the CIA sent him to. In the 1980s, when the Soviet Union had American intelligence on the ropes, arresting and executing many U.S. sources, Tony and his wife, Jonna—also a CIA officer—were instrumental in reclaiming Moscow for American interests. And for his secret work rescuing six American hostages from Iran (see sidebar, page 76), Tony received the CIA's prestigious Intelligence Star of Valor in 1980.

Both Tony and Jonna are now retired from the CIA and serve as advisors to the CBS television show *The Agency*. They are also on the board of Washington, D.C.'s new Spy Museum and are the authors of the recently released book *Spy Dust* (Atria).

Rarely, if ever, has an agent of Mendez's significance spoken so candidly on the record. "We have ways of making you talk," I told him in a safe house in Vienna (actually, it was his living room in Washington County, Maryland).

STUFF: What was the coolest gadget you ever saw?

TONY: The coolest Soviet gadget I ever saw was a heavy Russian coat with a button that was a camera. You'd look at it, and it was a real button, and all of a sudden it would wink at you. Of course, today the idea that you could have a camera in a button is no big deal. But it worked. It still works. The coolest stuff of ours were the subminiature cameras. And our disguises were so good. They were probably the sexiest gadgets.

SMILE—THIS COAT PACKS A CAMERA

Can you fool somebody who knows you well with a disguise?

You can fool them for a week. But it's really more about how you set it up. You've got to give your audience an idea to follow, a "handle." You give the subject a bright coat, a really gorgeous spouse, a big car—those are handles. [Then] you take those away, the guy's invisible.

In one operation, we sent this guy out of town and had him have a tennis accident. He comes back with a bum knee, using a cane all week. Then the night of the operation, you take the cane—which is the handle—you take it away from your guy and give it to somebody else. It's more deception, illusion.

See, what you consider to be somebody's identifying features are really not. You have to look for the silhouette, mannerisms, gait. The Gestapo was trained to follow people during World War II and never look for the identifying features. They only looked at the gait. Because the outside you can change. But it's very hard to change the gait. ▷▷▷

Photographs: (Opener) Satoshi; Prop Styling: Anjana Salvato.

What's up with all these suicide bombers?

Our profile of the suicide bomber up to this point was somebody who was 15 or 20 at the most, who was hopped up on hashish, and you could only keep him motivated for 12 hours. These guys were motivated for eight years. I don't think we even understand what these guys are about. We have no idea what we're really faced with, what makes these guys tick.

How did we manage to beat the Russians?

What was most effective was simply the truth. Once we explained freedom, we won. In Russia, we made sure everybody had a VCR, everybody had a PC. We smuggled in encyclopedias, Bibles, dissident literature. What they really want is your culture. At the end of the Cold War, they wanted one page out of *Vogue*. Do you know what one page out of *Vogue* was worth on the street in Moscow? A hundred bucks. Just so they could see what fashion was. Jazz records. Blue jeans. If you wore new jeans and a wristwatch, or [carried] a fountain pen, on the street in Moscow, they'd practically tear it off you.

How do we get Osama and Saddam?
You need immediate, real-time intelligence. So you get the cook. Every one of these guys has a cook. Any time we've gotten to the cook, we've gotten the intelligence. The cook is one of those invisible people. The cook, the driver...they have access to all the secrets. [Those guys] are talking about what they're going to do while they're eating dinner. That's the simple answer. Same with Osama. You get the cook in the cave.

Is al Qaeda still dangerous?
They've raised the bar. We always looked at terrorism as a cut below a major intelligence organization's level of tradecraft. But they've got a very good set of manuals now [see *Stuff*, December], which indicates their tradecraft is a lot better than it was. Before, we could always see them moving. We interdicted hundreds of these guys, based on their tradecraft. But we can't see them now. As soon as I realized these guys—instead of using aliases to move *to* the operation—used aliases to go *back* and get their training, and built all their persona for the operation on their real selves, I knew they were as good as the KGB.

How big do you think al Qaeda is?
We know they trained at least 10,000, maybe as many as 100,000, in those camps. ▷▷▷

To create a front, Mendez borrowed the set and a trailer from *The China Syndrome*.

Lights, Fanatics, Action!

Tony Mendez pulled off the most daring rescue in CIA history. In the process, he left Hollywood and Iran scratching their heads.

IN 1979, RADICAL Islam's confrontation with the West had just begun. Ayatollah Khomeini seized power in Iran, toppling the U.S.-backed Shah. Khomeini's followers overran the U.S. embassy, taking 66 American diplomats hostage. Amid the confusion, six Americans escaped to the residence of the Canadian ambassador. It was Tony Mendez's job to get them out. So he went to Hollywood.

Mendez and a contact set up a fake movie-production company called Studio Six Productions. They took over Michael Douglas' trailer and the set from *The China Syndrome*. They rented equipment. They got a script. They paid for full-page announcements in *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. "We wanted to make sure that if anybody from Iran decided to check on us, the phone would ring at a real Hollywood studio in California," Mendez says. "We started getting visits from Spielberg, George Lucas....Everyone wanted to work with this new company."

Traveling on a fake Canadian passport, Mendez cleared customs in Tehran. He told Iranian officials that he was there to scout locations for a movie set in the Middle East. The fundamentalists turned out to be as greedy as anyone for the hard currency and publicity a film production would bring. Mendez made his way to the home of the Canadian ambassador. The six Americans had been in hiding for more than 120 days. "We had already sent in their fake passports by diplomatic pouch," Mendez explains.

Khomeini may have hated the West, but not enough to turn away Hollywood movie bucks.

The disguise expert spent the next few days briefing the Americans. Using materials he'd smuggled into the country, he transformed the bureaucrats into "flashy Hollywood types."

Script, storyboards and production notes in hand, Mendez and the six entered Tehran's airport for a Swissair flight to Zurich. Each wore new clothes and a disguise; as diplomatic personnel, their faces might have been known to Khomeini's Revolutionary Guards.

At the check-in counter, a soldier didn't think that the passport photo matched one of the Americans. The American mimed clipping his mustache. "It's shorter now," he told the soldier. The guard shrugged and stamped all of the passports.

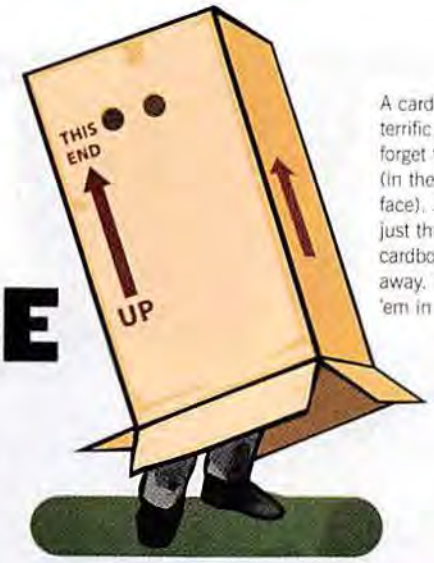
The group cleared customs easily and began to relax. Then, an announcement: "Swissair flight 326 has been delayed." Aggressive Revolutionary Guards began to flood the departure area.

"We had to decide if we should try to switch flights," says Mendez. He had a backup flight ready, through a contact at the airport. The Revolutionary Guards confronted all of the foreigners in the departure lounge, barking questions, checking papers. "It was the worst hour of my life," says Mendez. A couple of the disguised Americans began to show the strain. Tony weighed his options.

Then, the announcement: "Swissair flight 326, ready for boarding." In Zurich, 11 hours later, airport personnel were taken aback as six outlandishly dressed Americans got off the plane, dropped to their knees and kissed the tarmac.

D.I.Y. DISGUISE

Going undercover doesn't have to drain your bank account. Just follow these tips and you'll have money left over for an even better costume.



A cardboard box is a terrific disguise. Don't forget to cut eyeholes (in the box, not your face). And don't just throw those cardboard discs away. You can use 'em in a stew.

Wear a sandwich board around your neck. What government agency doesn't want delicious sandwiches?

Save money on a Sherlock Holmes hat by wearing two opposite-facing baseball hats at the same time.

Wear your old He-Man Halloween costume.

Light yourself on fire.

Eat a lot of food and get really fat.

Pull your sweater over your head: You're the headless man!

Why haven't they hit us again?
They're patient. To do it really well planned, the way they did the last thing, you don't do it in a couple of months. You do it in a couple of years. And they're doing everything by hand. They're using biblical means. One of the most fascinating things I've learned about them is their use of the honey shops. This goes back to the beginning of time. Honey is a staple in the Middle East. And people who harvest honey and sell it in shops, they all have this built-in network where they're shipping honey all over the world. It's a cash crop....Everybody needs it, kind of like salt. But what it turns out to be is a wonderful vehicle for moving material. The honey jars have had the same design for 10,000 years. That's where they put the money. That's where they put the weapons, the drugs. The honey masks the smell, so there's no way a dog can smell it, because the honey is viscous.

What do we do about them?
Cut their supply line. Change the hearts and minds of the people who are collecting money for these charities that are funding them. The way we have won these kinds of wars in the past is that we've changed the hearts and minds of the people involved. Propaganda. Our propaganda machine died at the end of the Cold War. But if you can't do that...I'm worried.

Legend has it that the CIA schemed to embarrass Castro by lacing his shoes with thallium salts, which would have made his hair fall out. Did you guys really go after Castro's beard?

We went after Castro any way you could think of, yeah. But if you're gonna do it, get the very best. And that wasn't us. In other words, if you're gonna have assassins, make sure they're well trained. RFK was the one who pushed us on Castro, you know: "We want that son of a bitch off the face of the earth, and you guys gotta do it." But we tried to be intellectual about it. It was like, "Let's make a shell and put it on this beach, and when he goes walking on the beach, we blow up the shell." We came up with all these clever ideas....

Like using the Mafia?
Yeah. But we got the wrong guys. We should've gotten the right Mafia guys. The Russians use the Bulgarians. Their really good ones are the Bulgarians.

Does the CIA use torture?
It's not a very reliable approach to the problem. You get a lot of leverage by putting someone in an uncomfortable situation: Deprive them of sleep, feed them very little, punish them by taking away whatever rations they do have, disorient them. You can call that torture if you like, but all those techniques are far more effective than actually putting bamboo shoots underneath the fingernails or electrodes on the vitals or whatever. The French secret police are known to use torture and all that. They don't play by the same rules as us.

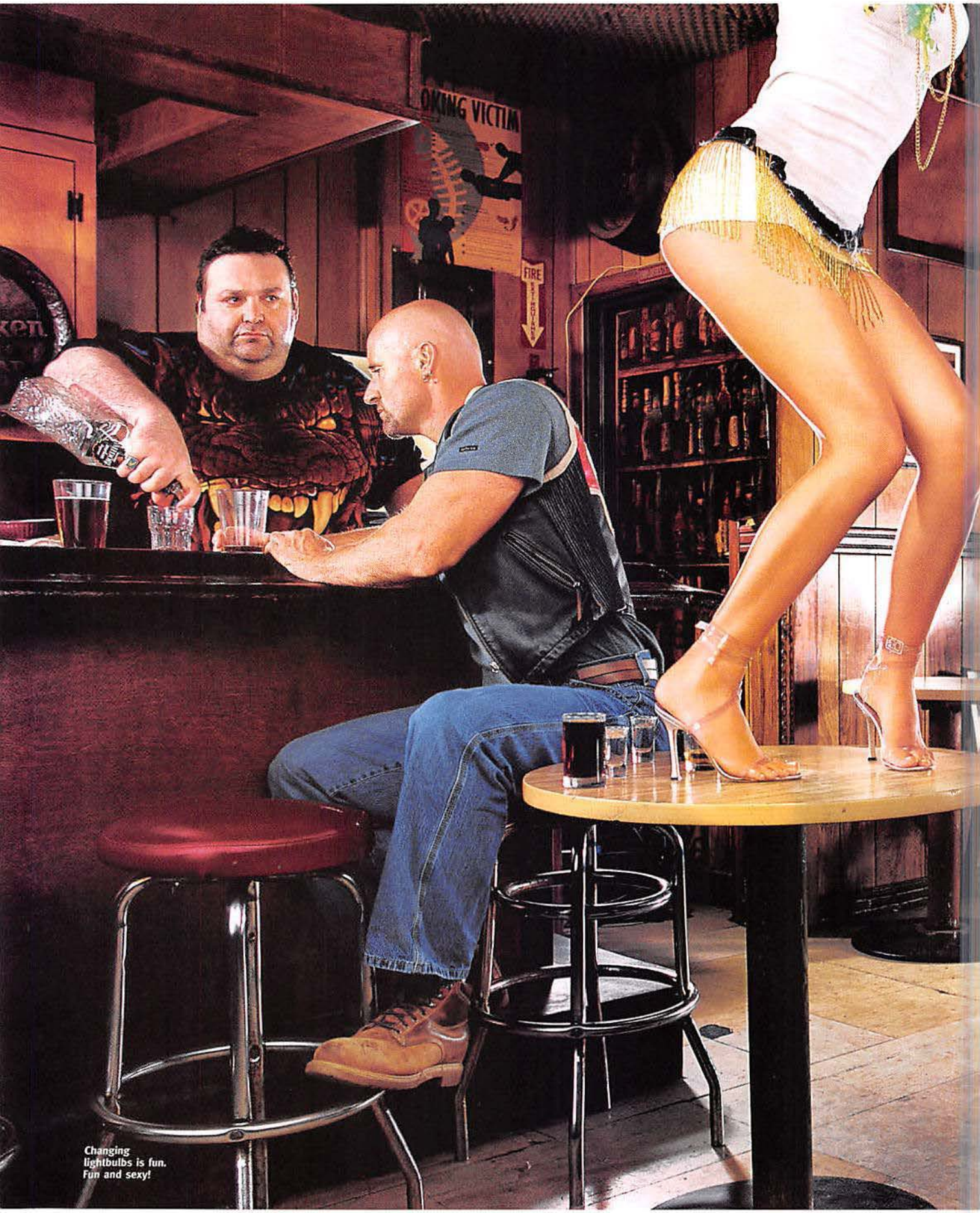
Do the French spy on us?
Yeah, economic espionage. We used to brief American businessmen about it: "Make sure you don't leave any stuff in your hotel room. Assume every room is bugged." They work very hard at economic espionage.

Which we don't?
No. When we used to talk about collecting economic intelligence, we'd say, "Who the hell would we give it to?" You can't give it to one guy and not another.

Do our allies spy on us? If so, how?

Here's an interesting fact: On Air France planes, in first class, all the cabins are bugged. Why? By who? Because that's where the executives ride. Some people think the Israelis have bugged the Air France planes so they can be one up on the French. Could be both governments are listening in!

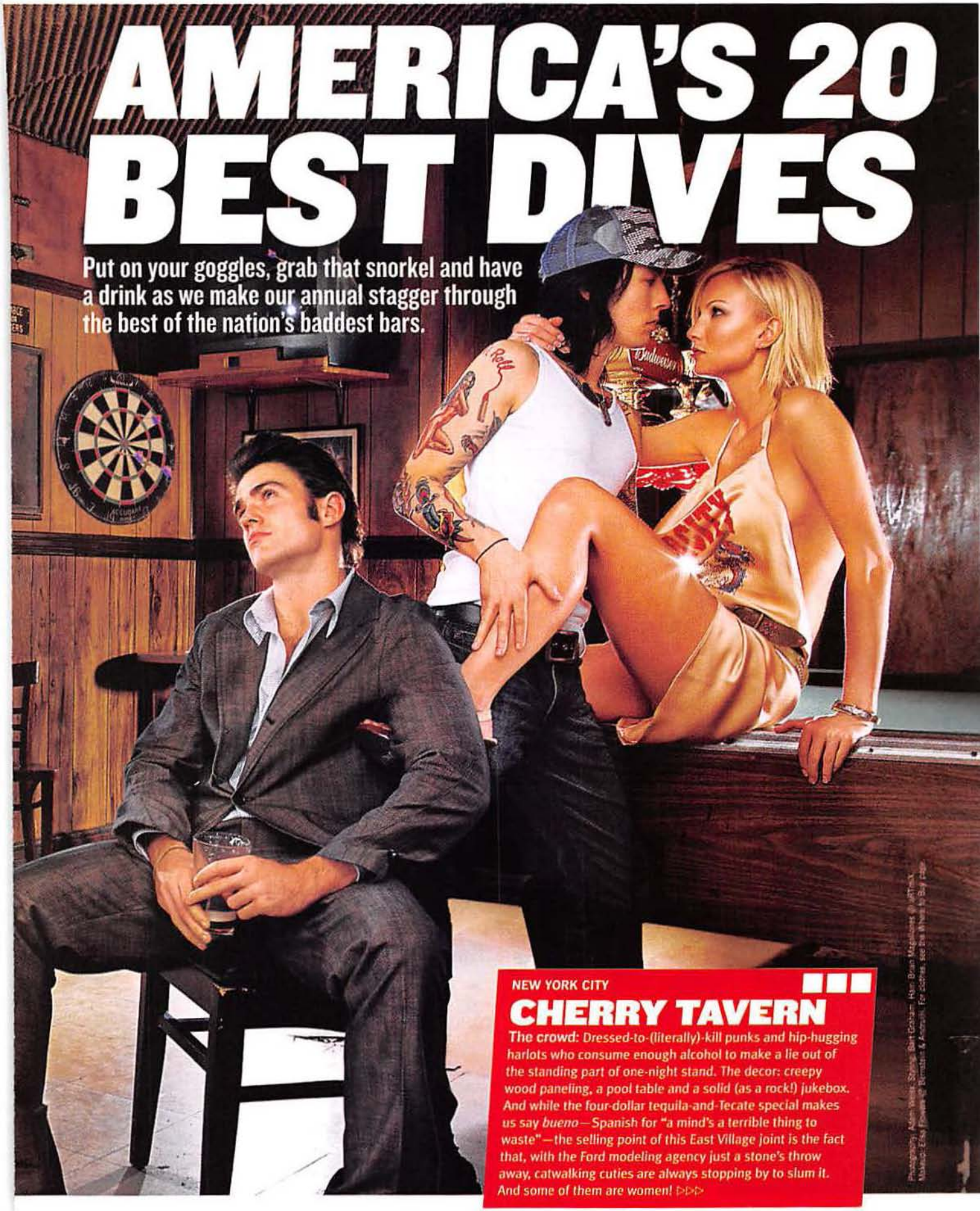
Illustrations: Gary Brandham



Changing lightbulbs is fun. Fun and sexy!

AMERICA'S 20 BEST DIVES

Put on your goggles, grab that snorkel and have a drink as we make our annual stagger through the best of the nation's baddest bars.



NEW YORK CITY

CHERRY TAVERN

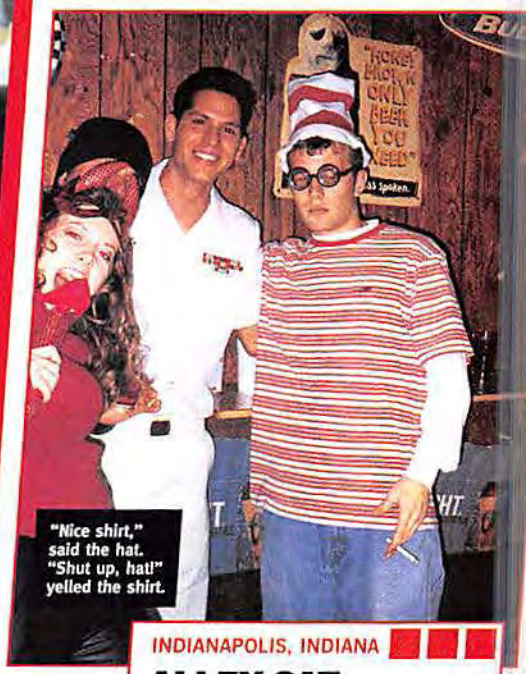
The crowd: Dressed-to-(literally)-kill punks and hip-hugging harlots who consume enough alcohol to make a lie out of the standing part of one-night stand. The decor: creepy wood paneling, a pool table and a solid (as a rock!) jukebox. And while the four-dollar tequila-and-Tecate special makes us say *bueno*—Spanish for "a mind's a terrible thing to waste"—the selling point of this East Village joint is the fact that, with the Ford modeling agency just a stone's throw away, catwalking cuties are always stopping by to slum it. And some of them are women! ▷▷▷

You just know those plastic cups are disposable!

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

KAHUNA'S

Hey, gnarly-surfer-party dudes, wax up your livers, paddle over to this San Diego landmark and catch a wave of drunkenness that'll leave you flopping around on the shores of alcohol poisoning! Located just off the tourist-infested strip, this place screams "locals only." (Or, when we visited, "Sorry, no magazine assholes!") The clientele consists mainly of surfer guys and girls, with a smattering of skate rats. The ceiling is adorned with cool surfboards, and the waitresses are adorned with pleasing tan lines. And every Thursday night they give away a surfboard. Don't surf? Use it to "accidentally" bludgeon passing Rollerbladers.

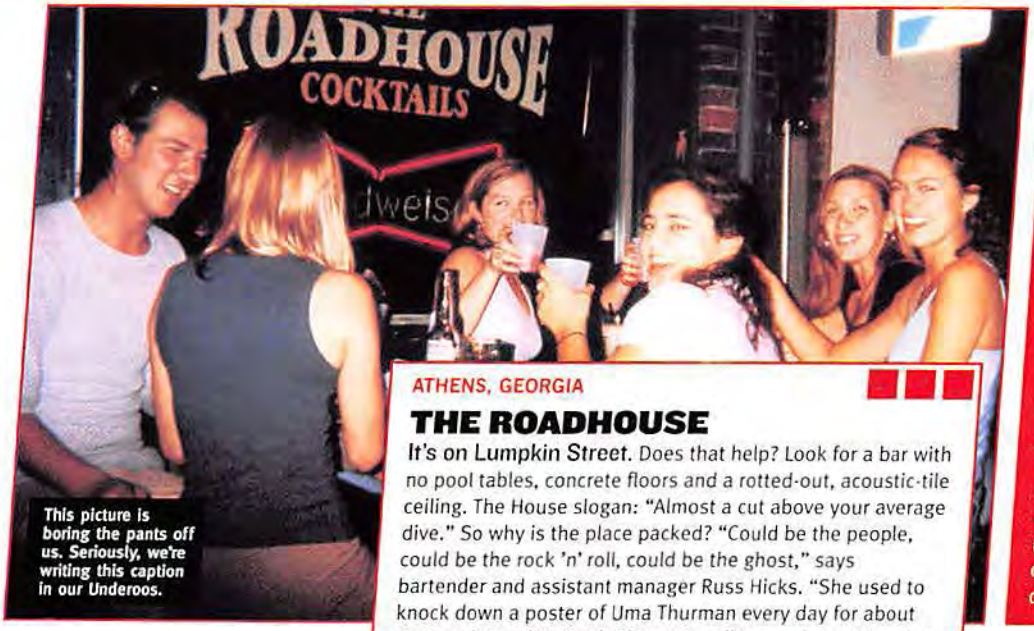


"Nice shirt," said the hat. "Shut up, hat!" yelled the shirt.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

ALLEY CAT LOUNGE

Located among festering Dumpsters in an actual alley (big ups for thinking outside the box on the naming thing, people!), the Alley Cat is packed with bikers, punkers and people-who-like-to-beat-us-uppers. You can entertain yourself by dropping quarters into the many vintage arcade games or by making a friendly wager over a game of pool. Or by simply sitting in the corner and wondering how to remove the jagged pool cue from your abdomen. Bikers sure get cranky when you don't remember to say "please" and "thank you."



This picture is boring the pants off us. Seriously, we're writing this caption in our Underoos.

ATHENS, GEORGIA

THE ROADHOUSE

It's on Lumpkin Street. Does that help? Look for a bar with no pool tables, concrete floors and a rotted-out, acoustic-tile ceiling. The House slogan: "Almost a cut above your average dive." So why is the place packed? "Could be the people, could be the rock 'n' roll, could be the ghost," says bartender and assistant manager Russ Hicks. "She used to knock down a poster of Uma Thurman every day for about six months a while back." You can call her a ghost, Russ, but it may be time to up your prescription.

COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND

RJ BENTLEY'S FILLING STATION

As if gas stations weren't enough fun just the way God made them, Bentley's improved on the format by switching the pumps in this 1920s garage to beer taps. Don't miss taking a sniff under the sleeves of the jerseys of Maryland's greatest athletes—we're talking Steve Francis, Len Bias and Boomer Esiason. When you stagger home with some lame excuse about how your car broke down, you'll find that your credit card receipt says only RJ BENTLEY'S FILLING STATION—making this the only bar in America to give every customer an alibi in writing.

A hot corned-beef sandwich for four dollars?? Why, that's neither totally expensive nor much of a deal! Color us apathetic.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

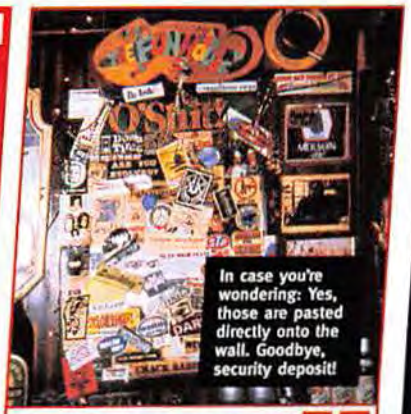
RUDY'S

Wander into this grimy, dirt-encrusted, 64-year-old gin mill during the day and watch grimy, dirt-encrusted, 64-year-old men drink themselves into what morticians like to call human pudding. Or come at night and watch college girls gyrate wildly to live bands. Located on the outskirts of Yale's campus, this bar encourages supercute coeds with superrich daddies to get super-duper stupid with nightly drink specials. Rudy's offers two-dollar drafts of Schaefer, so you'll have plenty of cash left to buy yourself another draft of Schaefer.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

EARNESTINE & HAZEL'S

What could be better than drinking in a bar that used to be a whorehouse? Drinking in a bar that's *still* a whorehouse. Unfortunately, they don't turn tricks here anymore, but you can still get completely fucked up without breaking a sweat—or a condom. The dive was a favorite hangout for musicians in the '60s (including Otis Redding). Sneak upstairs to the smaller bar to hear some piano playing. OK, maybe that isn't such a good idea. Not impressed? Well, the top of the bar is made of marble. That's cool!


In case you're wondering: Yes, those are pasted directly onto the wall. Goodbye, security deposit!

BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

THE FUNHOUSE

Walk in and the bar is on your right. Walk out, it's on your left. No wonder it's called the Funhouse! But the craziness doesn't stop there. Among the cheap beer and cute college girls, you'll see "a whole lot of crazy crap on the walls" (to quote Moe Szyslak), which makes the place seem even smaller than it already is. A dingy place in a shifty part of town, the dive is so cramped, there's not even room for a stage—the nightly bands are right there in your face. It makes peeing slightly awkward (and even dangerous), but with a cover charge of just two to four bucks, it's a price we're willing to pay. A fun price!

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

FIRST AND LAST CHANCE

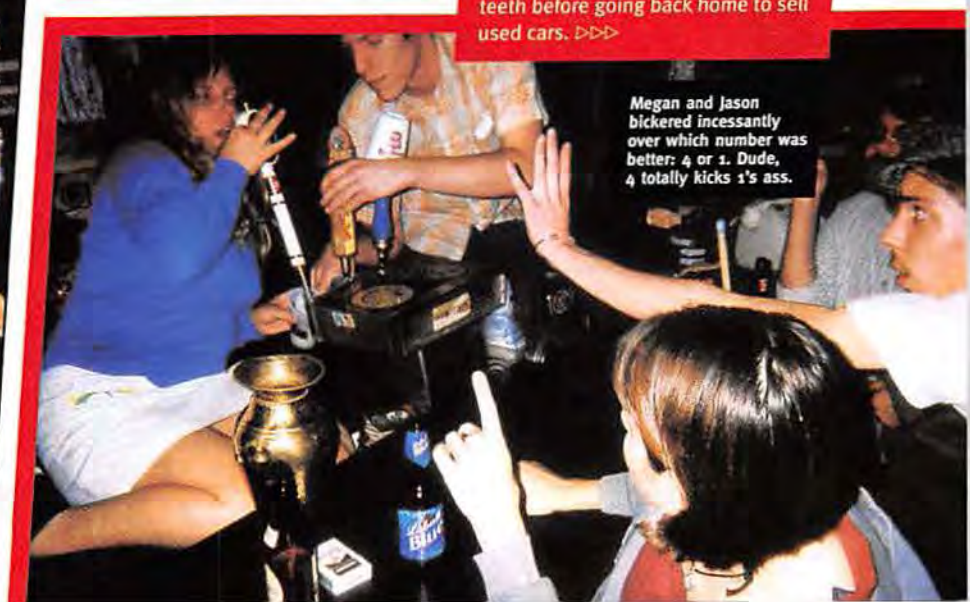
It's a tiny bar like so many others in the Bay Area. The difference? The floor to this rustic patch of hell is severely slanted from the 1906 earthquake. A popular haunt among certain seedier locals, it used to pride itself on clipping off the necktie of anyone who came in wearing one. The upside: You'd get a free drink in exchange for the tie. One other thing about the place—our boss has thrown up there a number of times. But, then again, he can say that about many places. Look, there he goes again! All over the kids, too....

Does that sign out front fold up for easy storage? Hey, that's a question for a sign expert.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

SPRINGWATER

Sandwiched between a cinder-block barbecue shack called Hog Heaven and the shadow of a full-scale replica of the Parthenon in nearby Centennial Park (don't ask), Springwater is a freaking travesty. The place opens at noon, the perfect time to pull up a rickety stool, give regulars Brian and Fernando a nod and settle in for the $1.50 domestic beers during happy hour—all 12 of them. If you can make it to 10 P.M., you can catch the nightly show of desperate country singers giving their dreams one last kick in the teeth before going back home to sell used cars. ▷▷▷


Megan and Jason bickered incessantly over which number was better: 4 or 1. Dude, 4 totally kicks 1's ass.

DIVE BAR AWARDS

"Isn't she afraid those flowers will fall off?" asked a very stupid man. "I would be," said an even stupider man. They sure were stupid!

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

DOUBLE DOWN SALOON

Not your typical Vegas dive, the DD has fucked-up murals on the walls, a coin-operated supermarket horse, weird movies playing on a loop, some video poker and a charming house drink called Ass Juice (it has creamed corn in it). Open 24 hours a day, the DD is one of the few places where Vegas locals hang out. So swing by and do some sinning while you're in Sin City. Or don't, and catch that wacky Judy Tenuta at the Riviera instead.

AUSTIN, TEXAS

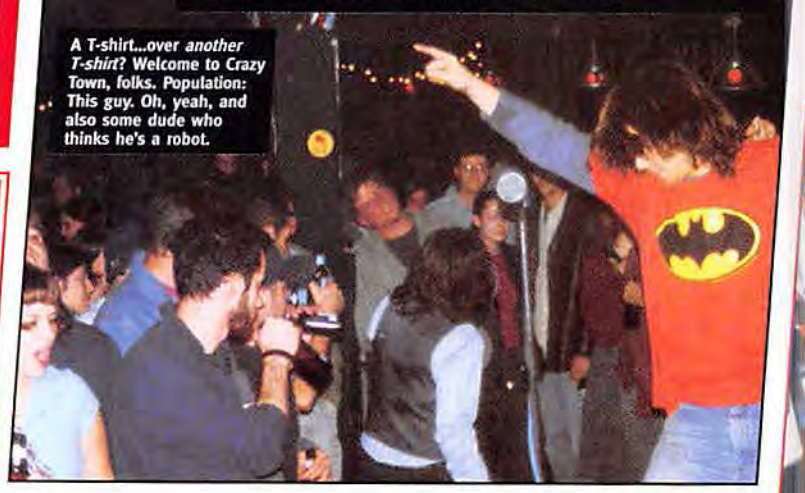
LOVEJOY'S

With almost 100 brews (including their own), Lovejoy's encourages upmarket girls to go downmarket for men. The place has just enough artsy crap around to make women think that they're not really getting drunker, they're getting smarter. Plus, almost everybody who walks through the door has a tat or a piercing, so there's a slight whiff of suburban danger in the air. The sofas are a nice bad-boy frat-house touch, and the jukebox is so good it cures cancer. Tell them Al Gore sent you. They'll throw you out.

ATHENS, OHIO

THE UNION

The Union is that rarest of rare gems: a noncollege bar in a college town. What you won't find here: TVs showing football games, guys named Thad and a jukebox playing Counting Crows. What you *will* find: cool bands (the White Stripes played here before you knew about them), beer on the floor and Lou Reed or the Pixies on the CD player. It's dark and narrow and stinky, but you've dated worse. You won't mind, especially after a few Pabst Blue Ribbons at a buck-fifty each. Can't afford that? Learn to budget, dude!

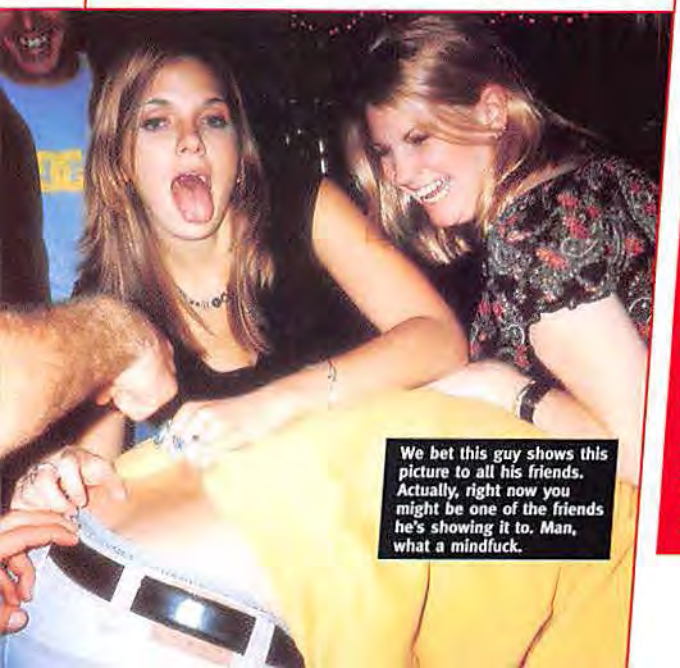


A T-shirt...over *another T-shirt*? Welcome to Crazy Town, folks. Population: This guy. Oh, yeah, and also some dude who thinks he's a robot.

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

CANNON'S

It made last year's list, and now it's on this year's list because they plied us with free drinks...after we put them on last year's list. See the logic in all this? It's also the favorite bar of our editor-in-chief. That can't hurt, either. You know what *can* hurt? Getting fired for not including this bar on the list. Anyway, it's a stellar dive with kick-ass food and a decent CD collection. Girls dancing on the bar is a recent phenomenon, but we hope it stops—they keep stepping in our burgers.



We bet this guy shows this picture to all his friends. Actually, right now you might be one of the friends he's showing it to. Man, what a mindfuck.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

HMS BOUNTY

Crammed into the first floor of a '20s-era grand hotel, the Bounty isn't just a dive—it's a *Hollywood* dive. Weeknights, the red-leather booths and bar stools are packed with raspy-voiced down-and-outers, drop-dead model-types and pissed-off screenwriters. On weekends, the place is a mob scene of artsy bohemians, rockers and the indie-film crowd that never got over Tarantino. Squint and you can imagine what the place was like back when Liz Taylor, Richard Burton and Robert Mitchum cruised in. Don't squint and you might see Taylor the way she looks now.

It was this or the picture with all the fishnets and plastic lobsters. We think we chose wisely.

Hey, Four-Eyes! No, not you, pal. The freak behind you with the four eyes.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

BEACON HILL PUB

The great thing about this deceptively spacious dive is that haughty Hill residents *hate* it. As long as the drinkery continues to provide $1.55 Busch drafts, a superfun basketball machine and a wide array of fine-looking women from nearby Boston U. and Emerson College, it's going to take more than a few noise violations for the locals to rid themselves of this delightful little dump. (Speaking of dumps—don't take one here. The men's room has one open-air shitter and *no locks*.) For more information, don't phone. Because there isn't one. It's *that* divey, people.

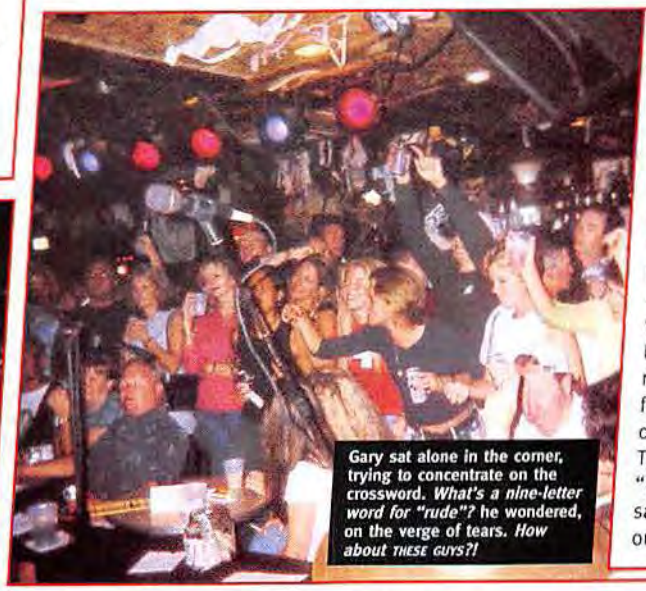
QUEENS, NEW YORK

BOHEMIAN HALL

Run by the Bohemian Citizens Benevolent Society—pause there for a moment—this 82-year-old stomping ground for Czech expats boasts high-alcohol-content draft offerings such as Czechvar, Kozel, Spaten and Radegast. Which is also the name of their law firm. Upon entering this dimly lit drinkorium, avoid eye contact with the sour-looking Slovaks and head out back to take in this dive's jewel of a beer garden. The park seats up to 1,000 drunks and plays host to local bands *and* barbecued deliciousness. The best part? You can even take your *beer* out there!

The world's largest pitcher of beer! Oh, no, not this one. We were just flipping through the 1987 edition of the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

Hmmm. I think they like me. Maybe I'll give them a big tip. They'll never expect that!



Gary sat alone in the corner, trying to concentrate on the crossword. *What's a nine-letter word for "rude"?* he wondered, on the verge of tears. *How about THESE GUYS?!*

FLORIDA/ALABAMA BORDER

FLORA-BAMA LOUNGE & PACKAGE

Close enough to the water to qualify as a true dive—there's an ocean out back—this bar also earns a place here because you have to walk through a package store to get to it. Best time to go: the last weekend in April for the Annual Interstate Mullet Toss (as in the fish, not the hairstyle). Or stick around for the Miss Summer Bikini contest—which lasts two months. The rules urge sportsmanship: "Please—no flashing." We have the same rule around our office. But no one follows it.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

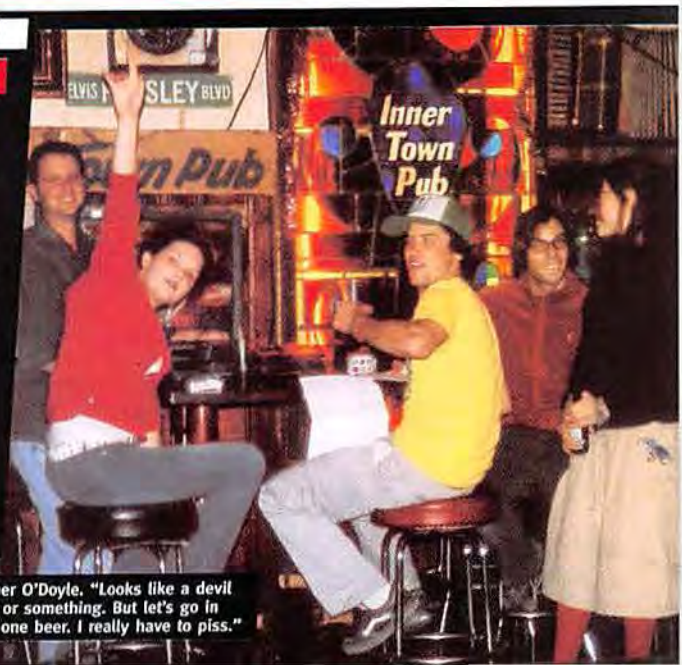
ALIBI

Located within walking distance of several of the French Quarter's finest strip clubs, the Alibi is the unofficial break room for the Crescent City's thirstiest dancers. Nothing dresses up a bar like off-duty strippers—plus, they always have singles for video poker. Also be on the lookout for New Orleans' surliest waiters and waitresses just off their shifts. Not interested in strippers and cranky service-industry folk? Alibi serves about 100 beers and great burgers. Try 'em all! And then, if you still don't like the place, stumble two blocks over to Harrah's casino. The Alibi crowd never goes there.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

INNERTOWN PUB

You can spot the owner of this Wicker Park institution a mile away. He's the one with the greasy-slick pompadour who's ogling your date. Ah, but Mike means well. His bar is filled with colorful locals, all heaped upon red vinyl stools, drinking ultracheap Huber Bock and listening to local musicians during open-mic nights. There's a couple of pool tables, a ton of Elvis memorabilia and a jukebox heavy on the Hank Williams vibe. Our only complaint? The place opens at three. We cash our welfare checks at noon, guys!



"I dunno," said Father O'Doyle. "Looks like a devil sign or a gang sign or something. But let's go in anyway, at least for one beer. I really have to piss."

Learned to ballroom dance, just so he could dance at his daughter's wedding.

Why he's sexy:

Sexy Insects

These bugs are supersexy...and not just 'cause they're cute.

Doesn't care what others think about her weight.

Why she's sexy:

Writes erotic fiction under the pen name Starfire Rose.

Why she's sexy:

Walks around naked after a shower, letting the air dry her skin.

Why she's sexy:

Enjoys going to strip clubs with her man.

Why she's sexy:

Just turned 18.

Why she's sexy:

Has no tan lines.

Why she's sexy:

Thinks bras are too restraining.

Why she's sexy:

Knows just how to touch us.

Why she's sexy:

Often wears her hair in pigtails.

Why she's sexy:

Sleeps naked, and doesn't care who sees her.

Why she's sexy:

Chews on the stems of her glasses.

Why she's sexy:

Takes off his shirt when he washes the car.

Why he's sexy:

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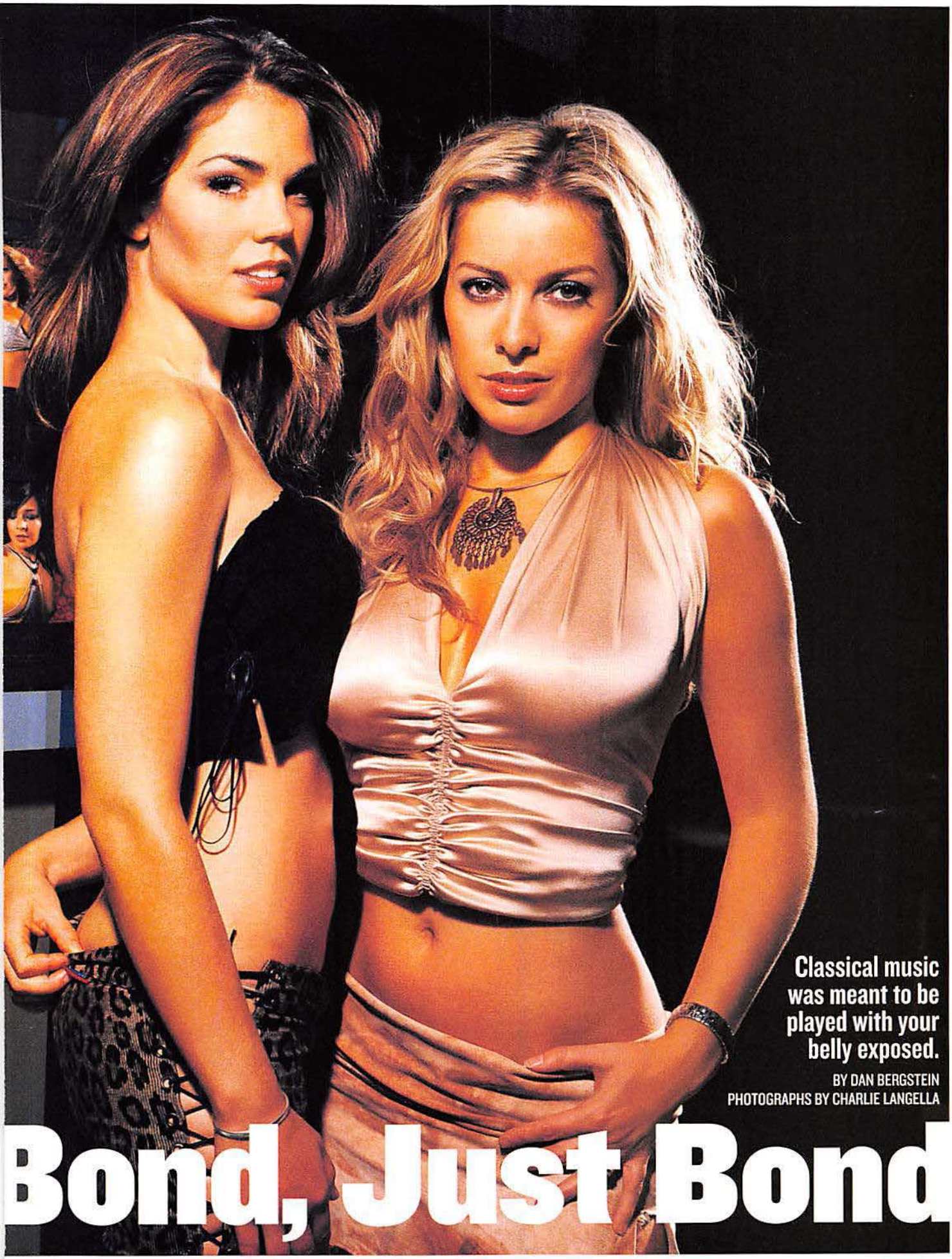
SONY
SONY



Bond, Just Bond

Classical music was meant to be played with your belly exposed.

BY DAN BERGSTEIN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

WITH THE TALENT of Bach and the looks of Britney, Bond is sweeping the world (figuratively) with its unique classical-pop music. The British string quartet's first album, *Born*, sold more than two million copies worldwide. Now Tania Davis (viola), Haylie Ecker (first violin), Eos Chater (second violin) and Gay-Yee Westerhoff (cello) are doing more than just making sweet music—they're also suffering from jet lag with the international release of their second album, *Shine*. These classically trained musicians prove that you *can* have the best of both worlds: beauty *and* an interview with *Stuff*.

tania

STUFF: Any wild groupie stories of people following you around?
TANIA: About a year ago, we did this TV show, and when I stepped out of the cab, this strange guy came running over. He was all shaky and started taking photos of me. Then, last night we did the same show, and the exact same guy was there. We have a few weirdo groupies.

What's the best part of being in a female group?
We did the MTV Awards last year. You see a lot of the guy bands getting these screaming girl groupies. Whereas, we get the middle-aged guys.

Ever make mistakes while performing?
Recently, we did an awards ceremony in New York, and we played at the after-party. They had these industrial wind machines, and one of us—I won't say who—but the wind machines blew so hard that her dress went up over her head. I think lots of famous people got a good look.

What's the sexiest song on your new album, and what makes it sexy?
I think "Space" is the sexiest. It's got all these kinds of lush strings to it. We had a really big orchestra for that one, and it's a really rich sound. It's music to listen to by the fire.

What do you do after a concert?
This one night out in Bulgaria, we went to what we thought was just a nightclub. Then all these girls came up onstage and it was like a strip club, and they were doing lap dances and pole dances. They put on our CD, and the girls were trying to pole dance to our song. It's not really the kind of music people strip to. I felt really sorry for them. We got out of there pretty quickly. But the next day there was a write-up in the Bulgarian paper.

Maybe you can make an album specifically for strippers?
I *don't* think that's going to happen.

"We have a few weirdo groupies."

Styling: Loulou Picatore @ Ad Finem. Hair: Hyunsoo @ Artists and Brian Magallones. Makeup: Corine Vegter & Deborah Attzio @ aRTmiX the agency. Prop Styling: Ariana Salvatti. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

haylie

STUFF: You must get nervous before a show, right?
HAYLIE: Yeah, I get really nervous. I get itchy teeth, and I can't do anything about it. It drives me mad, so I'm dying to get onstage so it will go away.

Describe your music in one sentence.
A melange of different styles infused with pop elements and beats classically influenced to create a sound known as Bond.

Damn. What's the sexiest thing about playing the violin?
Well, it's an extension of your soul. You're communicating with people in a unique way. So, I think, in that sense, it's very sexy and sexual. It can be very intimate and revealing.

Do you sleep with your violin?
Yeah, I never go anywhere without it. It cost more than my house. So it's with me at all times.

I don't know much about music, but could you say something sexy using a musical term?
Dulce, da capo. It means, "sweetly, come back."

What is the worst song ever?
"Ring My Bell." It drives me mad.

Do you hate America?
No, I love it. I lived there for two years. What I love about America is that you can do whatever you want to. You can be what you want to be. You have a passion to say what you're thinking.

Are men ever intimidated by your talent?
Yeah, they are sometimes. When we are all together in a group, it's really hard to meet people. People are just like, "Well, I'm not going to go up to them." I get a lot more pickup lines when people don't know what I do.

What's wrong with the music business?
I don't like the trend of reality TV shows. Like *American Idol*. It's entertainment for the masses at the expense of the people participating in it. I think in a way it's great, but in another way it's building up people's hopes.

I was rooting for Justin. ▷▷▷

"The violin is very sexual. It can be very intimate and revealing."

eos

"I'm secretly going to poison Haylie. Don't tell her, though."

STUFF: You have a rather unusual name. What gives?
EOS: It's Welsh and kind of Greek. It means different things in different languages.

You play second violin. How badly do you want to be first violin?
Yeah, I'm secretly going to poison Haylie. Don't tell her, though. Ha-ha. No, it's a different role in a quartet. First violin is the cream on the cake, and we're kind of the cake.

You should quit.
You think I should quit and become first violin? But I like what I'm doing.

You should quit now. Change your name and go out on your own! You can do it! I know you can.
Aw, that's nice. But I like being in the group. I've always wanted to be in a group. It's so nice because you have someone to look back to and say, "Remember that time...."

What's different about this album from your previous one?
Well, this album is more global and is more rock 'n' roll. We cover Led Zeppelin, and there's another track that's kind of rocky. It's really diverse, and it's hard to pinpoint what our music is. It's global.

Are you scared of what you're going to find in America?
Why? Are you going to be there?

Hey! That hurt. Do you have time to relax after shows?
No, you're too pumped up. We've had some good nights. We took this wooden fish off the wall at this place in Hong Kong and used it as a bat and played baseball with these oranges. In the end, there was this big food fight. I don't think the hotel was too pleased, but we left the next day, so they didn't know.

Who is Beavis Chegwin?
Beavis is a huge character in our lives. We didn't have a stylist, and people were asking who our designer was. So we just made up the name. When somebody asks a question that we don't have an answer to, we answer, "Beavis Chegwin." In fact, he's on my thanks list, as well.

He's one lucky delusion.

gay-yee

STUFF: Bond uses unusual-looking instruments. Are you poor? Can't you afford the real ones?
GAY-YEE: Ha. No, we have real ones. But when we play live, we play with a band and have full amplification. So you need to have an electric instrument.

Ever feel like a rock star onstage?
Sometimes we go, *Fuck it* and rock out.

Do you ever break your instruments like the Who?
I did once. We do a cover of "Kashmir" and it's really kinda rocky. I don't know what came over me, but I just threw my instrument on the floor and beat it. It sounded great.

What's the longest you've gone without playing music?
Um...never, really.

What's the longest you've gone without having sex?
Well, I was celibate for two years.

I guess you love music more, then.
I don't know whether that was by choice, or because I didn't meet anyone, anyway.

I'm sorry. What type of music do you like to listen to while having sex?
Classical music is sexy. It depends on who you are. It depends on who you're in bed with.

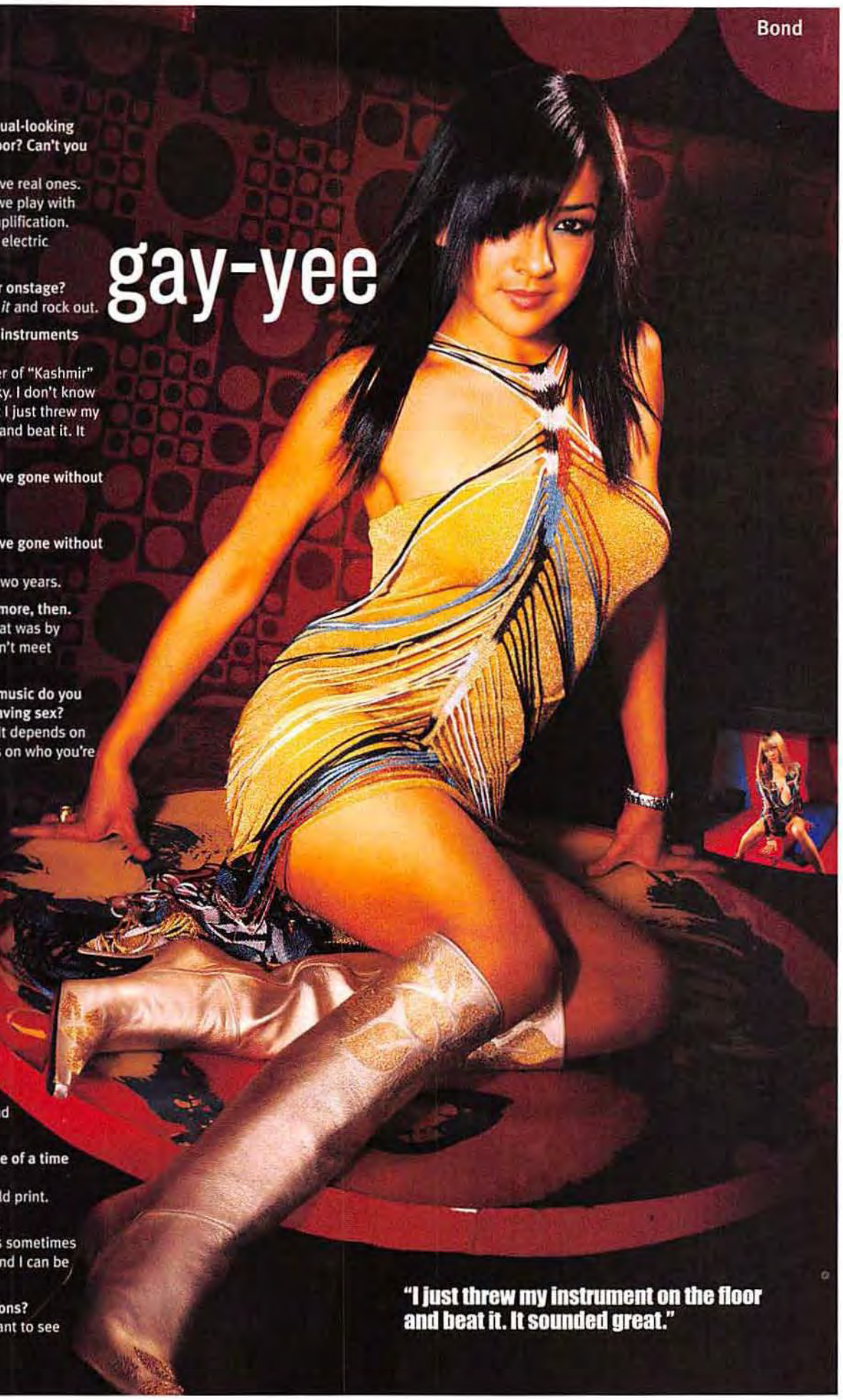
Any bad fights with the others?
If we didn't get along, we probably would have been pulling each other's hair out. We all have thick, full hair, so we must be getting along.

How would you categorize yourself compared with the others?
Sometimes I'm good, and sometimes...I'm bad.

Can you give an example of a time when you were bad?
Ha-ha...nothing you could print.

I promise not to print it.
I don't trust you. I guess sometimes I just say what I think, and I can be a bit cheeky.

Any New Year's resolutions?
To eat more carrots. I want to see in the dark.



"I just threw my instrument on the floor and beat it. It sounded great."

Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

hot spot

the inside story on healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month, my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion and sexual energy than he'd had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples. That's what I thought, too. But his newfound vigor and excitement stimulated me, too, and before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband.

The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C.
Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about *the ropes*, and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Mioplex Pure Extract. It's a supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Mioplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *simultaneous climax*.

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as *ropes* because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-MIOPLEX or Mioplex.com. Mioplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the one-a-day tablet has led to the *roping* effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

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"A game that would even make Tony Soprano proud"
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"The Hitman is a Bonafide Bad-ass"
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THIS IS GOING TO HURT

Just because John C. McGinley plays a jerk on NBC's hit series *Scrubs*, it doesn't mean he's one in real life. Or does it?

BY DAN BOVA PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVEN STICKLER @ L2 AGENCY

John C. McGinley is trying to teach a frog to breathe through its anus. "Kermit, you breathe in through your asshole and out your penis. Ha-ha-maaaaa! Ha-ha-maaaaa!" he repeats in a booming voice. We are on the set of *Scrubs*, and the cast has assembled to film a dream sequence with Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy for the upcoming *It's a Very Merry Muppet Christmas Movie*. All of the Scrubbies are firm believers in the benefits of John's breathing exercise, but the guy lying under a hospital gurney with his hand up Kermit's froghole seems more concerned with not sweating off his nut-sac than trying to breathe through his anus. Some people obviously don't have their priorities in order.

Johnny C., as everyone on the set calls him, is as bombastic as his character Dr. Cox, the meanie *Scrubs* mentor (or the other characters he's played in such flicks as *Platoon*, *Wall Street* and *Office Space*). He marches around the abandoned hospital where the show is filmed, doling out nicknames ("Hey, Bonehead!"), stealing rib bones off peoples' plates (to feed to his dogs) and questioning his costars as to whether they've ever used duct tape during sex. (Sarah Chalke refused to answer in the presence of a dork holding a tape recorder—whatever, Sarah!)

We sat down to chat with the manic panic that is Johnny C. in a dressing room he is pretty sure lots of people have died in. We're lucky we made it out alive.

STUFF: So why work with puppets?
JOHN: Because they offered me a stack of money taller than you.

***Scrubs* films in an actual old hospital.**
We brought in candles because of that smell. It just smelled like a hospital. The Vegas odds are that somebody expired in this room. It's kinda creepy.

Ever feel the presence of a dead guy?
Yeah. Down in the morgue. It's creepy down in the morgue—it's creepy. I mean, goddamn...it's a freakin' morgue!

Your character, Dr. Cox, and many others you choose to portray, tend to be assholes.
Well, I would say "caustically acerbic."

Is that how you would describe yourself?
I describe myself as a father, an actor and a producer, too. But a father first. Max is where my focus is. And then if the kid is dealt a tricky hand—you know, has special needs [Max was born with Down's syndrome]—you will get altered. It shuffles the deck, man.

You should see them when they're not being photographed. (They still smile!)

Did filming *Platoon* in the war-torn Philippines scare the crap out of you?
It was intense. There were 13-year-olds walking around with AK-47s. We were at a resort that Ferdinand Marcos built for affluent visitors, called Cordo Azul. It was an oasis up on this hillside away from the squalor and the horrible poverty, and there was a golf course. We didn't have much downtime, but on off days most guys just drank. We also had a band: Johnny Depp played guitar, Corey Glover (from Living Colour) sang, David Neidorf played the drums. Saturdays and Sundays, we'd take over the convention room. I sang and put on Shakespeare plays. It was great.

Having spent a lot of time acting alongside Charlie Sheen, were you surprised when his predilection for prostitutes came to light?
I was only on *Wall Street* for three weeks, and I was doing the play *Talk Radio* at night. So I wasn't hanging that much.

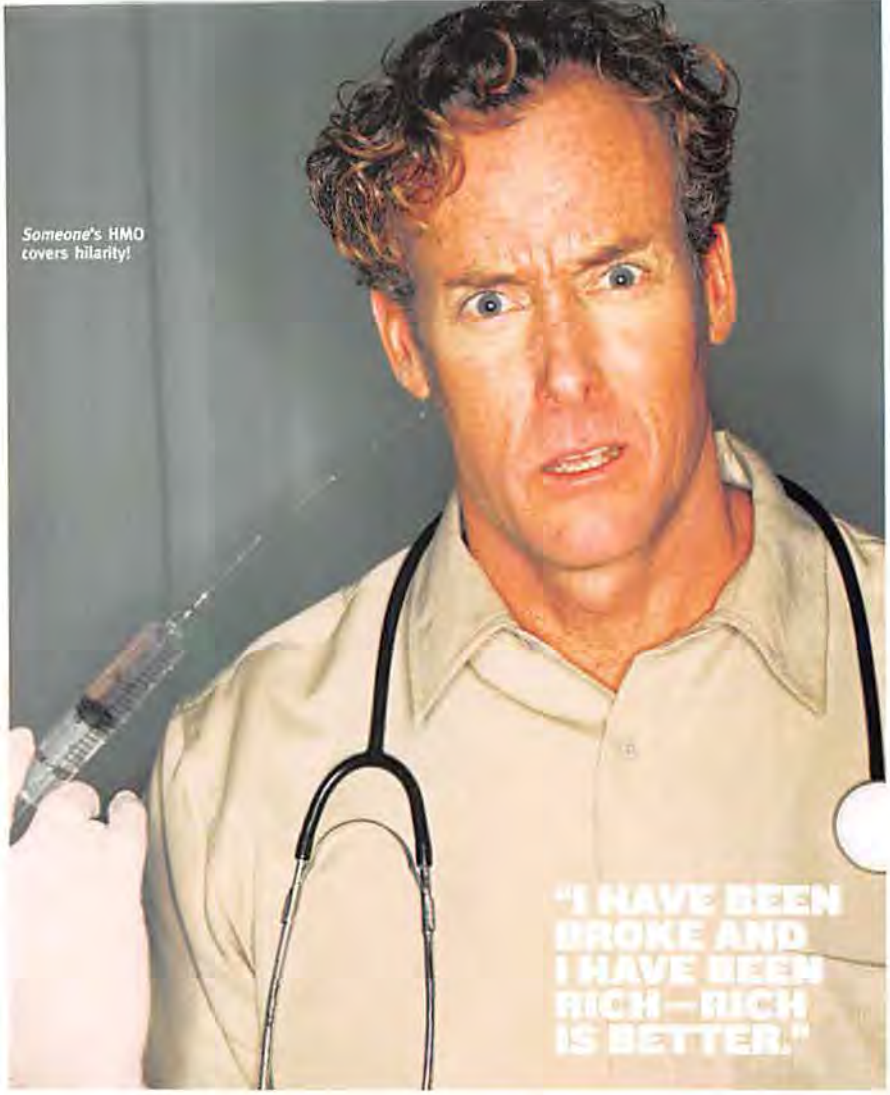
Did he ask you to go out whoring with him at any point?
I was too tired!

Do you share your *Office Space* character's affinity for Michael Bolton?
No. His music is like Up with People or—I don't know, dude—elevator music. Tom Waits and Bruce Springsteen are pretty much the end of the line for me.

What was your drink of choice in your wild, young, dumb and drunk days?
[*Begins singing, in a surprisingly pretty* ▷▷▷

Styling: Shelly Caudill. Hair: Robert Stenken @ Celestine. Make-up: Sabrina Paul @ Rex Agency. Prop Styling: Ed Murphy @ Smashbox. Model: Micaela Santos @ Champagne Trott.

Drug smuggling gone bad...or good, depending on your tastes.



Someone's HMO covers hilarity!

voice] "Schaefer is the one beer to have when you're having more than one/Schaefer pleasure doesn't fade even when your thirst is done/The most rewarding flavor in this world, for people that are having fun." (Big finish!) "Schaefer is the one beer to have when you're having more than one!" I'd have to go with Schaefer. I don't know why I remember that song, but I do.

Who would you say is the sexiest doctor in TV history: George Clooney, you or Colonel Potter?
I inherited the mantle from Colonel Potter and then George and, clearly, I am next.

Do you visit your Must See TV bank account in the middle of the night?
I went through an intensive divorce. It's nice to be able to be in a position where you can start rebuilding some stuff—after a lot of that stuff went away. [My ex-wife] is a great mother. I just don't know if I'm the marrying kind.

Hence the pimpmobile you have parked outside....
What's great about my BMW [540] is that it is so on the QT. It is a beautiful sedan, but it has more horse than a Mustang. I drove a kind of Jersey muscle car for a long time. My car has 300 some-odd horses. You step on that thing, it gets your attention.

Is your prostate quivering in anticipation? Um...neither is ours.

Any advice for someone trying to talk their way out of a ticket?
Be a beautiful chick.

You co-owned a New York City restaurant with Willem Dafoe at one point. Did you offer bottomless breadsticks?
No, but one of the other co-owners had these accounts with all of these modeling agencies, and they'd have all their parties down there.

Did you get all up in their model pieces?
Naw, I lived in California. But I'd get the monthly statements, and it was great. That place printed money.

Do you talk a good game with model-types, or do you get intimidated?
Yes. Of course. I'm pathetic. I sit in this dressing room and work on my lines. I'm a lame-ass white kid from the Jersey suburbs!

Do you run with the Hollywood elite?
Well, I'm in something called the Malibu Mafia. It is me, Johnny Cusack and John McEnroe. We made Chris Chelios [of the Detroit Red Wings] an honorary member of the Malibu Mafia, which is the Irish Mafia. He's Greek, but we made him an honorary Irishman. And we made [surf legend] Laird Hamilton, who is also Greek, a member just because he is the biggest stud on the planet. Gabby Reece is also a member. Oh, and D.B. Sweeney is a charter member.

What kind of crazy nonsense do you guys get into?
Honestly? We have dinner together in Malibu, so nobody has to drive into town. We're dinner companions—that's how pathetic everyone is! "Have dinner with me tonight—I'm lonely!" Johnny Cusack and I played Canadian doubles against Mac last summer (two players versus one). We played two sets and got one point off. One point! And I'm pretty sure we only got the point because Mac was bored.

Have you ever appeared in something that sucked?
I made a mistake one time—it was when I did *Highlander 2*. I was experimenting with my voice, kind of doing this Orson Welles thing with it. I thought the deeper I could get my voice, the more threatening the character would be onscreen. And I just come off as a *jackass*. I was trying to be Billy Badass, and I go to see the film and see myself on the screen and I'm just [*slowly mouths the phrase "What...the...fuck?"*].

Do you have any words of wisdom to impart to the *Stuff* readers?
Get rich as fast as you can. I have been broke and I have been rich—rich is better. So much better! It is true that money isn't everything, but it doesn't suck.

MUPPETS ON *SCRUBS*

What would happen if those funny felt fellows decided to take up permanent residency on *Scrubs*? Only our wacky drawings can say for sure!

Not even his own Muppets could save Jim Henson's life.

Muppets slipping in vomit? Must be Sweeps Week!

We don't know what he is, but he sure loves medicine!

Illustrations: Russell Macke

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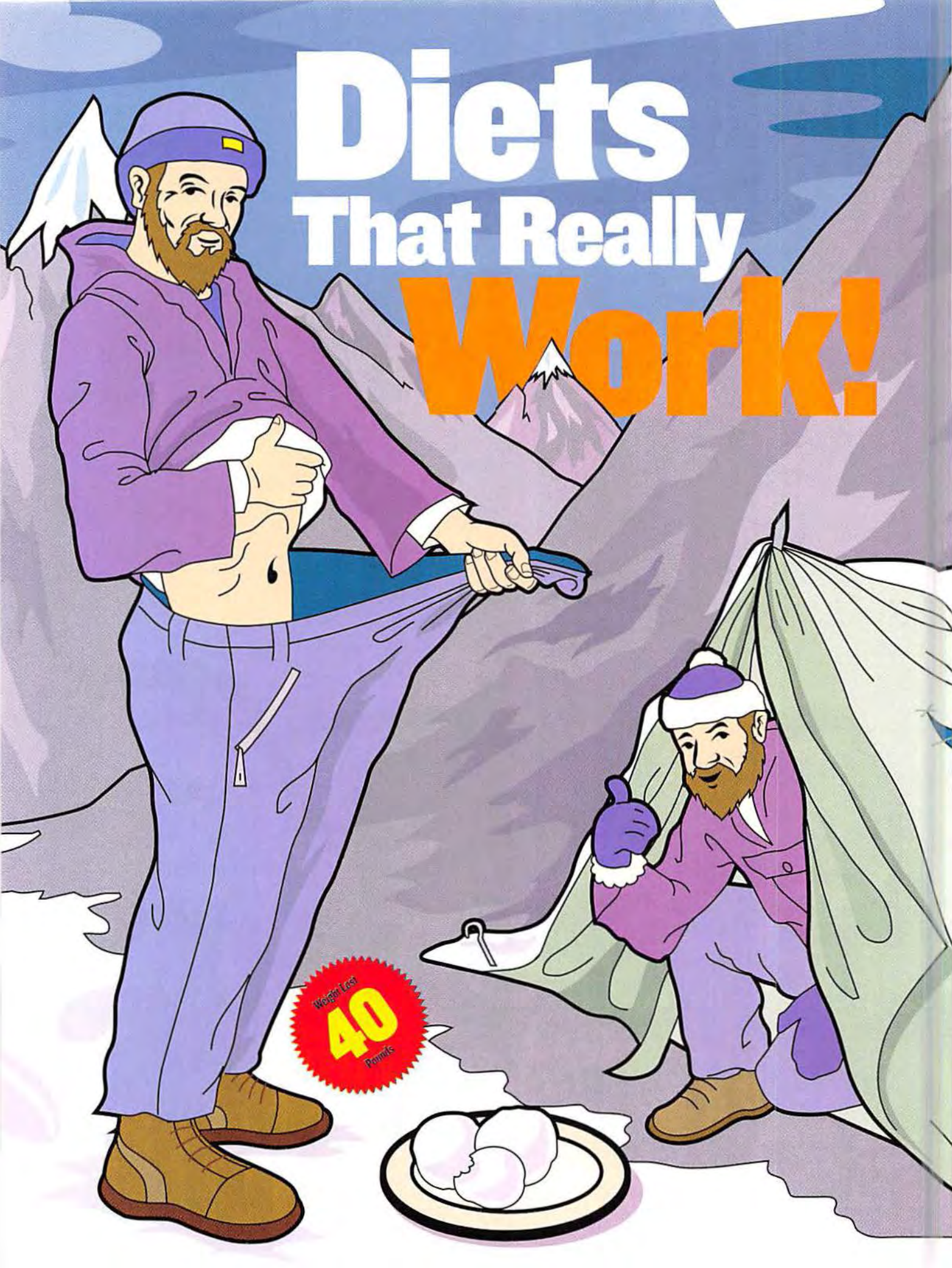
Diets That Really Work!



If you're looking to cure yourself of a pudgy plague, throw those costly, hard-to-follow weight-loss programs right in the trash can and turn to the *Stuff* Stomach-Off System.™ A little persistence and a lot of trauma is all you need.

BY DAN BOVA
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY BRANDHAM

HEY THERE, TOMMY TUBBY—having trouble getting a handle on those love handles? When it comes to the battle of the bulge, are you firing blanks? Well, stop despairing over that stubborn spare tire and check out these surefire methods to melt away your middleman. (Warning: You might want to start saving now—you're gonna need a new wardrobe by the time you finish reading this!)

HOUSTON, WE HAVE A SUCCESS!

Jim Lovell and his *Apollo 13* crew found a neat way to shed some unwanted weight back in 1970. (All those glasses of high-calorie Tang really add up!) By simply shutting down the power of their disabled spacecraft and subsisting for six days on frozen hot dogs, fruit juices and a couple of swigs of water, the three spacemen were able to shed a combined 31.5 pounds as they battled to fix their crippled craft in the hopes of not dying. Commander Lovell takes the cake (but doesn't eat it—ha!) with an *Apollo* mission all-time record of a 14-pound weight drop. Way to go, guys! Your inspiring story is out of this world!

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF FAT

In 1997, mountaineering enthusiast Jim Wilson, 43, and his car mechanic, Jim Blow, 27, thought taking a never-before-traveled route up the east side of Alaska's Mt. McKinley would yield some pretty amazing results, but a 200-mph wind-and-ice storm made it even resultier! Desperately grasping to the side of a glacier in a battered tent at 16,000 feet, the men were stuck in place for 10 days with only one meal to share per day. Wilson admits that things got pretty "depressing" inside the snow-filled tent, but when the storm finally passed, his mood wasn't the only thing that was lightened: He lost 40 pounds! See? When it comes to ditching that junk in your trunk, there ain't no mountain high enough!

CRASH DIET

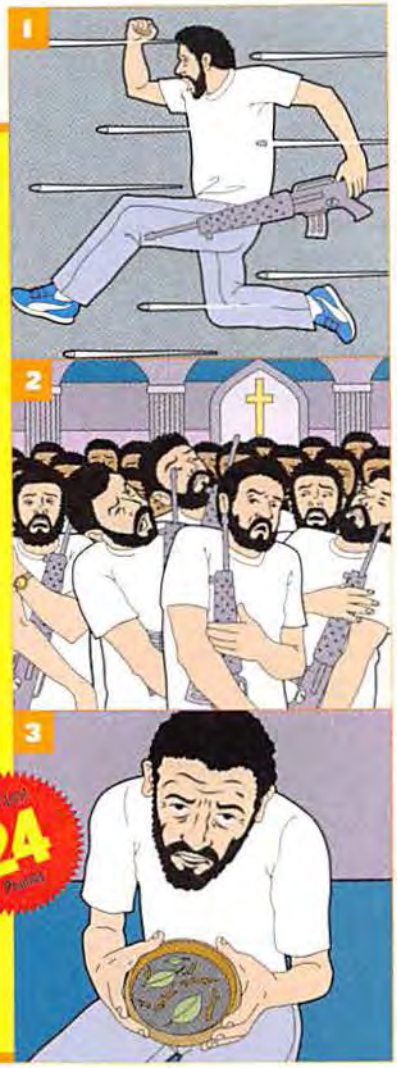
Joe Spring sprung himself into a new wardrobe when his Nissan 240SX swerved off the road and plummeted over a 90-foot embankment in 2001. The consequential kidney failure, dehydration, broken bones and head injuries might have bummed him out for the eight days he remained trapped in that Japanese death box, but he had something to comfort him: the knowledge that he was losing weight—30 pounds of muscle tissue, to be exact! Joe credits his survival to his high level of fitness—and the fact that he peed on his wounded leg to stave off infection. Hmmm, think we would have just gone with the infection, Joe.

Maybe the title of this piece should be Beards That *Don't* Work. Get a razor, dudes, 'cause that look is out.

▷▷▷

DIETING IS DA BOMB!

When the Israeli army stormed the city of Bethlehem last April, Al-Aqsa Martyrs Brigade member Mazin Hussein got his gun and did what any fearless freedom fighter would: He screamed like a woman and hid. Nestled inside the Church of the Nativity with 150 others, Hussein prayed for the liberation of Palestine but received the liberation of his love handles instead. For six weeks he subsisted on a stew made from boiled dirty water and leaves—and lost **24 pounds!** Way to go, Hussein! It would've been even more inspirational if you had died in your own filth, but we'll take what we can get!



DER FÜHRER MADE ME FIRMER

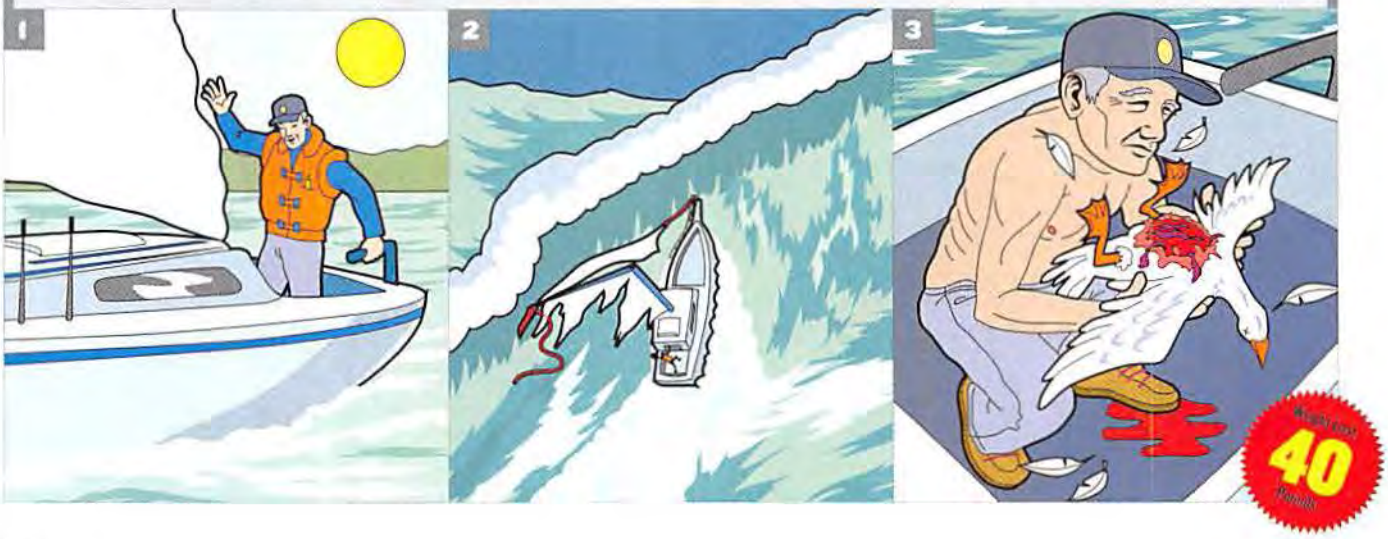
Bombardier Robert Peterson's B-24 wasn't the only thing that went down during WWII—so did his waist size! In 1944, after parachuting to safety from his flaming airplane, Peterson landed deep inside enemy territory and was promptly taken prisoner. The Germans kept him locked in a crowded cell, offering him only water to drink. A few days passed and a guard brought him to a room full of sausages and ham, but Robert didn't get a bite (imagine the willpower!). He wound up in a POW camp in Barth, where he shed **55 pounds** before he was set free—free to show off his new set of killer abs!

TUMMY GOES AWOL

When U.S. airman Thomas Wade Truett didn't report for duty at Ellsworth Air Force Base in South Dakota one day in 2000, everyone probably assumed he was off stuffing his fat face. Guess again, everyone! This AWOL airman got himself and his car trapped beneath five feet of icy snow on a seldom-traveled rural road. For 16 days Truett survived on nothing but water, orange juice, a few pieces of candy and heat from a cigarette lighter. Snowmobilers found him shivering in >>>

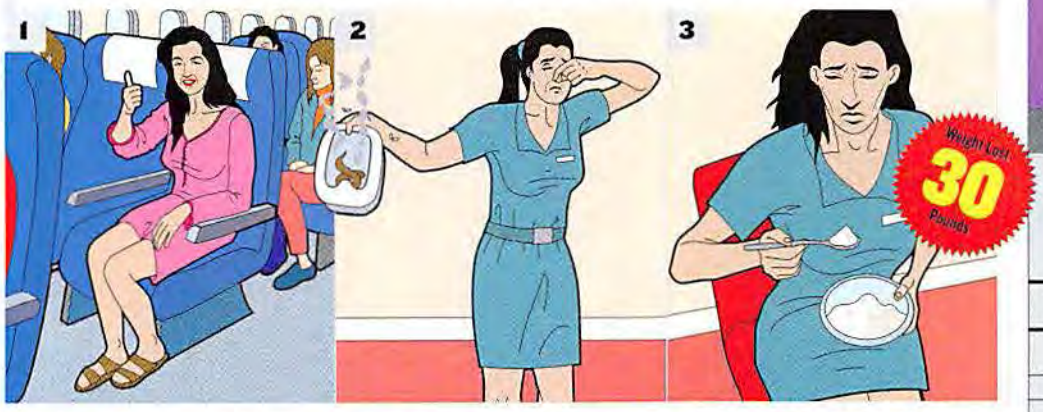
NO FAT PHARM HERE

Sixty-two-year-old Richard Van Pham set sail last summer from Long Beach, California, for a 25-mile journey to Catalina Island, but a passing storm had other ideas. His 26-foot sailboat's mast was broken (as were his radio and engine), leaving him at the mercy of treacherous ocean currents. (Isn't that always the way?) Three months later, a Navy antidrug warship found him floating off the coast of Costa Rica attempting to barbecue a seagull. While at sea, a ravenous Richie made do with a diet of rainwater, fish, sea turtles and seabirds he lured to his boat with turtle guts and fish. He shed a whopping **40 pounds** during his journey, but would anyone really notice? No one was looking for him for three whole months, so we seriously doubt it. And if they're looking now, his new lean build will make him that much harder to find!



A SLAVE TO SLIMMING DOWN

Micronesian island native Gloria Likiche journeyed across an ocean and a continent to find a better life in America. Little did she know that she'd find a whole lot less of herself after she arrived! She thought the contract she signed had enlisted her in a nurse-training program, but it actually indentured her to two years of emptying bedpans at a nursing home for barely more than minimum wage. For months, Likiche was forced to reside in a dilapidated, unheated trailer where her and her co-duped coworkers lived on boiled rice and vinegar. The vinegar wasn't so sweet, but the results sure were. By the time she left in 2000, she had lost a whopping **30 pounds**! Sure wish we could be indentured to fitting into a size-four dress!



a T-shirt with a farewell note clutched in his hand. The results of his hard-core diet plan: **20 pounds** lost, with the possibility of time in the stockade. Hey, Truett, next time ask *permission* to starve yourself, soldier!

THE POLLUTION SOLUTION

What better way to call attention to the rampant pollution of a much-beloved local lagoon than to swim across it? That's what politicians in Lake Worth, Florida, decided to do. In 1998, Mayor Tom Ramiccio took a dip in the murky waters of the Lake Worth Lagoon and came out with a mysterious virus. The resulting earaches, headaches and 103-degree fever were sort of a drag for Mr. Mayor, but the loss of **30 pounds** was a welcome perk. Hey, you fatties, who's up for a quick dip and a trim waistline?

ALL'S WELL THAT'S IN A WELL

Fifteen years ago in scenic Midland, Texas, 18-month-old Jessica McClure accidentally plopped herself into her aunt's abandoned backyard well shaft. Over the next 58 and a half hours, rescue workers feverishly dug, the nation prayed and Baby Jessica became littler—**three pounds** littler! Burn, baby, burn—calories, that is!

SLIM REALLY FAST!

Don't have time to get trapped in an avalanche for weeks? Try one of these quick tummy fixes!

DISEASE	APPROXIMATE WEIGHT LOSS
MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE	19 POUNDS
MALARIA	22 POUNDS
ACUTE AMEBIC DYSENTERY	10–20 POUNDS
EBOLA	30 POUNDS
PLAGUE	30 POUNDS
NECROTIZING FASCIITIS (FLESH-EATING BACTERIA)	30 POUNDS
REMOVED LUNG	1.25 POUNDS
REMOVED KIDNEY	5.3 OUNCES (MALE); 4.8 OUNCES (FEMALE)
REMOVED SPLEEN	5.3 OUNCES
REMOVED TESTICLE	0.8 OUNCES

—Jonathan Stern

JUST DESERTS

Just call Alaskan volunteer fireman Robert Bogucki "Crocodile Skinnee." (Or don't. It's up to you!) While vacationing in Australia in 1999, he told his girlfriend that he wanted to find "spiritual enlightenment" and walked out into the Great Sandy Desert to find it. He covered 250 miles in 40 days, living on plants and muddy water. Helicopter rescuers eventually found the spiritual silly-willy in a dry creek bed and rushed him to a hospital. We're not sure if Bogucki ever found enlightenment, but he did find a great way to drop **44 pounds!** Psychosis—it's Australian for diet, mate!

Talent: Genelle @ New York Model Management. Hair: Todd Brush. Makeup: Elisa Flowers @ Bernstein & Andriulli. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

GOOD GIRLS JUST WANNA BE BAD

Stuff SURVEY

We asked 1,000 women what it would take to make them abandon their inhibitions, forget their morals, take off their clothes and do something they never in their wildest dreams thought they would ever do, especially while sober.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

Ever notice that the problem with women is their intolerance of bizarre sexual acts? No? Well, that about kills this story. But not our desire to ask 1,000 women between the ages of 18 and 35 lots of embarrassing questions. As our survey shows, most women yearn to be a good girl who's also sometimes very bad. But in a good way. The yin to her own yang, if you will—and if you won't, that might be the reason you're reading this instead of doing that.

Stuff SURVEY

1. How many men should a woman sleep with before she settles down?

44% As many as she wants

0	1-5	6-10	11-20
7%	34%	12%	2%

The majority of women we polled (67 percent) have slept with 10 men or fewer, and 62 percent think that 11 or more is just too many. That's good for you, since no matter how bad you are in bed, you're still in her top 10. But some women—in fact, four percent of them—told us that it's OK to sleep with as many as 100 men. Sometimes a girl's just gotta put her six-inch-spike-heeled foot down and say enough's enough! After all, it can become tricky keeping track of your sexual partners once you've used up all your fingers, toes and nipples. For our last girlfriend, that was 37.

No answer: 1%

2. How many men are too many for a woman to be dating simultaneously, just for sex?

2	58%
3-5	30%
6-10	4%

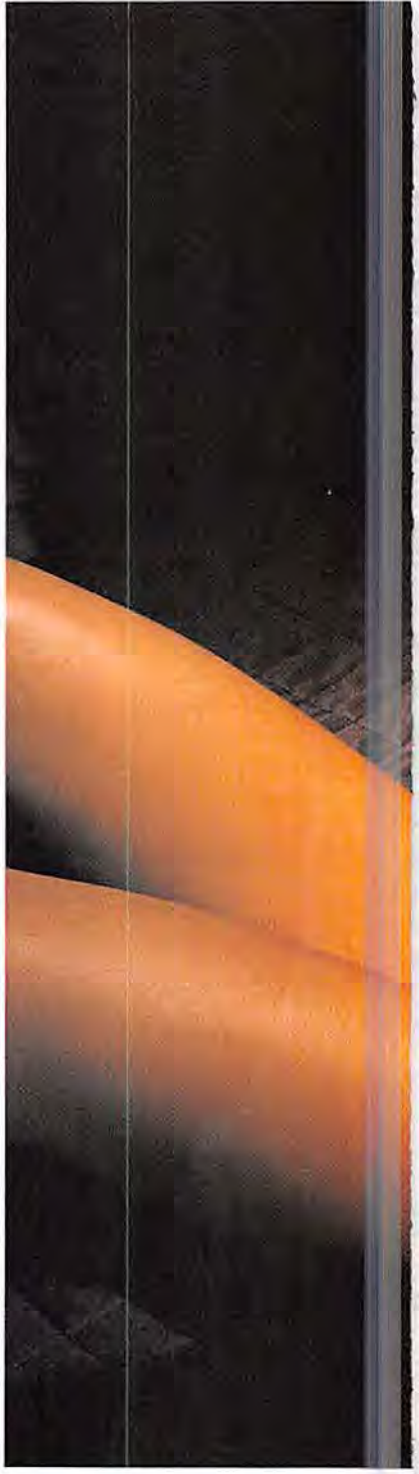
That said, 69 percent of the women we polled thought that sleeping with two men in the same night was too much, while 23 percent said that three to five were too many. Four percent said there was no limit, but remember: You could be going where many, many men have gone before. (We're talking about their vaginas!)

No limit/doesn't matter: **8%**

3. She usually sleeps with a guy...

WHEN SHE'S READY, WHETHER IT TAKES AN HOUR OR A YEAR:	81%
AFTER AT LEAST THREE DATES:	10%
AFTER THREE MONTHS:	8%
ONCE SHE'S ENGAGED/MARRIED:	1%

"I love men, I love sex and I don't care who knows it." A whopping 47 percent of our respondents agree with that declaration, originally spoken by Margot Kidder. Here's hoping you don't meet one of the nine percent who are riddled with Catholic guilt. (Note to Protestants: Confused by the phrase "riddled with Catholic guilt"? Convert to Catholicism!)



4. Does she think that she's sexually adventurous?

Definitely: 15%

SOMETIMES/MAYBE: 71%
NOT AT ALL: 14%

Nearly 40 percent of the women we polled, however, wish that they were *more* sexually adventurous. Another 30 percent said they weren't quite sure. That's almost 70 percent of women who might get freaky with you tonight. How do we know? We added the 40 and the 30. You should probably brush up on your math skills.

21%
of women want sex with any man, anytime they want, with no commitment.

5. How does she define a "sexually adventurous" woman?

She likes to be on top during sex: **1%**

She is willing to try every sexual trick in the book, anywhere, with anyone: **55%**

She occasionally experiments with bondage or other kinky things: **37%**

She will sleep with other women as well as men: **5%**

She will sleep with any man: **2%**

6. Does she wish her sex life were wilder and crazier?

You see, it's not her—it's you. Chances are, you've got a sexually adventurous vixen who's ready to roll—and tumble and do cartwheels, depending on her gymnastics training—but she doesn't think you're up for it. How does she define "wild and crazy sex"? Forty-eight percent think that it includes role-playing, spanking, costumes and bondage. Other definitions: a hot one-nighter with a virtual stranger (16 percent) and an all-night orgy with lots of strangers (16 percent). Three percent of women think crazy sex is sex with the lights on. That's cool. We bet you don't turn off the lights when you leave the house, either. ▷▷▷

7. Which is the worst of these options, according to her?

Hooking up with a guy who has terrible breath:	Having boring sex:	Humiliating herself in front of the hot guy in the office:	Never fulfilling her favorite sexual fantasy:	Committing a major fashion faux pas:
42%	**27%**	**15%**	**13%**	**3%**

You mean out of 1,000 women, nearly half are turned off *most* by the prospect of hooking up with a guy with halitosis? What a bunch of uptight neurotics!

Say what?

8. What is her wildest sexual fantasy?

"TO BE AT the Masters Tour, and at either the ninth or 13th hole be 'abducted' by Tiger Woods or David Duval and have to do whatever they please."

"DOING IT ON a McDonald's counter while open for business."

"FALLING ASLEEP AT the park in my bikini, and waking up to someone sucking on my breast. When I try to see who it is, he says, 'No peeking.' We have wild sex, and when I roll over, he's gone."

"GOING DOWN ON my boyfriend while he's watching TV."

"BEING RAVAGED ON my desk at work by a hot customer whose wife is on the sales floor shopping."

"HAVING A WILD orgy, where I'm the only woman."

"BEING TIED TO a big wheel, dressed in crotchless panties. With a turn of the wheel, I am upside down and giving a blow job while receiving a nice licking."

"BEING FORCED—BUT not really—to do things...by a woman. But she'd have to be really hot!"

"To have a foursome or moresome with my dentist."

BONUS!

Almost half of all women are willing to act out their fantasies!

Forty-one percent say they're willing to close their eyes and pretend it's all really happening; 34 percent say OK, maybe. Only 15 percent say fantasies are just that—feverish daydreams that make long meetings much more tolerable.

9. In which of the following public places has she had sex?

- **58%** Outdoors, in a park or yard
- **44%** In a swimming pool, hot tub or beach with other people around
- **3%** On a train
- **78%** In a car

Stuff SURVEY

10. When we asked what kinky things our respondents have tried that weren't among our survey choices, we got this....

"DRIVING ACROSS TOWN completely nude to pick up a friend's boyfriend from work while she stayed at my house and went down on my boyfriend."

"HAVING SEX WITH my OB/GYN boyfriend while I was in stirrups on the table."

"Wearing sex toys underneath my clothing in public."

"DOGGIE-STYLE IN animal facepaint. Cats!"

"BEING FONDLED IN an office while people were walking around."

BONUS!
28%
of women say that nothing worries them about trying more adventurous sexual activities.

CRAZY BUT TRUE!
28%
of women would give up their eyesight for hot sex whenever they wanted it for the rest of their lives.

In a shared bedroom, while a roommate was there **41%**

Somewhere else public that this list doesn't include **39%**

In the office during work hours **13%**

In the bathroom of a club or bar **12%**

On the dance floor of a club or bar **2%**

Nowhere even remotely public **9%**

Twenty-nine percent want to do it in a more public place, while almost half *might*, depending on how you approach them—like, with a camera crew or without.

11. Here are the sexual adventures she has tried (but probably not with you).

Oral sex, receiving	98%
Oral sex, giving	97%
Sex (or oral sex) in public places	61%
Using sex toys by herself	58%
Using sex toys with a partner	57%
Spanking	54%
Light bondage and/or blindfolding	43%
Taking naked photos	32%
Threesome	27%
Role-playing and dressing up	26%
Videotaping sex sessions	15%
Foursome or moresome	5%
More intense S&M activities	4%

12. These are the things she hasn't tried but would like to.

Role-playing and dressing up	28%
Threesome	27%
Videotaping sex sessions	27%
Using sex toys with a partner	24%
Light bondage and/or blindfolding	23%
Taking naked photos	15%
Sex (or oral sex) in public places	14%
More intense S&M activities	13%
Foursome or moresome	9%
Using sex toys by herself	9%
Spanking	5%
Oral sex, receiving	2%
Oral sex, giving	1%

Sure, some sexual activities might actually disgust her, but she also has other concerns—such as having you tell your friends about it (15 percent) or having you think she's weird (15 percent). A third also worry about "violating their sense of self-respect," but what the hell! We don't really see how having her dress up in a donkey suit and mounting her in front of all her friends really constitutes a problem with self-respect. Senate Democrats do that all the time. ▷▷▷

13. Would she watch her neighbors having sex?

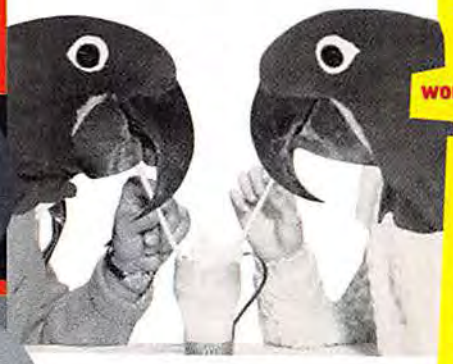
Yes! She'd watch, tentatively. 42%

She'd dim the lights, get out her vibrator and play along. 19%

She'd ignore it. 19%

She'd close the curtains—it's not right to watch something so private. 19%

No answer: 1%



DOUBLE BONUS!

67% of women would do almost anything asked of them.

BUT...only if they loved and trusted the guy. A fickle 19 percent would do it if they happened to be in the mood, and three percent would do it if the guy asking were hot—which we interpret as meaning "having a warm body."

Let's Play Pairs!

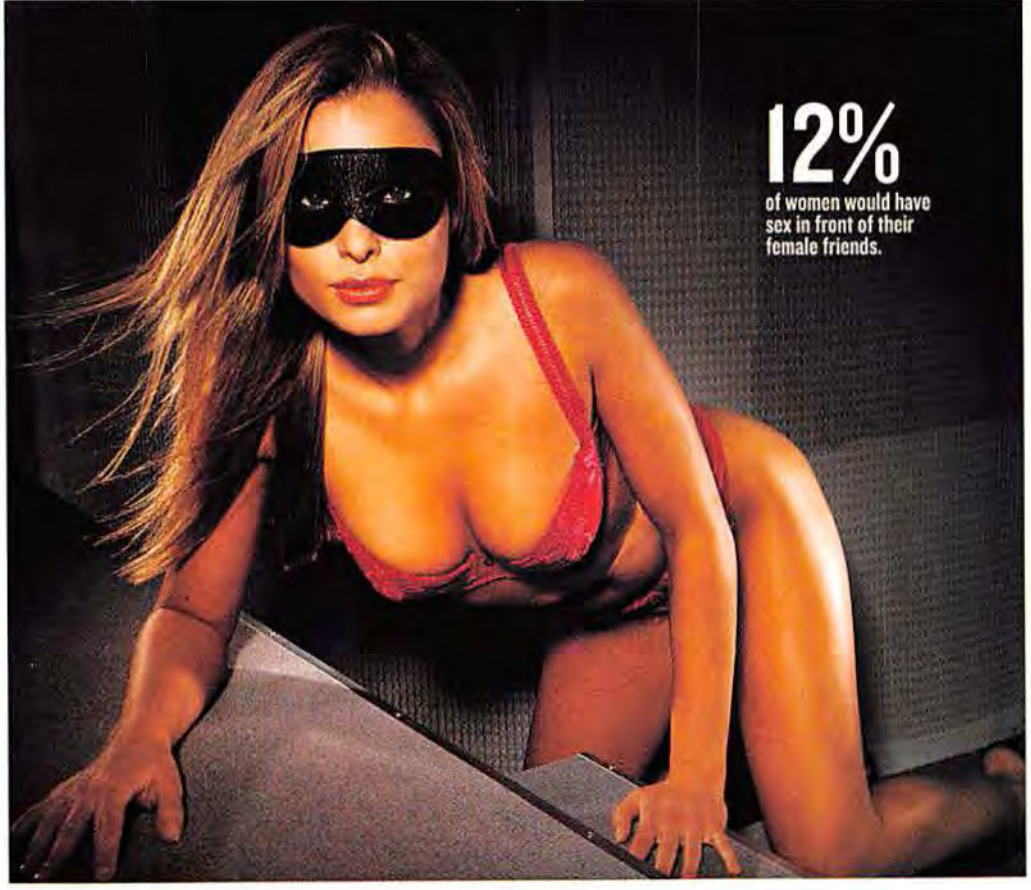
If she had to choose one from each of the following choices, she would prefer to...

Have sex in public with a boyfriend	77%	...instead of having sex in private with a stranger	23%
Let you tie her up	51%	...instead of tying you up	48%*
Have sex with an unattractive guy who is charming	61%	...instead of her friend's hot boyfriend	37%
Have a threesome with two men	59%	...instead of having a threesome with another woman and you	38%
Receive oral sex	94%	...instead of giving it	4%
Take pictures during sex	69%	...instead of letting you take naked pictures of her alone	29%
Watch TV during sex	59%	...instead of answering the phone during sex	39%

*Where results don't total 100 percent, the remainder declined to answer.

THE DIRTY STUFF WE FELT IT WAS BEST TO KEEP IN SMALL PRINT

- 56% of women would rather give you a blow job than a hand job. Yep, you read that right.
- 70% would prefer having you climax on their stomachs instead of swallowing.
- 6% keep a copy of *Stuff* in their bedside drawer, just in case. Of what, we're not sure.



17. Would she have a threesome with another woman?

Yes! No problem: 13%

Yes! But only under the influence of drugs or alcohol: 26%

She'll remove your number from her cell phone if you even ask: 60%

No answer: 1%

You've got a better shot at S&M: 57 percent of our women said they'd try that, while another 37 percent said maybe. Then you can always tighten the clamps a little. Sex is all about creativity.

14. Would she have sex with a stranger at the bar tonight?

Yes! It's only sex: 2%

He'd have to be hot: 7%

If they had a really great conversation: 6%

He'd have to be famous: 3%

If she got free drinks from him: 1%

If he gave her oral sex first and was good at it, she'd probably just go for it: 21%

She wouldn't do it under any circumstances: 60%

15. Would she give her panties to a guy she just met right there in the bar?

If he gave her a hot new car: 24%

For his left nut, detached from his body and in the palm of her hand: 12%

If he bought her another drink: 11%

Yes! Just because he asked: 10%

If it would result in world peace: 9%

She wouldn't, under any circumstances: 34%

Turns out that your chances of getting her panties are actually better than getting a kiss. This is why we like this planet best.

16. Would she have sex in front of an audience of strangers? Yes, for...

The hell of it 4%

$1,000 7%

A hot new car 22%

A hot guy, all oiled and ready 6%

She wouldn't, under any circumstances 61%

Get this. If the audience includes friends and acquaintances instead of total strangers, only 17 percent more wouldn't do it under any circumstances. So the rule must be that anything goes, as long as you don't have to talk about it later. However, 10 percent would still do it for a car and three percent would still do it for the hell of it. Those who wanted a grand for putting on a show stayed steady at seven percent—maybe that's sex-workers union minimum.

18. Would she have sex for money? Yes, if...

She were flat broke to the point that her life depended on it: 33%

The money were right: 20%

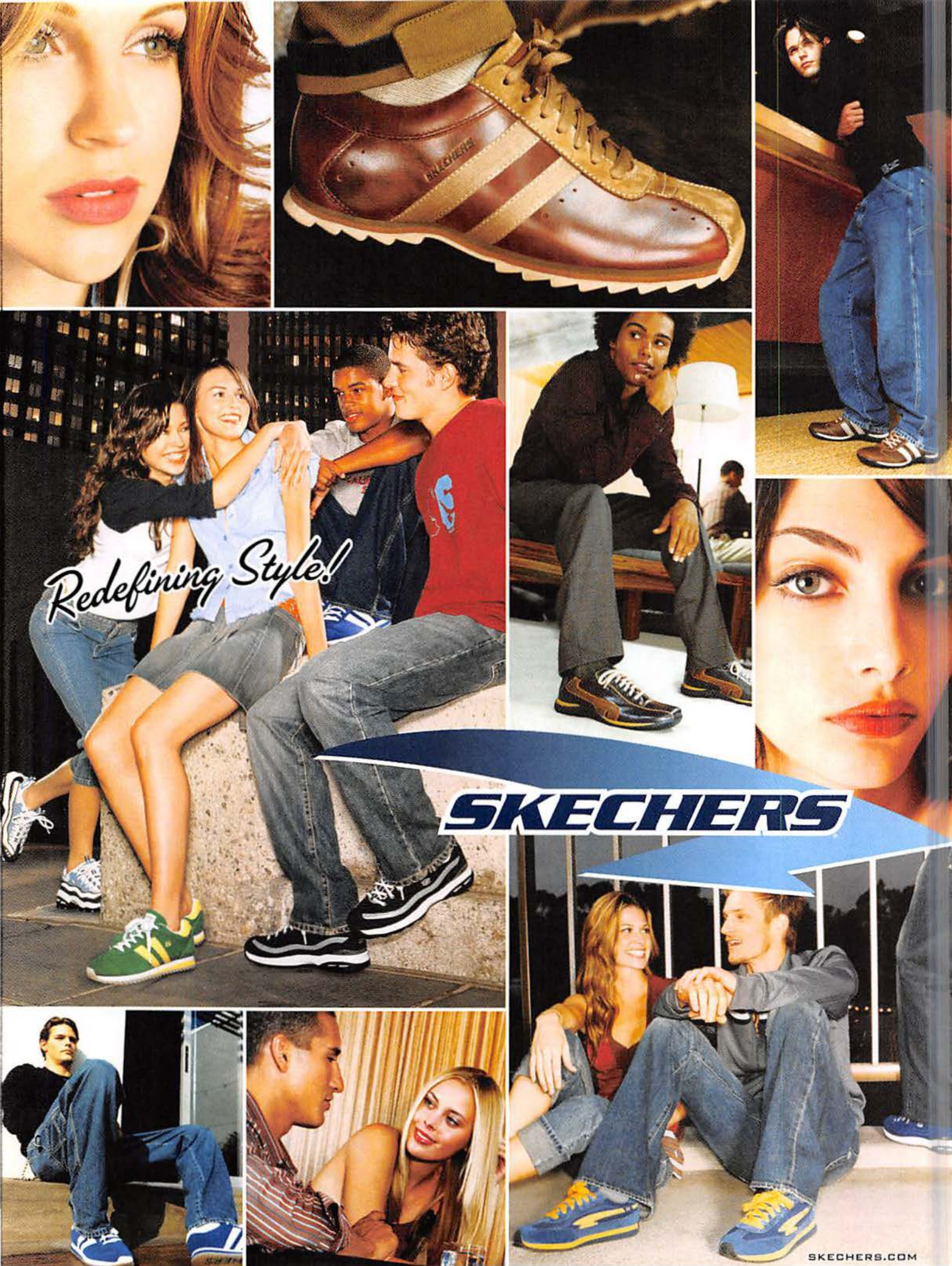
The sex were great: 4%

She were bored: 1%

She wouldn't, under any circumstances: 41%

No answer: 1%

Even if the circumstances had six zeros? So they say. But more than half would do it for some reason, with a fifth going for it if the money were right. How do you know if the money is "right"? Just ask her!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STUFF STYLE

GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR

VINTAGE DIESEL

DIESEL ANALOG 2 CHRONOGRAPH $195

A genuine leather band attaches Diesel's newest timepiece to both wrist and malnourished waist alike. Diesel even perforated the band so you don't have to miss gazing at the flesh beneath. (Hello, flesh!) And the face and dials of this stainless-steel chrono are styled for "a vintage-sports-car look." It certainly reminds us of a vintage odometer. And if you stare really hard at the watch and scream, "Vroom!" over and over again, it feels like you're driving a '68 Mustang. We use the same technique to clear the pew when things get crowded at church. **www.dieseltimeframes.com**

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY HOGAN

ClothesMinded

Fashion news for the wardrobe impaired.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF HARRIS

Snow fake
Skiing is fun—or so we're told. We prefer to just stand by the ski lift and encourage people as they pass by. Lucky for us, the FR2 jersey ($80) from Orage looks great whether you're on the slopes or just near them. Thank you, Orage, for helping to bridge the gap between athlete and lazy guy. Now if only you could make us a helmet for watching TV. **www.orageski.com**

Scrub-a-dub-dub
The secret to a good appearance? Looking good. And Clarins is here to help you on your way. With the Active Face Wash ($16), Undereye Serum ($26), Smooth Shave ($14) and Fatigue Fighter ($26), you'll be ready to tackle any job. With your face! **Fine department stores nationwide**

On the double
The new K-Swiss Twister ($60) is like two shoes in one. Two very similar shoes in one. The tongues of these sneaks can be twisted around, allowing for either a white or a blue appearance. We tried doing this with our current shoe, then realized we're wearing heels. (Boy, is our face red...with rouge!) **Foot Lockers nationwide**

Cover your undies
2(x)ist enters the jeans market (finally!) with its Degree Fit Denim jeans ($75). With three stylish fits to choose from, you're bound to find the right pair for you. Unless you're really superfat, in which case you can get away with wearing sweatpants just about anywhere. **Macy's nationwide**

Boss glasses

These shades ($275) from McLaren and Hugo Boss have graduated flash-mirror lenses, a titanium frame...and *transparent* ear stems. "Is that guy wearing magical, floating sunglasses?" no one will ask. "Maybe I am," you will reply loudly. "Maybe I am." 877-293-4440

Hour town

That's right—*hour* town. Ha-ha! Leave it to Swatch to fill all your punny needs. The White Sunday ($75), with its clear buckle and clear square case, is stylish enough to display on your wall. If only the watch were abnormally large, so you could see it from across the room. www.swatch.com

Make a swish

Those lovable Harlem Globetrotters have yet to win an NBA championship, because of their foolish antics on the court. But we like them anyway. Show your support with the Shooting Jersey ($89) from FUBU. Don't want to support foolish antics? Better stop paying taxes! (We assume that the Globetrotters are tax-subsidized.) www.fubu.com

Buttons suck

The zipper, next to the thermos and the microprocessor, is the greatest invention of all time. So when Itsus made its 100-percent-cotton Ultra sweater ($84), we screamed like a child who really enjoys zippers. Of course, even if you're not feeling "ultra," you can still wear it. It just won't be as fun. Nordstrom

100 percent not wet

The weather outside is frightful, so wear a damn coat. Spiewak's Newton Three Season Parka ($175) has taped seams and waterproof zippers, but still allows your skin to breathe. Of course, if you're mad at your skin, you can always smother it with a pillow. Wait till it's asleep. Bloomingdale's nationwide

WALRUS OF APPROVAL
BECAUSE WE HATE SEALS

Red suede shoes

Your feet won't protect themselves—they're such pansies! So wear some shoes. In fact, wear the new Loops-Wit shoes from Skechers ($45). The satin-suede look is great for any occasion, and the red color hides bloodstains. Which is why we wear ours every time we give blood. (We really should try using a needle and a tube.) www.skechers.com

FashionRadar

Incoming!

Lighten up

Thank God for the sun. We do, every time we sacrifice zoo animals to him in praise of the fiery orb. Why do we love the sun so? Because it makes our watch work! This G-Shock Tough Solar Series timepiece ($99) is shock-resistant and water-resistant and has not one, not three, but five alarms. We wear ours every time we make our patented five-alarm chili. Hey—time for spiciness! **Watch Station**

Totally tuber

Hard to imagine that Converse has been around since the early 1900s (our imagination sucks). The Targa ($60), a new addition to the Converse family, offers the same casual, classic look with some inventive new colors such as yam. Hmmm. Sure looks like yellow to us. Oh, well, guess that's why we're not shoe-color namers! **www.converse.com**

Leg warmers

If Italians know one thing, it's food. Their pants aren't bad either. The new Scorpion's Club Pant ($149) from Block 60 helps emphasize the latter—and you don't even have to cross the Atlantic to get a pair. (Though if you are going, bring us back some Prego. Mmm. That's Italian!) Perfect for clubbing or just lying around in expensive pants. **Calypso, NYC, 212-243-0450**

WALRUS OF APPROVAL
BECAUSE WE HATE SEALS

Blimey—a bag!

Gola is proud of its heritage, or at least we assume so after looking at this bag. The Redford Flag bag ($60), made of canvas and synthetic leather, is the perfect way to carry around all your British items, such as tea, rain and the Beatles. You can also carry American items in there, but we don't recommend it. **800-979-GOLA**

Fire it up

Attention, snowboarders: Pick up the Bonfire ISL C10 jacket ($260) and ride down mountains the way God intended: with a removable Powderskirt. The Bonfire also features Poly Twill body lining and pass pockets for your tickets and snowboard passes. If you're anything like us, you'll just use the pockets for your snowboard passes. (We're big on conformity.) **www.bonefiresnow.com**

Labels 101

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT MEADOWS

We'd love to make fun of him, but he's got three more poses than we have.

NAUTICA COMPETITION

Fashion, fresh off the boat.

This spring, Nautica launches its newest dinghy onto the high seas of watery wardrobes: Nautica Competition. (We hope Nautica can manage competition better than we can. We got booted from the church-league basketball team after shooting at the wrong hoop!) Designer David Chu mixed state-of-the-art nylon and fleece with traditional wool and knit to create an edgier look. The collection will include everything from sweatpants to high-tech fleece tops, but sadly no berets. (We double-checked.) Ergonomic design and seaming details throughout the line ensure more freedom of movement and an enhanced fit. According to Nautica, "The way the tops and pants drape, you can't help but look good." That's a relief—we can't even get our *curtains* to drape properly! Maybe we should just stop trying to wear them.

WHAT YOU NEED TO GET

Top left: Zippered top, $98. Long-sleeved T-shirt, $40.
Top right: Zip-up jacket, $80. Cotton T-shirt, $25.
Bottom left: Wool jacket, $188. Hooded shirt, $90. Nylon pants, $70.
Bottom right: Sweater, $90. Gray polo shirt, $50. Cotton T-shirt, $25. Sweatpants, $70.
www.nautica.com

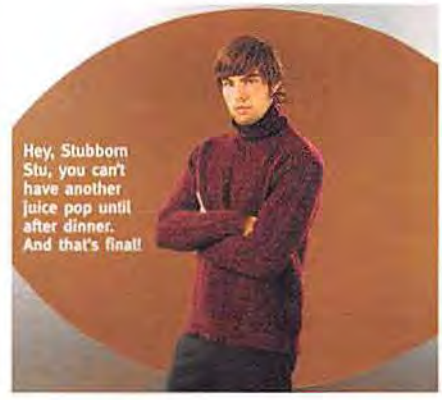
DKNY

Dress like an acronym.

Despite growing up as the child of a former model and a Manhattan socialite, and having oodles of success since opening up shop in 1985, Donna Karan never puts on airs. It's true! We met her in an elevator. She didn't speak to us or even look at us—but you could tell she wanted to. Her latest collection of men's sportswear focuses on outerwear and leathers, as well as cashmere and lamb's-wool knits. Classic colors like black, charcoal and ivory contrast with swathes of vibrant red, crayon blue and fireworks pink. Scared of wearing pink? You shouldn't be. It looks good on you. *Very* good.

WHAT YOU NEED TO GET

Top left: Leather peacoat, $795. Donegal sweater, $98.
Top right: Wool tuck-stitch turtleneck sweater, $80. Wool tuxedo-striped Chelsea pants, $128.
Bottom left: Sheer shirt, $70. Pinstriped Mercer pants, $98.
Bottom right: Leather bomber jacket, $595. Zig-Zag Burnout crewneck shirt, $90. Downtown jeans, $98. Wax-suede Olin boots, $185.
www.dkny.com



Hey, Stubborn Stu, you can't have another juice pop until after dinner. And that's final!

Styling: Bert Graham. Grooming: Elisa Flowers @ Bernstein & Andriulli

Earth First

Earth *tones*, that is. (The actual earth can go to hell!)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEFAN NYVANG @ STEEL PETAL STYLING BY GUSTAVO SERRANO

1 JACKET, $545, BY **BOSS HUGO BOSS**. SHIRT, $99, AND JEANS, $100, BOTH BY **HOWE**. BOOTS, $275, BY **SAMSONITE BLACK LABEL**.

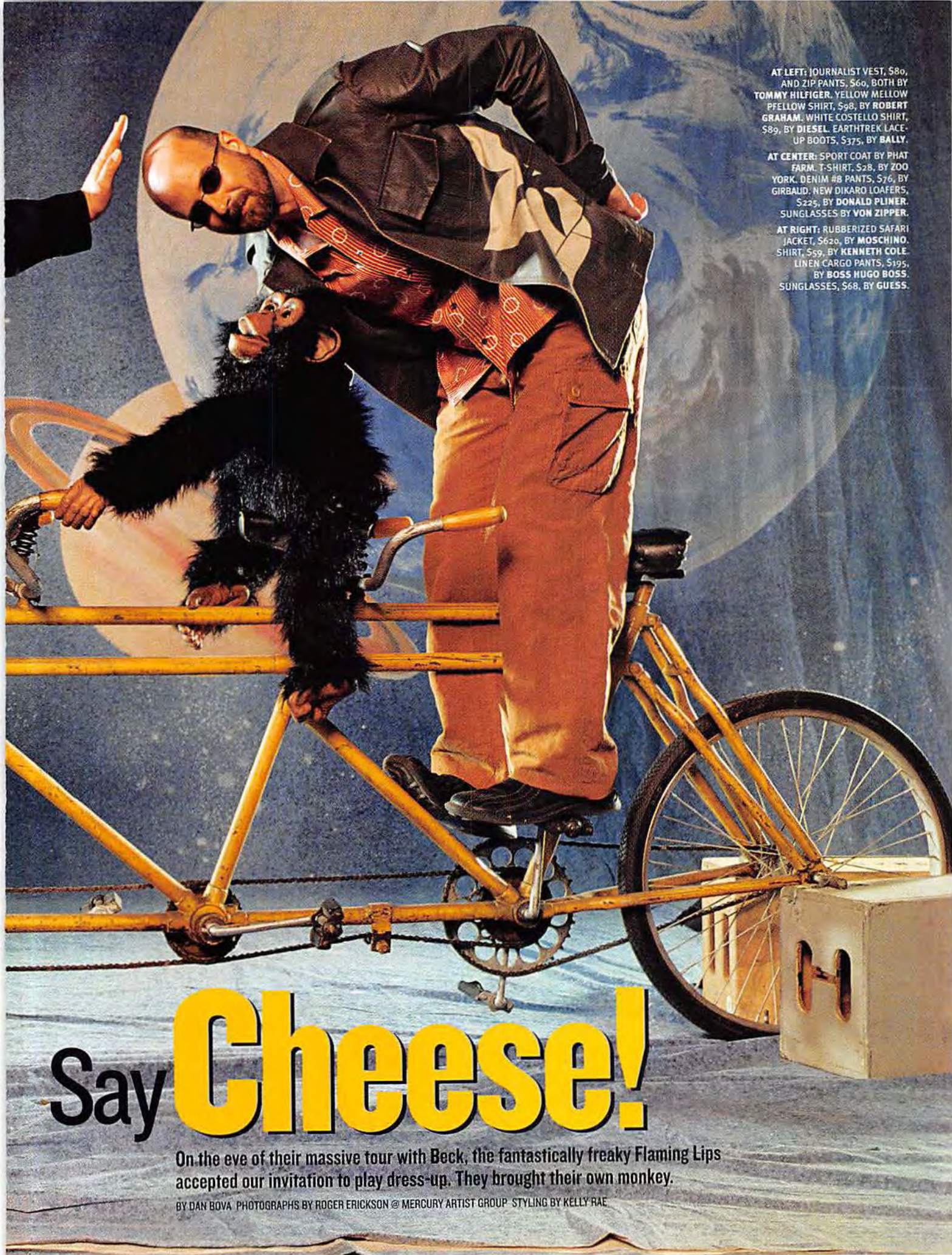
2 SHIRT, $85, BY **BOSS HUGO BOSS**. JACKET, SPECIAL ORDER ONLY; VEST, $260; AND BOOTS, $225; ALL BY **KENNETH COLE**. BOWEN PANTS, $149, BY **DIESEL**.

3 CAMO JACKET, $88, BY **CK JEANS**. CONTINUUM FUSE JACKET, $400, BY **BURTON**. PANTS, $80, BY **LUCKY**. MAGLADON BOOTS, $140, BY **TSUBO**.

4 SUEDE JACKET, $495, BY **TOMMY HILFIGER**. HOODIE, $119, BY **DIESEL**. BOMBER T-SHIRT, $36, BY **HURLEY**. UTILITY PANTS, $420, AND SNEAKERS, $350, BOTH BY **D&G**.

5 JACKET, $620, BY **KENNETH COLE**. TOKYO-COLLAR SHIRT, $245, BY **EVISU**. PRIT PANTS, $109, BY **DIESEL**. HIGHTOP SNEAKERS, $225, BY **CALVIN KLEIN**.

Grooming: Ralf Sadok Marzouki



AT LEFT: JOURNALIST VEST, $80, AND ZIP PANTS, $60, BOTH BY **TOMMY HILFIGER.** YELLOW MELLOW PFELLOW SHIRT, $98, BY **ROBERT GRAHAM.** WHITE COSTELLO SHIRT, $89, BY **DIESEL.** EARTHTREK LACE-UP BOOTS, $375, BY **BALLY.**

AT CENTER: SPORT COAT BY PHAT FARM. T-SHIRT, $28, BY ZOO YORK. DENIM #8 PANTS, $76, BY GIRBAUD. NEW DIKARO LOAFERS, $225, BY **DONALD PLINER.** SUNGLASSES BY **VON ZIPPER.**

AT RIGHT: RUBBERIZED SAFARI JACKET, $620, BY **MOSCHINO.** SHIRT, $59, BY **KENNETH COLE.** LINEN CARGO PANTS, $195, BY **BOSS HUGO BOSS.** SUNGLASSES, $68, BY **GUESS.**

Say Cheese!

On the eve of their massive tour with Beck, the fantastically freaky Flaming Lips accepted our invitation to play dress-up. They brought their own monkey.

BY DAN BOVA PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER ERICKSON @ MERCURY ARTIST GROUP STYLING BY KELLY RAE

AT LEFT: LEATHER HOODED COAT, $1,295, BY CALVIN KLEIN. PINSTRIPED PANTS BY PHAT FARM. LEATHER GYRON SHOES, $130 BY TSUBO.

AT CENTER: LINEN PIERCE SUIT JACKET, $1,540, AND PANTS, $545, BOTH BY JEAN PAUL GAULTIER. LEATHER BOXING BOOTS, $130, BY KENNETH COLE.

AT RIGHT: CORDUROY FRAYED SUIT, $737, BY OLIVER SPENCER. SHIRT, $78, BY GSUS. XERIC CLIMBING BOOTS, $100, BY TSUBO. SUNGLASSES, $68, BY KENNETH COLE.

WAYNE COYNE
SINGER & LYRICIST

STUFF: Define Flaming Lips chic.
WAYNE: If I had to go to court, I'd wear a suit to look the best I could for the judge. And I think, *Well, why don't I do that for my friends and family? Why do I have to wait to go to jail before I go, "Hey, I should try to look nice!"* You go to the trouble to brush your teeth. You go to the trouble to make sure you don't smell bad. Why not go a little bit further and make the world a little bit more pleasant?

Before you were a rocker, you were a fry cook at Long John Silver's.
Worked there for 11 years. We had to wear these polyester uniforms, really kind of silly-looking, half-assed pirate things.

Did you ever spit in the food?
The only thing that I did that was really horrible was experiment with the coleslaw. I made coleslaw 100 pounds at a time. And occasionally, I'd dump ashtrays into it. And I knew that nobody would be able to tell. I would eat it myself and say, "You know, you really can't tell." If you put enough salad dressing on something, it doesn't really matter what it is. That's what I discovered.

Did that job pay the bills?
There were days when we'd all go over to the plasma center. For my weight (I was probably 145–150 pounds), I could make $14. It doesn't seem like much, but if that's all you have, you get some dinner and get some cigarettes.

What kind of music makes you want to kill?
If music is to life what smell is to food...if you like the food, you like the odor of it. If you think you're smelling sauerkraut, it smells great. If you think you're smelling shit, it smells like...it's the exact same smell. You don't realize it's sausage and you're like, "Oh, my God, I'm smelling dog shit." It's all about perception. Someone who likes Journey as opposed to the Velvet Underground, leave them alone. There are bigger fish to fry.

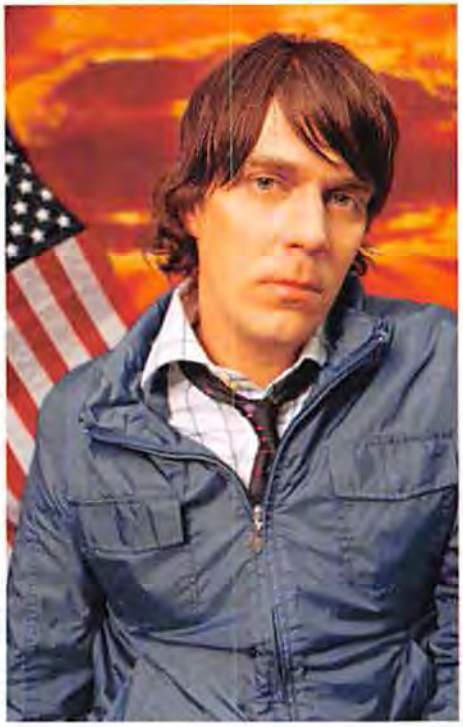
MICHAEL IVINS
BASSIST

STUFF: Are you guys hipsters?
MICHAEL: Well, in our previous shows, Steven and I would dress in rabbit suits, which totally negates the question "Do I look cool?" But we're doing the Beck thing now, so I have to figure out what I am going to wear. I just bought a pair of corduroy pants, but Wayne's wearing corduroy pants, so I don't know what went on there. I'm going to try a cable turtleneck and see how that goes.

What is the strangest thing you've ingested?
The semen of some kind of fish. We were in Japan and I'm a big fan of sushi. So we were out, we were, like, you know, try this, try this and this.... And, you know, after a few beers and stuff you go, "Sure, I'll try." It wasn't any big deal.

Tell us about your mysterious abduction from the sea.
I must have been 10. My parents were divorced and my dad took me down to Waikiki Beach. I was clambering up these big cement barrier blocks in the water when a wave came over and I hit my head on the wall. I woke up five or six hours later in my mother's apartment on the eighth floor, in my bedroom, on the top bunk, totally dry.
I remember the phone rang right about the time I woke up, and it was my dad calling my mom to say, "I don't know where Michael is." And she's on the phone and I come walking out. She had no idea how I got there. To this day, I still cannot tell you what happened.

Do you discount the work of aliens?
No. I mean, for lack of any reference. My boss at a restaurant I worked in had a hypnotist come in and I tried to figure it out, but I just fell asleep.



STEVEN DROZD
MULTI-INSTRUMENTALIST

STUFF: You're the only Flaming Lip without a beard. What are you hiding?
STEVEN: They're the ones hiding. I'm just the young punk who can't grow facial hair yet.

You guys are going to appear on an upcoming episode of *Charmed*. What are you hoping will happen?
I'm kind of bummed out, because we did *Beverly Hills, 90210* about two years after Shannen Doherty left. Now Shannen Doherty's left *Charmed*, so I never got my chance to see what she's like. But I met Tori Spelling. Of course, I was drunk and on a bunch of Vicodin. I had, like, weird eyeliner on and she probably thought I was a complete asshole—but, I was like, "So, where's Jennie Garth?" And Tori Spelling goes, "What, am I not good enough for you?"

Ever commit any egregious fashion don'ts?
The night before I needed to get my picture taken for my passport, I was really drunk and these two girls were like, "We want to cut your hair." So I was like, "Yeah, sure." I woke up the next morning, totally forgot about it and went down to Kinko's really hungover. I looked beat-up, I was so hungover. So the woman taking the pictures says, "Are you sure you want to take your picture like this?" And I'm like, "Well, I know I'm hungover, but yeah." So she took the pictures and they came back and I was like, "Whoa!" I had a Prince Valiant haircut! And I was stuck with that for 10 years. Of course, customs officers would wave me right through. There was no way they would take me seriously. They're like, "There's no way this guy could be a drug smuggler or terrorist."

Any fashion advice you can give?
I'd say the mullet is not even ironically good. People should just let the mullet go, man. Avoid it at all costs.

Hair: Manuel Bermudez @ Rex Agency. Makeup: Hee Soo Kwon @ Rex Agency. Prop Styling: Ed Murphy @ Sensation.

AT LEFT: KWATNEW NYLON JACKET, $109, BY **DIESEL**. SHIRT, $204, AND TIE, $77, **BOTH BY FAVOURBROOK**. PANTS, $400, BY **HURLEY**. HARRIER SHOES, $70, BY **GOLA**.

AT CENTER: BUTTON-FRONT SHIRT WITH WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE, $400, BY **JIL SANDER**. ENGINEERED PREMIUM OUTLAW DENIM PANTS, $120, BY **HOWE**. BLAZE LOAFERS, $195, BY **GORDAN RUSH**.

AT RIGHT: SUIT, $1,166, BY **FAVOURBROOK**. SHIRT, $135, BY **BLOCK 60**. THE LEADER SNEAKERS, $60, BY **PUMA**.

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SEXSPY

SECRETS REVEALED! FLESH EXPOSED!

DARLA ON THE STREET...

...AND AFTER THE STUFF TREATMENT

THE WOMEN OF 39TH & SIXTH

Of all the women we met, Darla took the cake. Which is a bummer, 'cause we like cake.

Name: **DARLA** Age: **23**

Profession: Student

Dirtiest sexual fantasy: "Yeah, like I'm gonna tell you. You think I want my mother to read that? My mom will tell my grandma!" [Editor's note: Hi, Nana!]

Why day care should be illegal: "I was really mean when I was a kid. My mom ran a day care from our house, and I used to spray [the kids] with the hose and pinch them with pliers. I made them cry."

Uh, great: "I can leg-press 540 pounds. I'm into weight training."

They make us cry! "Runny eggs for breakfast can ruin your whole day."

Are *you* this stupid? "A few weeks ago, a guy stopped me on the street and said, 'You're really pretty. Are you Italian?' I said, 'Thanks, and yes.' And he said, 'Oooh, I *love* Alyssa Milano.'" —*Stefanie Sandello*

Photography: (Before) Matt Wawro; (After) Stephen Spaguolo. Styling: Denise Greco @ Ad Finem. Hair: Justin Cao @ Oliver Pitt. Makeup: Deborah @ artTrunk. For details, see the Where to Buy page.

For more exclusive pictures of Darla, log on to www.stuffmagazine.com.

The Powder Room

READ BETWEEN HER LINES

Will she sleep with you? Does she want to get kinky? *Stuff* sexologist Dawn Yanek gives you the key to deciphering mixed signals. Afraid you'll lose it? Put it on a key chain!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN @ PICTURE RAY

THE LOVELY DAWN

I AM A BAD GIRL. Because I'll say naughty things like that—then get annoyed when guys think it's OK to hump my leg in public. (Some things should be special.) My friends say that I flirt with men, women, appliances—whatever's around. I say that I'm just friendly.

Of course, *I* know the subtle differences between how I act when I like a guy and when I'm just being nice. To save you from the confusion that is women, I got four ladies to discuss mixed signals. My goal? To help you decode any woman—one you've just met, a girlfriend, your mom—so you can get her into bed instead of causing an accident with hurt feelings, embarrassment and gore. I was just kidding about your mom. Right? Right.

"I'm attracted to a guy who can keep up with me—like dancing buck-wild."

RORY, 22
Student/Dental Assistant

LISA, 22
Student

DAWN: Short of grabbing his package, how do you show a guy that you're interested? Do you ever confuse them?

VANESSA: I'm always touching people. When I first met my boyfriend, he told me he forgot his wallet at home. I felt bad, so I rubbed his arm and said I was sorry. I didn't think about it at the time, but I guess I did like him.

RORY: I have a lot of guy friends, and I'm so used to joking around with them that when I talk to other guys, it seems like I'm flirting. I just think I'm being nice.

DAWN: But if you really do want him?

AMANDA: I'll touch a guy more, smile at him a lot and *really* look at him. And I'll call him.

VANESSA: If I'm not interested in someone at all, I'm shorter with my answers, more matter-of-fact.

LISA: If this is the first time you've met, it's easier to tell. But if it's someone you've known for years, that's the hardest.

THE BATHROOM TAPES

Ever wonder why women never go to the bathroom alone? They're scared of the dark! So we sent a spy with a tape recorder to capture their scary thoughts.

TAPE I: HAS SERVED ONE MILLION AND COUNTING

GIRL 1 *[Watching Girl 2 primp]* What, you got someplace to be?
GIRL 2 Princeton.
GIRL 3 What?
GIRL 2 I gotta do it all night, till it feels all right.
GIRL 1 Oh, your man's there.
GIRL 4 Damn all of you who can just go and show up on the doorstep and get some.
GIRL 3 Yeah, well, it took me a long time to find a decent man in this city of sin!
GIRL 4 I have not had an actual anyone I could call a boyfriend for almost two years. My friend e-mails me today, and she's like, "I can't find a date. You've never been without a man." I was like, "What? Have you known me for the past two years?" I've had dates, but...
GIRL 2 You were always faithful to those one-night stands.
GIRL 4 I know. I thought I was going to have to move soon 'cause I'd slept with everybody.

AMANDA: Do you sleep around within your group of friends?
LISA: No! I mean, we get with them sometimes....

DAWN: How can guys use that hazy line of friendship to their advantage?
LISA: When you're both drunk, sometimes you're like, "This isn't going anywhere, so it doesn't matter." Like, this weekend I went out and got mangled. Rory went home early, and I was at a house party till four in the morning, bullshitting with one of my guy friends. At one point, we just looked at each other and went for it. But with him, I know it won't be weird, so it's OK.

"Being completely ravaged by someone is great. I dig that."

AMANDA, 23
Actress

RORY: Sometimes a guy friend will ask me to hook up, and I'll say, "Yeah, OK," joking around, but he's serious. Then I have to be like, "I'm just kidding."
VANESSA: I once hooked up with a friend's ex. He was trying to get her back, and I'd recently broken up with this psycho. We became friends—we'd go to lunch, go shopping—and one day, he leaned over and kissed me in the car. It was OK because he didn't do it while I had a boyfriend or when I had *just* broken up with him—that's the worst.

VANESSA, 26
Makeup Artist

DAWN: Would you ever have sex with someone you just met? Be honest.
VANESSA: No. I get too emotionally attached.
AMANDA: I did it with an Australian guy I met at a bar, before I went away for a month. He grabbed my arm when I walked by, and we started talking. My friends were going home, but I stayed with him.
LISA: That's a big signal—if she leaves her friends for you.
AMANDA: Yeah. After that, we went to another bar, there was a mix-up with a cab and he said, "Well, I guess we're on for an adventure." What a great line. After making out in the bar, he said, "You're so beautiful; I really want to be with you." He was very earnest, and we had this cool connection.
LISA: I've done it before, but I don't make it a regular thing. You have to have chemistry, though. Sometimes there are hot, hot guys in a bar—and they're as boring as toast. You can look past it one time, maybe, but that's it. I'm attracted to a guy with a sense of humor, someone who's high-energy and who can keep up with me—like dancing buck-wild with me. When you're having so much fun, things can just happen.

DAWN: Are there any unusual turn-ons that make you really hot for a guy you'd normally be just lukewarm about?
RORY: Shoes. I can't go out with a guy if I don't like his shoes. I was at this club once, and this hot guy started talking to me. He was so hot, I didn't look at his shoes... until he put his feet up in the VIP room. He had on these orthopedic sneaker-shoe things. I was like, "Um, I'll be right back...."
LISA: I love tall, broad guys with good shoulders. But I've dated the weirdest people—from drug dealers to firemen to white rappers to computer designers. I give everyone a chance and go through the checklist.

DAWN: That's just good quality control. How do you hint to a drug dealer—or anyone else—that you want to jump him? In a good way.
LISA: I think guys speak words, and women speak body language. Which is why they'll say, "Wanna hook up?" and we're like, "You're an asshole." ▷▷▷

TAPE 2: SOMEONE NEEDS A THESAURUS

GIRL 1 But still, you have to admit he was hot.
GIRL 2 Oh, totally. Exuded sexuality.
GIRL 1 You'd screw him?
GIRL 2 Totally. And if you have the opportunity, you should! Why—you wouldn't?
GIRL 1 It *would* kinda be fun to sit on him, I guess. But, still...
GIRL 2 I bet he can go down like a motherf****r.
GIRL 1 I bet.
GIRL 2 Like a motherf****r.

TAPE 3: GETTIN' THE JOB DONE

GIRL 1 Both my vibrators are purple.
GIRL 2 Are they vibrators or dildos?
GIRL 1 One of 'em I got free in the mail—well, at work.
GIRL 3 At one point they were giving away little fingertip-button ones on the giveaway counter. Funniest thing, 'cause no one was gonna grab them visibly, but everyone was sorta waiting till no one was around. At one point I walked by and they were all gone.
GIRL 2 I never buy sex toys. I only have one.
GIRL 3 I have two.
GIRL 1 I have an extensive pornography collection.
GIRL 2 I have Spice.
GIRL 3 I have this bright pink Swedish thing my boyfriend bought me. Weirdest thing: I walked into this porn shop—drunk—with my boyfriend and another guy, and all the guys behind the counter were all [*mimics guys raising their eyebrows at her*].
GIRL 2 Yeah, right.
GIRL 3 Don't think so.
GIRL 1 I want something that really looks real. A big one, too.
GIRL 2 I have a good one. It's a wand. It's, like, the handle is here, and it's long and it's got a fat side. Very effective.

TAPE 4: IS THAT A NEW SEX POSITION?

GIRL 1 Those were the girls who played darts with the dart boy.
GIRL 2 I was having none of that.
GIRL 3 One of them was so into proving to everyone that she's a dancer. Every time I went over there, she was stretching.
GIRL 2 Are you kidding?
GIRL 3 Like, in a first-position way. I was like, "OK, I get it."
GIRL 2 Yeah, like, "OK, you're doing a grand jeté..."
GIRL 1 Like she wants somebody to go up and say, "Are you a dancer?" And she'd go, "How'd you know I was a dancer?"
GIRL 3 Yeah, you got your hair up in a bun, you're wearing stretchy pants, you're in first position. What? ▷▷▷

"Kissing on the neck does it for me. I like kisses that start there, then go down...."

DAWN: Does it help his case when a guy does something sweet? I'm partial to Reese's Peanut Butter Cups.
RORY: I'm so used to guys being like, "Hey, what's up?" or not calling, that the guy I'm kind of seeing is a nice change. He'll call me just to say good morning, or he'll stop by with coffee because he knows I have to study.
LISA: I once dated this guy who'd drive 35 minutes to my house and then 35 minutes back just to see me for 20 minutes. That was really cool.
AMANDA: I like guys who try to protect you—like if you're crossing the street and not paying attention, but he is, so he holds you back. And one guy, when we first started dating, I got sick and he brought me orange juice with extra vitamin C and some Milano cookies. I felt like a princess.

DAWN: How will a guy know if you like what he's doing in bed?
VANESSA: I'll say that I like it, in a sexy way. But mostly it'll be through my body language—how I move or touch him back.
LISA: If I don't like it, I'll maneuver myself out of it—do a little wiggle. You don't want to hurt guys' feelings.
AMANDA: Guys can be obsessed about orgasms. One boyfriend was insane about the fact that he could not get me off, and it started to bug me and make me more uptight. The cure for us was having sex on a couch one spontaneous afternoon.
LISA: Sometimes you're just not feeling it, and guys need to know that that's fine.

DAWN: What sexual tricks do you wish guys would try?
AMANDA: Just being completely ravaged by someone is great. One boyfriend would push me back on the bed and jump on top of me, or he'd spank me really hard, throw me over his shoulder, then throw me on the bed. It was like he couldn't resist me. I dig that.
RORY: Eye contact. It makes anything you're doing 10 times better.
LISA: Kissing on the neck does it for me. I like kisses that start there and then go down...and tease. I don't like when you make out and then there's oral sex and then there's sex. You need to switch it up.
VANESSA: In general, make me comfortable and don't rush into things. It's like, "Relax! Have you never seen a pair of tits before?"

DAWN: Anything kinkier that you wouldn't have any reservations about?
AMANDA: My ex was an actor, and we'd role-play. I tried to get another boyfriend to do it and he was like, "I'm not an actor." I was like, "You're just not fun." He was the *worst* because he'd always do the same thing. As your moods change, the way you have sex should change. Like if it's raining and you just want it nice and tender. Or if you're both pissed off at the world and want to screw each other's brains out, that's cool, too. You have to be on the same wavelength.
VANESSA: Touching my hair is such a turn-on—running your fingers through it and, of course, if you want to be rough, pulling it.

DAWN: Yes! It's such an interesting way to say hello.

THE BATHROOM TAPES CONTINUED

TAPE 5: IT'S AN EPIDEMIC

GIRL 1 Suddenly all my friends are getting laid—out of the blue. Last night I ran into Moira,* who's talking about faking it and how she never really does. And we were talking about why you would, and she's like, "You know how guys can tell? Women's nipples get erect when they're having an orgasm." Her ex told her.
GIRL 2 I don't think so.
GIRL 3 I don't think any man can tell.
GIRL 1 She said if she wanted to fake it, she'd just pinch her own nipples.
GIRL 4 Yeah, and I think you get color right here. *[Points to her chest, right above her breasts]*
GIRL 3 Yeah, flushed. But you can also get that from having someone slap you on your chest.
GIRL 2 Or from boy burn.
GIRL 3 I love boy burn.
GIRL 2 In the winter, boy burn is not fun.
GIRL 3 All you have to do to fake it is do a few Kegel squeezes. They have no idea....And underact.
GIRL 1 You know, if you act well, you get flushed anyway.
GIRL 2 See, I don't see the point of faking. Why would you wanna? Unless you just want it to be over.
GIRL 3 That's why.

TAPE 6: IT MADE MORE SENSE DRUNK

GIRL 1 I love it. Girls preening to go to the next place.
GIRL 2 Yeah, so we can be trashed and go, "Hey!" *[Acts wasted]*
GIRL 3 I go in there and they're like, "Don't even bother."

TAPE 7: NEED A NEW HOBBY?

GIRL 1 OK, I'm gonna drain the main vein.
GIRL 2 OK, drain the main vein and let's make our move.
GIRL 3 I'm gonna put a bunch of random things in your purse while you're in there.
GIRL 2 You always do that.
GIRL 3 I do. She's like, "Why are there 60 sugar packets in there?" We had a birthday party for her once, and I had one of those disposable cameras. I have pictures of us putting stuff in her purse when she's in the bathroom. Lots of napkins and those little salt packets. She was like, "You f*****g bitch!" —*Jolène M. Bouchon*

*All names and identifying details have been changed.

Photography (Dawn above) Rod Spicer. Styling Louisa Pescador. Hair Matthew @ Punch Artists. Makeup Anne Marie Byrne. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

REAL DOCTORS, REAL SCIENCE, REAL RESULTS!

DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER TO YOUR LOVER?

MORE THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE,

but the Penis Enlargement Method you choose matters even more!

PENIS ENLARGEMENT BREAKTHROUGH

MAGNA-RX+ Penis Enlargement System is absolutely the easiest and fastest doctor-recommended way to add 2", 3", even 5" of pure manhood to satisfy your lover like never before! In just a few short weeks, you'll be amazed as you watch your penis grow into the biggest, thickest, hardest one she's ever had, and the one she'll remember forever and ever! No penis enlargement system or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than the ***MAGNA-RX+*** Penis Enlargement Formula – GUARANTEED!

THE DOCTOR BEHIND *MAGNA-RX+*

The genius behind ***MAGNA-RX+*** is Dr. George Aguilar, MD, a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of Urology and the Society of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also past-president of his State Society of Urologists. Over 7 years of research and testing, Dr. Aguilar made the amazing discovery that is now known as ***MAGNA-RX+:*** a powerful, 100% natural, Penis Enlargement Formula.

By using this proven formula daily, his patients dramatically increased their penis size by 2", 3", even 5" in only a few short weeks. And, best of all, ***MAGNA-RX+'s*** breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects. There is absolutely no prescription necessary.

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

ORGASMIC THRUST ACTIVATION

Only ***MAGNA-RX+*** pills contain the exclusive, trademarked **Orgasmic Thrust Activation** process. This factor alone would make ***MAGNA-RX+*** the most powerful **Penis Enlargement Formula** available at any price. Not only do men report amazing increases in penis length and thickness, but they are also equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms ***(as are their very satisfied lovers)!***

MAGNA-RX+: THE WORLD'S #1 PENIS ENLARGEMENT FORMULA & *STILL GROWING!*

In the past 12 months, demand for ***MAGNA-RX+*** has exploded worldwide as word of mouth spreads about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful **Penis Enlargement Formula.** In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, under Dr. Aguilar's unwavering direction, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of ***MAGNA-RX+'s*** proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!

The ***MAGNA-RX+*** **Formula** is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you will **NEVER** have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make ***MAGNA-RX+*** much weaker and then ask to automatically re-bill your credit card each month for the next 2 months, like some companies do. We focus on getting the best results, as quickly as possible. That is the secret of our success! With the ***MAGNA-RX+*** **System,** *you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – with nothing else to buy ever again.*

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use the ***MAGNA-RX+*** **Penis Enlargement Formula** daily for 3-5 weeks (one potent pill a day is all you need), and:

- **You'll increase your penis size by 2 to 5 full inches**
- **Your penis will he thicker and fuller**
- **Your confidence level & self-esteem will soar**
- **You'll satisfy your lover like never before**

BUY 1, GET 1 FREE ($60 SAVINGS!)

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of ***MAGNA-RX+*** today. See for yourself, what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: ***MAGNA-RX+*** is the world's #1 best-selling **Penis Enlargement Formula** for one very simple reason: **IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!**

Need another reason to try ***MAGNA-RX+***? *How about 50% OFF our regular price!* ***MAGNA-RX+*** normally retails for $59.95 for a 30-day supply, but if you order now, ***we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE!*** Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to 5 full inches for less than a $1.00 a day!

WHAT SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CLIENTS HAVE TO SAY:

"I've been using your product for 2 months now. I've increased my length from 6" to nearly 8-1/2". Your product has helped me give a little extra to the love in my life." –W.B., Washington, D.C.

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just 3 weeks!!! Feel free to use this letter in your future advertisements." –V.W., Illinois

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know what I do. She thinks it's natural, so help me!" –T.M., Oklahoma

"I'm too shy to tell the whole world, but I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more." –R.C., South Carolina

ALL LETTERS ON FILE

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTS FOR MEN & WOMEN!

Amazing New Sex Pill Gets Men Erect & Ready – Gets Women Hot & Eager!

SATIVOL

The secret is an enzyme from certain grasses that works on the centers of the brain concerned with libido (desire and performance). Now it's possible to manufacture a highly concentrated dose of the enzyme that has a pronounced effect upon humans!

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Sativol is proven effective in two research studies. These studies proved Sativol measurably (1) increased sexual desire (horniness), (2) increased performance (erections), (3) increased feeling (pleasure).

- *Feel a natural erection – big, hard, throbbing!*
- *Enjoy powerful erections with no midway letdown!*
- *Enjoy a horny feeling of wanting sex often!*
- *Continue or refire your sex life no matter your age (providing reasonable health).*
- *Watch as a woman who has turned her back on sex becomes eager once again!*

PROVEN IN TEST AFTER TEST! SOLVES SEX PROBLEMS FOR BOTH MEN & WOMEN!

regular $75.00
60 capsules for only
$49.95

MOTIVATOR
(motivate-her)

Just 1 of these tablets, used as directed, creates intense sexual feelings in women. The action begins about 5 minutes after you use the tablet. Best of all, the effect lasts for about 30 passion-filled minutes! Use these tablets and you'll find the effect is irresistible. ***Motivator*** (motivate-her) will set her on fire! Thousands of repeat customers since first offered in 1989. Precaution: get her permission before using.

24 tablets for **$12.00**

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Endurance in a Bottle!

I'm Peter North (a.k.a. Matt Ramsey) and I promise you "my private formula pills will inject incredible sex performance right into your penis." I've performed in over 800 videos and am known for my sexual endurance in take after take. I personally perfected ***Power Pills*** using highly concentrated doses of ingredients to ensure this highly charged sex performance day after day. You can have an erection and develop staying power and climax control just like me. That's why 87% of our customers reorder!

30 tablets for **$18.00 or**
SAVE! *120 tablets for only* **$35.00**

ECONOMY PACK! SAVE $49.95! *all for only* **$89.95**
YOU GET: **60 MAGNA-RX+, 60 Sativol, 24 Motivator & 30 Power Pills** ***(regular $139.90)***

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Post Office Box 10132, Van Nuys, CA 91409-0132

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☐**POWER PILLS** *(30 tablets)*	$18.00	
☐**POWER PILLS** *(120 tablets)*	$35.00	

SAVE $49.95 with the ECONOMY PACK!
☐Send me 2 month's supply of MAGNA-RX+, 60 Sativol, 24 Motivator, 30 Power Pills
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Babes of Yore

Brooke Shields

The only thing that came between Brooke and her Calvins? We don't want to know! (Denim scares us.)

BY ALBERT STAMPONE

All right, Brooke. We'll watch you do your routine, just no more swearing, OK?

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES

Brooke added her estrogen to no fewer than six Bob Hope television specials throughout the 1980s!

CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

1980 Stars in *The Blue Lagoon*. Her nude scenes starred a body double. "Wish *I* could've gotten a body double to watch it," sniffed our flippant movie reviewer. Whatever we're paying that delightful little fop, double it!

1983 Enrolls in Princeton and dates Dean "Superman" Cain. Not to be confused with Cain "Aquaman" Dean. He dropped out freshman year after a diving accident left him paralyzed. How's *that* for a head-scratcher!

1996 After showing up in cinematic shit such as *Speed Zone!* and *Brenda Starr*, Brooke lands the role of a magazine reporter on NBC's *Suddenly Susan*. It lasts four years, but it's no *Caroline in the City*. You see, that sitcom starred Lea Thompson.

2002 Stars in the TV miniseries *Widows*—whose title may wind up being eerily prophetic if rumors about Brooke's relationship with current hubby Chris Henchy are any indication. But you didn't hear it from us! (You heard it from our associate art director, Kevin. That one is a gossipy little so-and-so.)

CONSIDER THEM WIMBLEDONE!

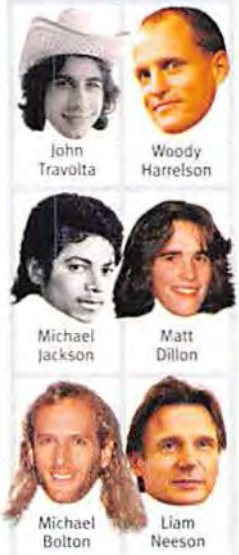
Shields' two-year marriage to Andre Agassi was annulled in 1999. Shortly after the breakup, Agassi went on to win the U.S. Open while Brooke's *Suddenly Susan* was suddenly canceled.

SHE *DIDN'T* WANT HIS SEX

George Michael told of an evening with Brooke in the early '80s: "We walked into her bedroom and there was a yellow police line around the bed. Then her mother and a security guard jumped out, going, 'Surprise!'" Our guess is you didn't have anything to worry about, Ma! (George prefers blondes.)

POP QUIZ

This onetime avowed virgin has managed to amass quite a list of heavy-petting conquests. Guess which celeb Brooke *hasn't* canoodled with.



Answer: It was a trick question. She's dated all of 'em!

POTABLE QUOTABLES

ON NOT GETTING THE DOUBLE ENTENDRES IN HER CALVIN KLEIN JEAN ADS...

"I loved doing those ads. But was not in my nature to immediately go to the gutter. Now it's an easier step for me to take."

APPRAISING HER EBAY-ABLE BROOKE DOLLS...

"There was tan Brooke, smiling Brooke....I hear the dolls are pretty valuable, but no one's going to replace Barbie for me, certainly not *me*."

A TEENAGE BROOKE HAVING FUN WITH IT...

"What does 'good in bed' mean to me? When I'm sick and stay home from school...and my mom brings me soup—that's good in bed."

SEX STATS

WHY THE POOL BOY LIMPS Thirty percent of *Fortune*'s Most Powerful Women in Business have stay-at-home husbands.

IT'S TRUE. OURS ARE *HUGE*. There is no correlation between foot and penis size, according to the *British Journal of Urology International*.

WE PREFER LINGERIE Eight percent of British men and women between the ages of 18 and 34 have cooked with a partner in the nude.

Doctor Approved Formulation...

Finally, an all-natural, herbal extract product guaranteed to give you a bigger, harder penis, up to 2 inches bigger, with no "side-effects".

And, you can start to see results in as little as 48 hours.

Good news for anyone seeking a doctor approved herbal extract formula that really works. One that enhances male sexual enjoyment. NO dangerous surgery. NO hard-to-do exercises. NO hanging weights. Plus, NO difficult pumps. And NO prescriptions. This unique formula proves itself over and over again. Add new excitement to your love life. It's all natural. It contains natural herbal extracts known for increasing length, hardness, stamina and thickness.

Grow Bigger, Grow Harder, Last Longer.

No prescription needed. You'll get this new all natural, herbal extract product that has been tested and proven over and over again. It really works. You get a bigger penis...up to 2 inches bigger. And you'll notice the changes beginning in as little as 48 hours.

The tested and proven herbal extracts rejuvenate your glands, your cells, your erectile tissues, your blood flow, your organs. You'll feel better. You'll get bigger. And you and your lover will admit "bigger feels better."

Some folks feel that **Vig-Rx** is like "Sexual Rocket Fuel." The goal is for your lover to feel like you're a huge wild stallion. **Vig-Rx** gives you a bone stiff erection, bigger than it was before. The "average" man has a 6 inch erection...BUT... The **Vig-Rx** formula can give you another 2 inches on top of that. Your love making will never be better.

You'll give her deeper penetrations. You'll give her a performance that will make her gasp in pure excitement. She'll be begging for more. You can make her shudder with intense earth shaking orgasms.

The herbal extracts give you a proud erection. These nutrients turn your body into a sexual power plant. Your duration is longer too. You'll enjoy sex more. You'll smile with that sly "I've got a secret" kind of smile. Your woman will be satisfied.

The Amazing Vig-Rx "It Really Works" Guarantee.

Stop now and do what thousands of other men have done. Give **Vig-Rx** a try. There's no risk and no commitment. It's all natural. Your total satisfaction is Guaranteed. If it does not enhance your sexual pleasure with greater length and strength and hardness... if it doesn't enhance your mate's sexual pleasure... simply ask for and receive your money back. With no hassle. With no questions asked. We have built the success of our business by offering excellent products to happy customers who buy from us again and again... And who feel free to refer their friends to us. That's how confident we are that **Vig-Rx** will work for you.

What's in Vig-Rx?

After years of research and testing we have combined the most powerful herbal extracts known to man, to enhance male sexual erections. Every extract we use has been proven to nourish cells, erectile tissues, glands, blood flow and organs so that you get results FAST! You can begin to see results in as little as 48 hours. And you'll see a huge change within 2 weeks.

These herbal extracts have been tested and proven to nourish, restore, improve, revitalize and strengthen body functions like blood flow, sperm count, erectile tissue, sensation, nerve tissue, sex glands, testosterone and more. The following natural, herbal extracts are found in **Vig-Rx:** *Hawthorn Berry - Fructus Crataegi, Epimedium Sagittum Extract, Cuscuta Seed, Ginkko Biloba/24%, Gingko Flavoglycosides, Korean Red Ginseng - Panax Ginseng, Saw Palmetto - Fructus Serenoae, Muira Pauma Extract, Catuaba Bark Extract.*

Remember – If you're not thrilled with the results, you'll be glad to know that you get a ***NO QUESTIONS ASKED Satisfaction Guarantee*** with your order. You have nothing to lose except a limp, short, display of manhood. It's powerful and it really, really works.

What do others say?

"I am not even through with my first bottle and have already grown one inch in length and just over one inch in girth. And I still have another bottle to go! No more am I the average 6 inch guy. THANK YOU SO MUCH." ***Ben D., Idaho***

*"I have had some amazing results. I was taking another company's pill and they were not making things bigger until I started to take **Vig-Rx**....(this) Stuff is great and I will continue to take it until I reach 8 to 10 inches. Thank you."* ***Jon L., Texas***

*"I have just started to enjoy easy sex after 40. What I mean is, with the extra girth and length **Vig-Rx** has given me, I no longer have to push myself to give my wife orgasm after orgasm. The small area of my back used to ache after intercourse, not any more... My wife finishes before me now, **Vig-Rx** is a great product... Growth and staying power! I had doubts about your testimonials – But, there are no doubts now!"* ***Gary V., Iowa***

*"I used to have a smaller penis and couldn't make love to the point of satisfaction. After taking **Vig-Rx** for two weeks, I can say that I'm so happy that I can satisfy my wife anytime she wants, and no more premature ejaculation... In fact, when my wife observes my penis, she cannot believe her eyes: 'It looks huge and hard', she said, 'it looks longer, too'. And that makes her wanting intimate with me more everyday..."* ***Quang, Canada***

"I LOVE your product! Ever since I've been taking it, my erections have become larger and stronger. It's like I'm sixteen again! My wife is amazed, and my confidence in bed is through the roof! Thanks." ***Wilburn A., Alabama***

*"I want to let you know how amazed I am with **Vig-Rx**, I have been taking the product for 10 days with 600 PC-muscle exercise every day, I gained 1 inch in 10 days. I am very happy with the result, **Vig-Rx** changed my sex life.!"* ***Mohamad, United Kingdom***

You Owe Nothing and You Pay Nothing if You're Not Thrilled with the Results.

Vig-Rx is surprisingly inexpensive when you consider all you get. The research alone would cost you untold thousands of dollars to discover what works and what does not. So, you might expect these tested and proven herbal extracts scientifically blended together to cost $80 to $100 per bottle. So, you'll be thrilled to know that you pay only...

Only $60.00 for a one bottle/1 month supply
Only $110.00 for 2 bottles/2 months supply (You save $10)
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YES! I want to try this GUARANTEED product and if it doesn't work, I want my money back no questions asked. Please rush my order to me in a plain package.

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The people shown are models and are used for illustrative purposes only

Applicant No. 23 Kristen Julian

WOMEN'S STUDIES

This math major adds it up and realizes she wants our $4,999 scholarship. See below for more awful puns relating to said major.

Birthday January 7, 1981
School State University at Albany (New York)
Major Mathematics
Three words to describe herself "Crazy. Sexy. Cool."

Show-off! Our hands aren't nearly big enough to hide our nipples.

STUFF: You consider yourself "one of the guys." Do you have gender issues?
KRISTEN: No. I have closer guy friends than I have girlfriends. It's easier to talk to guys. Ever since high school, I've always been hanging out with the guys. That's how I eventually met my boyfriend.

As a math enthusiast, do you ever get tired of "69" jokes?
Um...I don't think so.

Good, because that's my next segue: What's the sexiest number?
Ha-ha...69! But there's also a sexier equation: (Integral Sign) E to the X power ($\int e^x$). It spells *sex*. Get it?

No. I should have studied math.
Yeah, math was my thing. But now it's getting harder. Now I'm wishing I went to vet school. I love animals. I have five animals—three cats and two dogs.

Now, back to 69. Aside from equations, have any experience with that number?
I'm pleading the fifth. [*In a hushed tone*] My parents are going to end up reading this!

My parents are going to read it, too. They'll be proud that I'm talking to a real girl!
I think it's different when my parents read this. But I could be wrong.

Quiz time! How many people in a foursome?
Ha-ha-ha. Four!

Have you had any experience with that number?
No! I've been with my boyfriend for five years now. All I know about is twosomes.

If you hold your hand over the middle, it looks like she's naked. And tiny!

Do you see how I'm playing around with the theme of numbers in this interview? Pretty good, huh?
Oh...yeah. Wow, you really are busting out the math questions today.

Another number is 13, the age at which you say you were fully developed. Were the other girls jealous?
No, I don't think so. Now I'm jealous of them, because I've stayed the same since I was 13.

When you were in the Venus Swimwear International Model Search, did you have to wear butt glue?
Yes! Oh, my God, I tore off my bathing suit and it took part of my butt with it. It hurt so bad. You need to wear it so you won't get the wedgie. But I think the wedgie is sexy.

If a wedgie is sexy, then consider me Brad Pitt. —*Dan Bergstein*

Attention, scholars: For application rules, see the Where to Buy page. Check out a gallery of past applicants at StuffMagazine.com.

Need more stuff? Here's where to get ours.

HEINEKEN® and AMSTEL® LIGHT MARDI GRAS 2003 SWEEPSTAKES

OFFICIAL RULES

1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. YOU MUST BE 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER, A LEGAL RESIDENT OF THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES, AND HAVE INTERNET ACCESS AS OF DECEMBER 15, 2002, TO ENTER. VOID IN CALIFORNIA AND WHERE PROHIBITED. To enter the Heineken/Amstel Light Mardi Gras 2003 Sweepstakes, beginning at 12:01:01 am EST on 12/15/02 log on to www.heineken.com or www.amstellight.com and complete an Official Entry Form. Entries must be received by 11:59:59 pm EST on 2/11/03. Proof of submission does not equate to proof of receipt. Limit one entry per person, per IP address per 24-hour period. If multiple entries are received within a 24-hour period, only the first entry will be entered into the Sweepstakes and all other entries will be disregarded. In case of a dispute over winner's identity, entry will be deemed to have been submitted by the IP address owner. Sponsor not responsible for entry submissions received after deadline, incomplete information, incomplete transmission defaults, computer server failure and/or delayed, garbled or corrupted data. All entries become the exclusive property of the Sponsor and will not be returned or acknowledged. Any attempts by an individual to access the site via a bot script or other brute-force attack will result in that IP address becoming ineligible. Sponsor reserves the right to suspend or terminate this Sweepstakes if, in Sponsor's sole discretion, the Sweepstakes becomes infected or otherwise corrupted. By entering this Sweepstakes, entrants agree to be bound by these Official Rules and the decisions of the judges whose decisions shall be final, binding and conclusive on all matters relating to this Sweepstakes. Sweepstakes starts at 12:01:01 am EST on 12/15/02 and ends at 11:59:59 pm EST on 2/11/03.

2. PRIZES/ODDS: GRAND PRIZE (2): Two (2) Grand Prize winners will each receive a 4-day/3-night trip for three (3) to New Orleans, LA. Grand Prize winner and guests must travel on the same itinerary and will depart on February 28, 2003, and return on March 3, 2003. Trip includes round-trip coach air transportation from the major airport nearest the winner's place of residence to New Orleans, LA; transportation between the New Orleans airport and hotel; hotel accommodations for winner and guests (hotel to be chosen by Sponsor); $600 in spending money (for winner only); and access to Mardi Gras events while in New Orleans (actual events to be selected by Sponsor). Any expenses not expressly stated herein are the sole responsibility of the winner and guests. If winner cannot travel on dates specified, Grand Prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner will be selected (ARV: $4,000 per prize). FIRST PRIZE (10): A Heineken/Amstel Light Mardi Gras Prize Pack (ARV: $250 per prize). SECOND PRIZE (25): A one-year subscription to *Stuff* magazine (ARV: $15 per prize). TOTAL ARV OF ALL PRIZES: $10,875. No part of the Prize(s) includes beer or alcoholic beverages. No substitutions permitted except at the sole discretion of Sponsor, in which case a prize of greater or equal value will be awarded. Sponsor makes no warranty with respect to the Grand Prize and is not responsible for event cancellation or postponement. The cash equivalent of any portion of the Grand Prize is not permitted, except at Sponsor's sole discretion. Sponsor will report value of prizes as required by law. All taxes are sole responsibility of winner. Only one prize awarded per person, household or address. **Odds of winning depend on the number of valid entries received.** All prizes will be awarded if a sufficient number of entries are received.

3. DRAWING: Winners will be selected in a random drawing to be held on or about 2/13/03 from all valid entries received. Winners will be contacted by mail and/or telephone. Grand Prize will be delivered within two (2) weeks of verification of eligibility. All other prizes will be delivered within approximately 8-10 weeks of verification of eligibility.

4. ELIGIBILITY: **Sweepstakes open only to legal residents of the continental United States (excluding California) who are 21 years of age or older and have Internet access as of December 15, 2002.** Employees of Heineken USA Inc., Amstel USA, and Dennis Stuff, Inc., and their agencies, parents, subsidiaries, affiliates, vendors, wholesalers or retailers, or members of their immediate families or households are not eligible to participate. Sweepstakes void where prohibited by law. Federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Grand Prize winner is required to complete and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Publicity Release and a Travel Release. Travel companions must be 21 years of age or older and must sign a Travel Release/Publicity Release. Affidavit of Eligibility/Publicity Release and Travel Releases must be returned within five (5) days of notification or the Grand Prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner will be randomly selected.

5. RELEASE OF LIABILITY & PUBLICITY: All prize winners consent to the use of their names, photographs or likenesses for publicity or advertising purposes without further compensation where permitted by law. All entrants release Heineken USA Inc., Amstel USA, Dennis Stuff, Inc., and each of their parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, officers, directors, shareholders, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this Sweepstakes from any and all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this Sweepstakes and/or acceptance or use of the prize, including liability for personal injury, damages, death or monetary loss.

6. WINNERS LIST: For a copy of the winners list, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope by 2/28/03 to: Heineken/Amstel Light Mardi Gras 2003 Sweepstakes-WL, P.O. Box 5747, Westport, CT 06888.

7. SPONSOR: Heineken USA Inc. and Amstel USA, White Plains, NY 10601.

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WOMEN'S STUDIES

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

To enter, send your name, address, telephone number and a recent photograph of yourself to: Stuff's Scholarship Competition, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 15, 2003. Dennis Stuff, Inc. is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, postage-due or late entries. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry photograph must be separately mailed. You must submit an entry each month that you want to participate. No photocopied, mechanically reproduced or incomplete entries or airbrushed or altered photographs will be eligible. Open to residents of the United States, 18 years and older. Winner must be enrolled in a school or planning to attend school on or before January 1, 2003. Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, including an affidavit that the entrant has all rights in the photograph submitted, that the photograph is less than six months old, and that the entrant is the person in the photograph submitted. Employees and their families of Dennis Stuff, Inc., its parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates and their advertising and production companies are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. Participants agree to be bound by these rules. Each month, the editors of STUFF will choose one photograph as the most attractive entrant of the month, as determined through their sole discretion. After 12 entrants are chosen, the readers of STUFF will vote for the most attractive of monthly winners. Each month, the monthly winner's photograph will be featured in STUFF Magazine and/or on STUFF's Web site (prize has no monetary value). The person chosen by the readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners will win a grand prize of $4,999. Winner will be notified by mail. Entry constitutes winner's permission to post winner's name in STUFF and/or on the World Wide Web, and their consent to use his/her name, photograph and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. This competition shall be governed and construed by New York law, and the venue for all controversies will be in state or federal court in New York, NY. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. STUFF reserves the right to terminate the contest early, and to award the grand prize to the woman chosen by its readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners already chosen. All entrants and winners release Dennis Stuff, Inc., and its parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this competition from any and all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this competition and/or acceptance of the prizes. For a copy of the Rules or the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 by May 15, 2003. (VT, WA residents may omit stamp.)

LETTERS, TRUE LIES AND STUFF PICKS COMPETITION RULES

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

How to Enter: To enter, send your name, address, daytime telephone number and entry to STUFF Magazine at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 15, 2003.
Winner Selection: Selection of the winning entries shall be within the sole discretion of the editors at STUFF, and any decision by the editors shall be final.
Eligibility: Open to U.S. residents 21 years of age and older. Within 21 days of notification, each winner will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, a warranty and a representation of ownership of all rights in the winning entry. Neither the employees of Dennis Stuff, Inc., Microsoft, Harman/Kardon, Nike, and their respective parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and their advertising and production companies nor their families are eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted.
Prize/Values: Prize consists of a set of Harman/Kardon speakers and a copy of *Dungeon Siege* ("Letters Contest"), a Microsoft WindowsXP Media Center ("True Lies Contest") and a Nike CD player ("Stuff Picks Contest"). Value of prizes: $235 ("Letters Contest"), $2,500 ("True Lies Contest") and $200 ("Stuff Picks Contest").
Odds of Winning: Depends upon number of entries submitted. One winner per contest.
Notification/Terms: Each winner will be notified by mail. Except where prohibited, each winner will agree to use of his/her name and likeness for publicity and the publication in STUFF Magazine of his/her entry without additional compensation. The winners grant to STUFF permission to edit his/her entry within the sole discretion of STUFF, and publish his/her stories. Winners Dennis Stuff, Inc., Microsoft, Harman/Kardon, Nike, and their respective parent and affiliate companies, subsidiaries, alcoholic beverage retailers, distributors/wholesalers and the directors, officers, employees and agencies of the above organizations from any and all liability whatsoever for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind caused by participation in the contest or resulting from acceptance, possession, use/misuse of the prizes. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winners. For Stuff Picks, items will not be returned.
Winners List: For the names of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF by February 1, 2003. Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where this requirement is proscribed by law may omit stamp.

Noisemakers: Loud Clothing p.52
Custo Barcelona at Nordstrom
Slinky Vagabond at Atrium, NYC

Earth First p.118–119
5 Crown Bloomingdale's
BOSS Hugo Boss 800-HUGO-BOSS
Burton www.burton.com
Calvin Klein at Calvin Klein, NYC
cK Jeans at Macy's
D&G at D&G, NYC, 212-965-8000
Diesel at Diesel stores nationwide
Evisu at Atrium, NYC
Howe at Bloomingdale's and Fred Segal
Hurley www.hurley.com
Kenneth Cole www.kencole.com
Lucky at Nordstrom
Samsonite Black Label at select Saks Fifth Ave
Tommy Hilfiger 888-TOMMY-4-U
Tsubo www.tsubo.com

Say Cheese p.120–125
Bally www.bally.com
Block 60 at Atrium, NYC
Calvin Klein at Calvin Klein, NYC and Dallas
Diesel www.diesel.com
Donald Pliner www.donaldpliner.com
Favourbrook at Traffic, L.A.
Girbaud www.girbaud.com
Gola www.golausa.com
Gordan Rush at Nordstrom
Gsus at Atrium, NYC
Howe at select showrooms
Hugo Boss 800-HUGO-BOSS
Jean Paul Gaultier www.gaultier.com
Jil Sander 800-704-7317
Kenneth Cole www.kencole.com
Moschino at Moschino, NYC or Las Vegas
Oliver Spencer at Traffic, L.A.
Phat Farm www.phatfarmstore.com
Puma www.puma.com
Robert Graham at Bloomingdale's
Tommy Hilfiger www.tommy.com
Tsubo www.tsubo.com
Von Zipper www.vonzipper.com
Zoo York at Supreme, NYC

Clothing Credits
First Lady p.34–35
Top, $43, by Floosie Lingerie (at Planet Blue, 310-317-8566). Bottoms, $75, by Shelley Caudill (www.shelleycaudill.com). Scarf, $150, by Suzi Roher (at Le Trend Couture, 213-688-1500). Shoes, $412, by R. Menudier (at Diavalina II, 323-936-5444).

America's 20 Best Dives p.78–79
Guy at the bar: Vintage leather vest by Diesel, pants by Levi's. Girl on the table: White T-shirt, dress and heels, both by Baby Phat. Guy at the table: Suit by Armand Basi, white shirt by Tommy Hilfiger, sneakers by Nike. Girl with the guy: Satin dress, belt and shoes, all by D&G. Guy with the girl: Wife-beater by Calvin Klein, blue trucker by DC.

Bond, Just Bond p.88–93
Group image: On Gay-yee: Pink suede top, $89 and lace skirt, $189, both by L'impasse (29 West 8th St., NYC). On Tania: Black leather dress, $169 and hot pants, $98, both by L'impasse. Boots, $639, by Shy (available at Petit Peton, 27 West 8th St., NYC). Necklace, $75, by Foley and Corinna (108 Stanton St., NYC). On Haylie: Top, $189, by L'impasse. Pants, $179, by Religious Sex (7 St. Mark's Pl., NYC). Shoes by Stuart Weitzman. On Eos: Top, $195, by Foley and Corinna. Skirt by L'impasse. Boots, $649, by Roberto Cavalli (at Petit Peton). On Tania alone: All by Missoni (Tania's own). On Haylie alone: Dress, $189, by L'impasse. Boots, $569, by Shy (at Petit Peton). On Eos alone: Beaded top, $159 and skirt, $249, both by L'impasse. Boots, $389, by Guiseppe Zanotti (at Petit Peton). On Gay-yee alone: Clothes by Missoni (Gay-yee's own). Boots by Stuart Weitzman.

Good Girls Just Wanna... p.104–111
Opening image: Tamarine bra, $64, by Chantelle (Nordstrom's). Hypnotic brief, $115, by La Perla (866-LA-PERLA). Armadillo wrap bracelet, $3,900, and Armadillo ring, $1,495 (both at www.goldavenue.com). Denim pants by Mavi. Shoes by Guiseppe Zanotti. On phone: Marvel's pink shell embroidery bra, $216, and thong, $76, both by La Perla (866-LA-PERLA). Rubber torque (half pendant), $175 (www.goldavenue.com). With camera: Lilac Maestria bra, $90, and lilac Maestria sexy brief, $45 (both at Neiman Marcus nationwide). At fridge: Guilty leather waist cincher, $200 (www.bellahoney.com). Stockings by Legs Avenue. On steps: Poppy Gourmandise contour demi bra, $68, and tanga thong, $34 (both at Nordstrom's nationwide).

Women of 39th and Sixth p.127
Top by Guess. Bottom by Zimmerman.

The Powder Room p.128–130
On Dawn: Leopard corset, $152, by Religious Sex. Suede skirt, $70, by Rampage. Shoes by Charles Jourdan. On Rory: Burnout velvet tank, $38, and skirt, $44, both by Rampage. Choker, $75, by Foley and Corinna. Boots, $97, by Dollhouse. On Lisa: Tiger-print tuk-in, $70 (as a set), and hot pants, $50, both by Butt Furr (www.buttfurr.com). Boots by Dollhouse. Fur jacket, $99, by Religious. On Vanessa: Leather and fur halter, $149, by L'impasse. Red suede miniskirt and shoes by Dollhouse. On Amanda: Bikini top, $75, by Foley & Corinna. "Fur" jacket, $99, by Religious Sex. Leather hot pants, $129, by L'impasse. Boots, $75, by Dollhouse.

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STUFF (ISSN 1524-2838) is published monthly by Dennis Stuff, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; Tel: 212-302-2626. ● Periodicals postage paid New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. ● POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Stuff, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, Florida 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $17.94; for Canada, $24.00; for all other countries, $34.00 in prepaid U.S. funds.

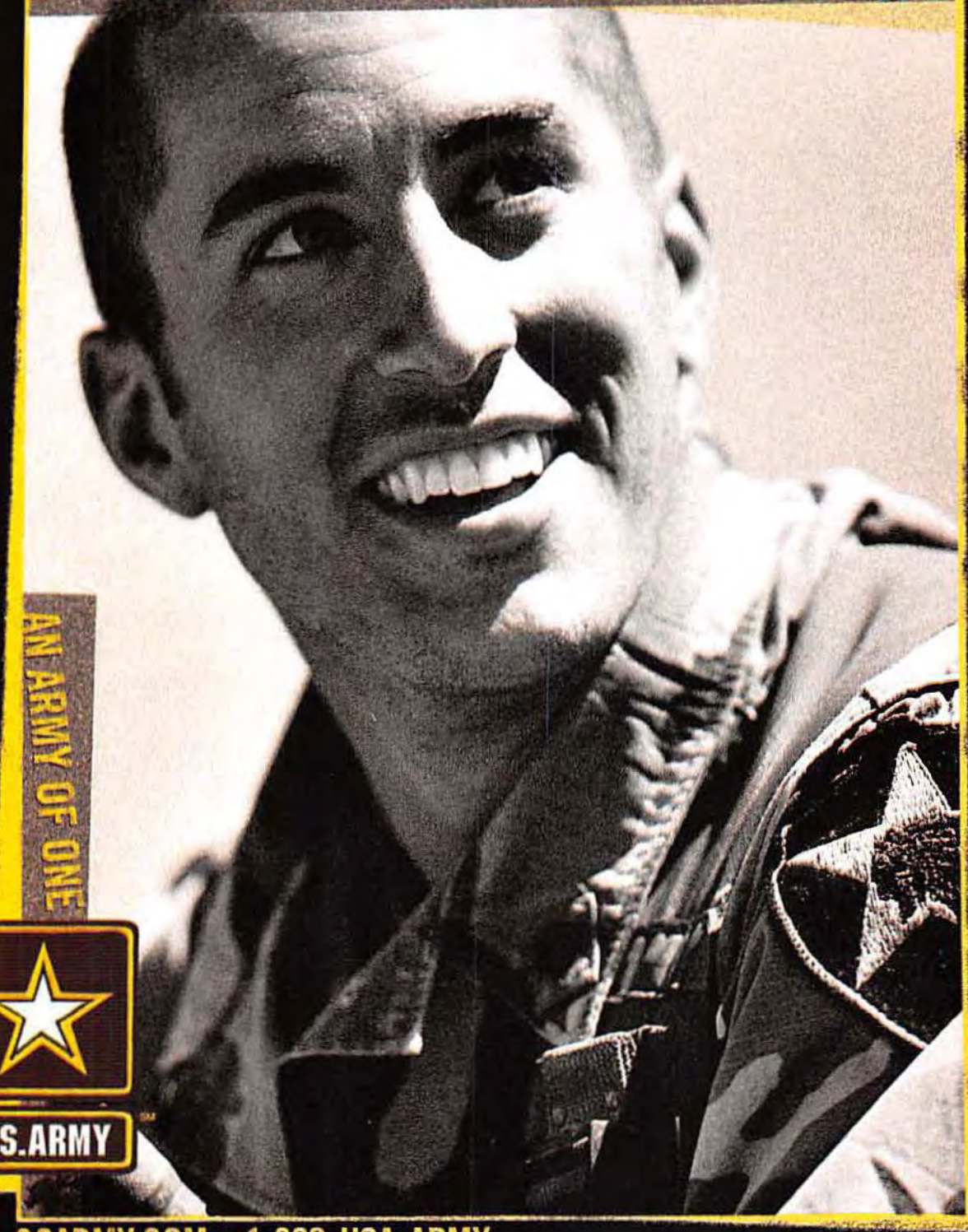
"Honey, we're *squirrels*. I'm sure he'll slow down eventually."

Stuff

Photography: Damien Borick.

Specialist. **Marc DeCarli.** 11B Infantryman.

THIS UNIFORM DIDN'T CHANGE ME. EARNING THE RIGHT TO WEAR IT DID.



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Laurence Fishburne says sip responsibly

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